

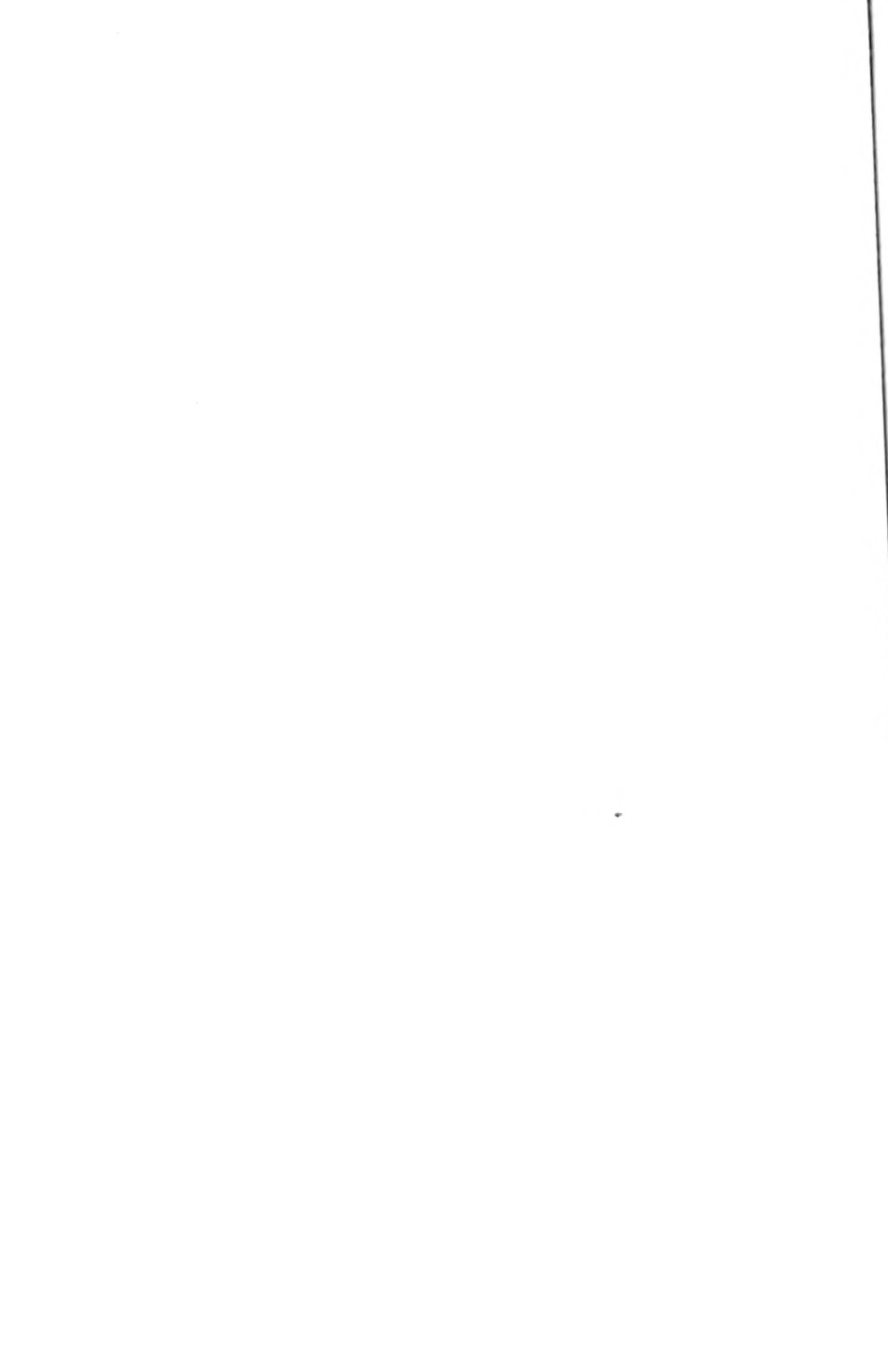
— THE — IRISH—CANUCK—YANKEE



C. JOHN SPARLING



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The **Irish - Canuck - Yankee**

By
C. John Sparling



ILLUSTRATED

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AUTHOR



THE IRISH CANUCK-YANKLE
"Doing" Dublin.



"CANUCK" is a pet name for a Canadian; the same as "YANKEE," broadly speaking, for an American.

PURPOSE OF WORK—Amusing; Historical; Educational.

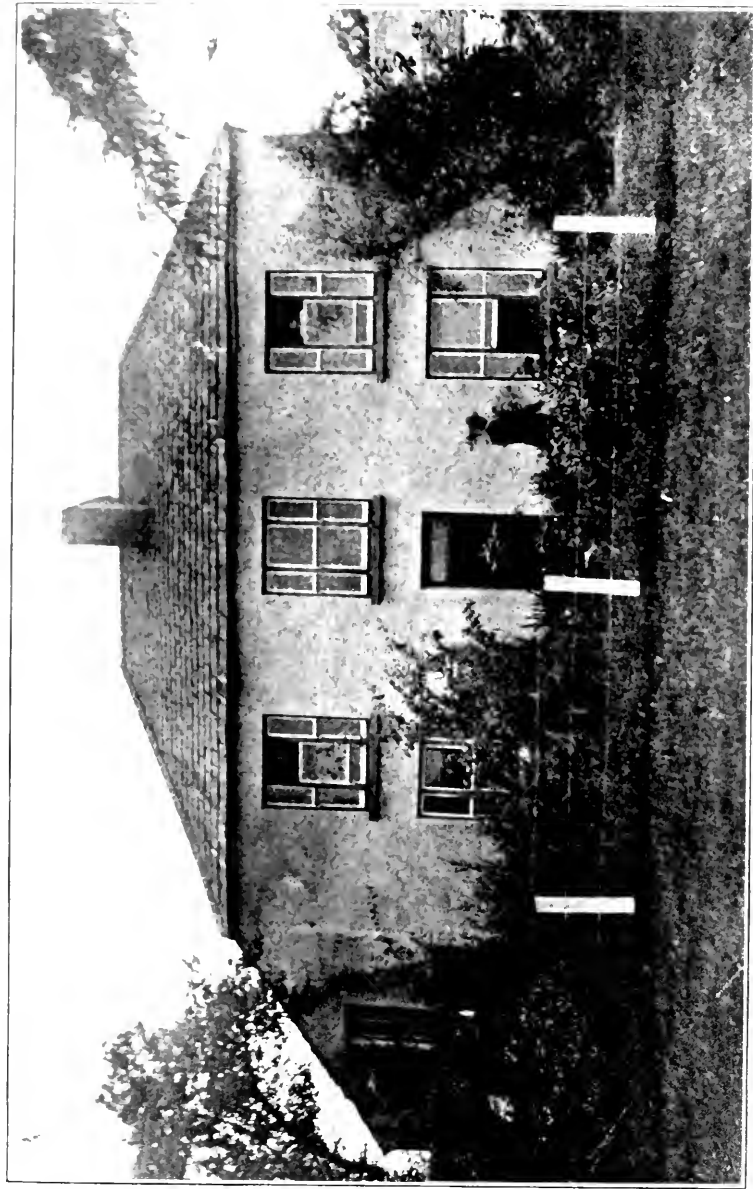
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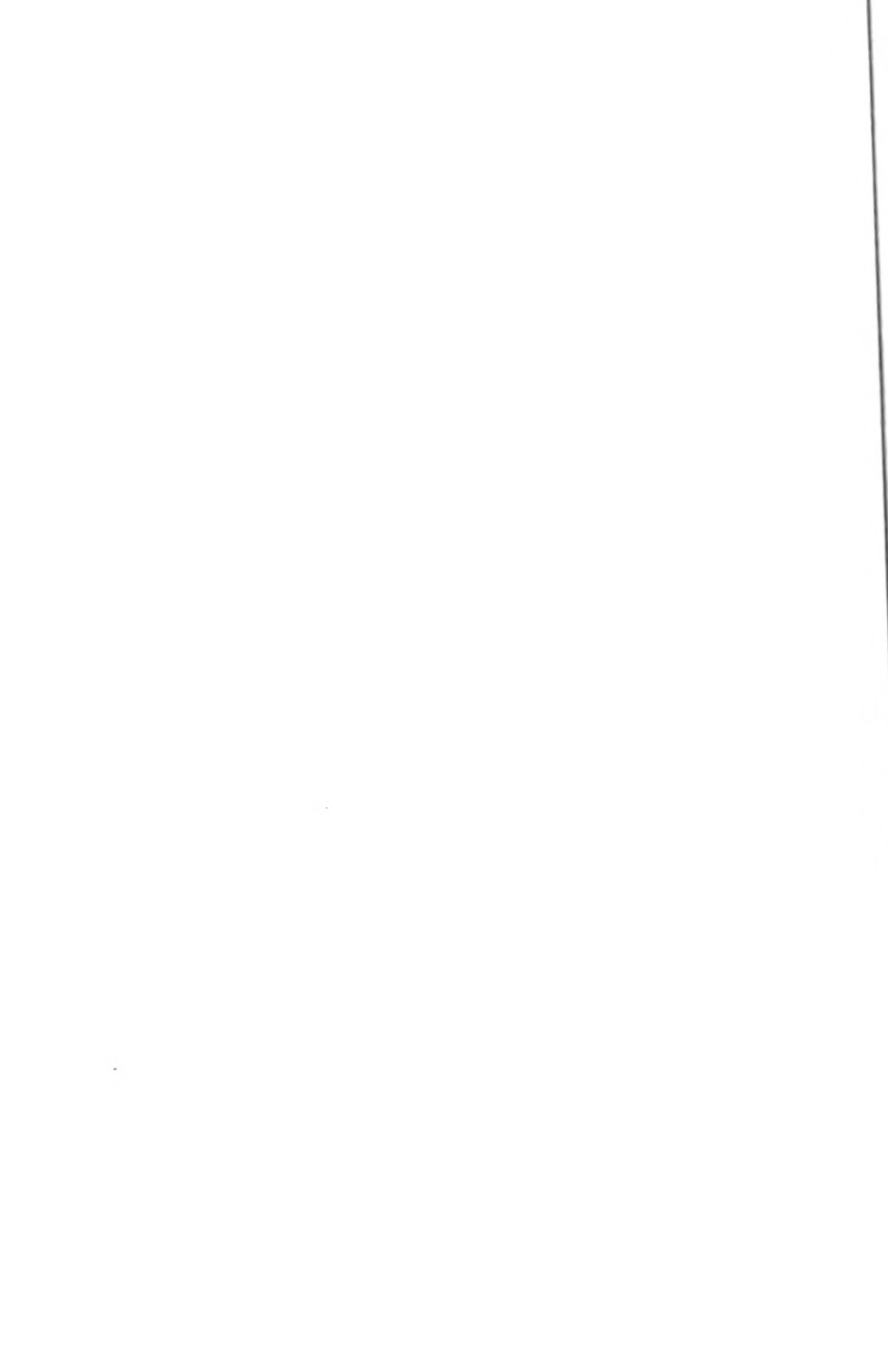
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A TIPPERARY (IRELAND) FARMHOUSE. (Fronting on the River Shannon.)



(Maryville House, where THE IRISH - CANUCK - YANKEE was written by C. John Spurling)



THE IRISH-CANUCK-YANKEE

THE IRISH AND IRISH-AMERICANS

Ole Oleson, a Scandinavian (Swede, I think), was a new arrival in one of the northwestern states of America, possibly Minnesota.

Attending an evangelistic service, the revivalist invited him to come forward to the penitent bench, thereby hoping to be the means of leading Ole into a better life. Proving rather indifferent to the preacher's pleadings, the evangelist argued with him about as follows:

"Ole, you were lately caught up in a cyclone, carried some distance, and suddenly dropped." "I vas," says the newcomer. "Well, only for the Lord was with you all the time while you were in the air, and miraculously saved you, you would have been dashed to death. Now you want to live right, so that you will be always ready. Therefore, come to the front."

Having thus listened attentively, our Scandinavian friend finally broke out in the peculiar English so typical of that nationality in this wise: "Val den, ef de Lord vas vit me all dat time, He bane 'goïn' som.'"

Going Galore

So it has been with the writer. For the last twenty-five years I have been in close touch with the Irish, Irish-Americans, English, Scotch, Canadians and Yankees.

My travels and fields of endeavor have covered the British Isles, Canada east and Canada west, and the United States from coast to coast.

My earliest industry abroad included labor upon the bush-whacked farms of Ontario, and toil on the wind-swept plains of Manitoba.

During the twenty years of my business career in the United States, restlessness, untainted by idleness, was my record. Very few of America's great industries have escaped a slight touch from me.

Beginning with railroading, I restlessly and ambitiously kept on, changing from one occupation to another and from one proposition to something newer and later, always active, never idle.

Commercial clerkships in business offices, such as railroads, banks, commission houses, real estate and other lines, occupied some of my years. Then again I became a stenographer and typewriter, newspaper correspondent, business manager of a large sanitarium, private secretary to captains of industry and millionaires, mine-manager in a western mining camp far beyond the Rocky Mountains, and finally a land colonizer in the prairie parts of the Canadian northwest.

In all of these various fields of usefulness I "made good." But in so doing I only did what thousands of others have done and are doing.

However, every man must be made up of two parts. These are the business and social sides of life. Therefore, I always considered it my duty to be identified with other problems, too. Thus I took more or less interest in church work, club life, politics and politicians, public and semi-public affairs, and to an extent took a personal interest in all matters of moment pertaining to everyday life, whether directly or indirectly concerned.

With this brief summary, I will pass on.

A GIPPLEY



NEIGHBOR OF THE AUTHORS

Tipperary and Prairie

Tipperary (Ireland) was the scene of my earliest activities. Since that time I have sojourned on many plains and prairies.

Semi-orphaned young, my father remarried. But the proud possession of a stepmother, with the later additions of several half brothers and one half sister, were not sufficient inducements to deter me from endeavoring to break away from home for the purpose of joining the British army, as this particular outlet has proven the means of escape for many a young Irishman when tired of home ties and home surroundings.

Although three times, within a very short time, I ran away from home, ere I was eighteen years of age, to become a military man, my mission miserably miscarried each time, owing to some technicality having to be gone through on the part of the recruiting authorities before being finally sworn in. Meanwhile I contracted a case of "cold feet" and returned home.

Outside of these boyish escapades, my youthful career was very little different from that of all others, born and brought up amid the same Irish environments. But, of course, I was considered wayward.

My full brother—I had but one—and myself were, as youngsters, always deemed of the rather wild variety. However, we never behaved ourselves in any seriously improper manner, nor committed wrongful offenses against our neighbors, although, possibly, we may have annoyed some of them at times with playful pranks or tricks. Thus we retained the friendship and goodwill of all our old neighbors and friends, and kept on a friendly footing with them, which seems quite an unusual thing in Ireland, as many near neighbors often refuse to keep on speaking terms with one

another. Particularly in country districts do we find these annoyingly unpleasant conditions existing.

Schooled at a small crossroads Protestant parochial school, somewhat of a private character, we were not brought into very close contact with scholars of the national schools. But in all other respects we were on an equal footing, and always the best of friends, without the slightest show of religious differences or animosity whatever.

Girls, guns, horses, dogs and donkeys furnished me with variety enough to get in pleasant times while yet in Ireland. On all of these I never lost my grasp until I left the country.

My brother was also spoiling for flight and fortune-hunting. So, long before he was even eighteen years of age, he sailed for Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

He was not there very long until he sent me both transportation and money to join him.

Here again my self-will and contrary nature asserted itself. I simply refused to go, eager though I was to leave home for somewhere.

Continuing in the old place for a few years longer, I finally picked out America (no particular point), and started off on Wednesday morning, June 17, 1885. My father drove me early in the morning to the Killaloe railway station, where I took the train for Queenstown, via Limerick and Cork, sailing the next morning from that noted southern seaport of Ireland.

At Home Again

About the middle of February, 1889, having been away from my native land something over three years and eight months, I again entered Ireland at Londonderry, one of Ireland's northern ports.

The ruralistic steamship agent on the other side,

from whom I bought my ticket, incorrectly booked me Queenstown; but I got myself dumped off at Londonderry, as the ship headed for Liverpool, England, the former being a southern route, while the latter was a northern, so far as Ireland is concerned. However, through the courtesy of the Allan Steamship Company's representative at Londonderry, this little misunderstanding was amicably adjusted, and I came out a winner, being forwarded, by rail, to Dublin, instead of being sent to Queenstown.

Getting home again seemed a jubilant occasion for me. Few changes had taken place, and the country seemed about the same, as far as my immature judgment could determine.

But I would be doing the friends of my boyhood days an unpardonable injustice were I to pass on without saying that my brief stay was made by them most pleasant. During the thirty days that I prolonged my visit I was treated and feted in true Irish fashion. The cork of genuine Irish hospitality was speedily pulled, and I was entertained and entertained. No matter how modest Irish fare may be, it is given with such a warm welcome that all else is quickly forgotten.

Despite all the native generosity and goodness of my Irish entertainers, I could not stay. Accordingly, I cut my visit very short, and again departed for America, once more sailing from Queenstown, in the early part of March, 1889.

For fifteen long years now I practically severed my connection with the homeland altogether. But I had not forgotten it—no, not for a minute. Returning again and again were uppermost thoughts in my mind.

In Paddy's Land Once More

Stepping ashore from a coastwise steamer, plying between Glasgow and Dublin, I again gleefully entered my native land, in October, 1903.

I now came with mature judgment, and also with a feeling that I was abundantly qualified to size up the Irish people from many viewpoints. Had always kept more or less in touch with Irish happenings. Thus I came somewhat prepared to pass upon Ireland's progress as it should show itself to me, for long since it had become almost of international note that this rather backward country had been making rapid strides ahead. Nor had I gone far when it began to dawn upon me that progressiveness was noticeable on every hand.

Hardly had I touched Irish soil when I began to make inquiries about home rule, coupled with other public questions of national import.

The Dublin jarvey driver, who drove me, rather surprised me by the apt retort he made when I interviewed him regarding home rule. He unhesitatingly replied to the effect that we want nothing of that sort in Ireland, for Ireland was bad enough now, but if we got home rule it "would go to the divil entirely." Further, he added that if we had an Irish parliament "every man that had a pound in his pocket would want to be a 'mimber,' and then there would be the divil to pay."

On leaving the United States it was my intention to spend not more than six weeks away. But on reaching Ireland, I became so agreeably surprised at the up-to-date appearance of both people and country that I extended my stay to fully six months. To say that every second of this time was not thoroughly enjoyed would be wrong. Day after day I walked around the country calling upon, and poking a harmless brand of

fun at, the Irish peasantry, right at their own doors or at their firesides. To draw forth their ever-flowing fountains of good-nature and native wit was my keenest delight. Perhaps my readers would like me to give a few original samples, or choice bits, selected at random. I will try and do so, but don't be too modest while reading them.

Some time after I had been home a few weeks, I met one of my old neighbors, who promptly broke out in the following rather awkward manner: "What in the name of goddlemighty, Master Chris., are you aiting and dhrinkin' since you came home from Yankeeland; yure gettin' so big and so fat, for when you came from Americky you were so thin and so impty that you could wipe your face with the skin av youre belly?"

Upon another occasion I met a neighbor woman, who addressed me much in the same way, winding up her speech by saying that I had much improved since coming home, as "When you landed from Americky you was hungry enuf lookin' to ait the petty session coort, and make a shnap at the judge." Talking with a chatty old lady, living by the roadside, whom I had known some twenty years before, I incidentally inquired as to how many in family they now had. For a moment she paused, apparently counting on her fingers, then replied: "Heath, we haven't so many at all, only tin in all, sir." "But that's quite a large family," I suggested. "I—a, not so many at all," she exclaimed. "Shure, Phil. Ryan, down a bit the road there, have fourteen, and they're goin' to have more, but all our family is born now, sir." Making exactly the same inquiry of another mother of the same talkative class, she said: "Faith, we have eleven, and we called 'em all afther our own people, and if God sent us any more we'd have to christen 'em afther some of the neighbors."

But it is not along any one particular line the Irish people excel in wit and ready answers. Nor have the peasant folk any monopoly upon these well-established Irish traits. True, the innocent country people naturally take to a certain kind, while city folk, apparently more careful concerning anything that might savor of immodesty, present different types of native humor. But even in the very best Irish cities, Dublin, for instance, we can daily notice pleasing little incidents amongst the most ladylike and refined. Here I will undertake to give you a specimen of everyday natural occurrences in Irish metropolitan life. To the rest of the passengers it seemed a simple, humdrum happening; while to the writer it looked like a pre-arranged put-up job. One of Dublin's most beautiful young ladies boarded an uptown tramcar. Taking a seat, she, with a kind of vacant and thoughtless expression in her beautiful countenance, began pushing back her rather unruly hair from her girlish face, simultaneously remarking to herself, and totally unmindful that she was in a public conveyance, surrounded by strangers, that she washed her hair last night, and thus had lost all control of it. This exclamation she uttered several times to the amusement of many of the car occupants. Meanwhile one of the men passengers wished to alight. In doing so he tripped over the umbrella of the worried young lady, kicking it into the aisle, she carelessly having let it slip from her lap. Hastily turning round and facing the young lady in question, he profusely apologized, by intimating that he also seemed unfortunate, having washed his feet the night before had lost all control of them. Few within hearing even smiled, as they were far too well accustomed to such daily occurrences to even notice such a trifling one.

Dividing my time evenly between city and country

folk, I was afforded every opportunity of seeing the Irish people and noticing their different methods of living from all standpoints. Moreover, I became one of themselves to such an extent that very little of their innermost daily routine was hidden from me. The more I saw of their sublime simplicity, the closer I seemed to be drawn towards them.

As heretofore said, every moment of my time was utilized in making a close survey of my native land, its people, customs, and daily life. Not for a single instant did my interest flag in anything pertaining to their well-being. No matter how grotesque some things appeared, still I could detect an innocent and laughable situation somewhere or somehow.

These six months taught me many things that I heretofore lived in absolute ignorance of. With nearly twenty years' experience abroad, I came to contrast and criticise. That I fully performed this self-appointed foreign mission, with analytical eye at close range, I feel fully satisfied. With a trained and scrutinizing mind I unsparingly overlooked aught, with a view of giving my country and countrymen all they were entitled to, whether for good or bad, and without reservation.

That this much-talked-of land and its interesting inhabitants more than surpassed my most sanguine expectations in intelligence, education, natural aptitude, keen wit, coupled with general cleverness, I now boldly maintain. Here and now I unqualifiedly made up my mind that henceforward I, for one, would accord the Irish people that pinnacle in the world's greatness that rightfully and righteously was their due.

Imbued with feelings of good will, and more than ever determined to stand up for the greatness of Ireland, the honor of her sons, and the grace and virtue of her daughters, which were now but comparatively

small remnants of her past population, I again departed for America. Taking shipping at Glasgow, having arrived there from Dublin, I again went west.

Ireland Again Invaded

During the interval between April, 1904, and December, 1907, Ireland and her people were free from my contamination. However, further annoyance by me was brewing. Accordingly, in the month of December, or, to be precise, the day after Christmas (Saint Stephen's Day), I again swooped down upon the Emerald Isle, stepping ashore at Dublin.

Though my stay away this time was not very extensive, I enjoyed the innovation incident to returning home immeasurably. Once again in the house of my friends, I got busy.

Nothing particularly new or startling had developed during my absence. Nevertheless, I never got up a day that something new, and frequently novel, couldn't be scared up. Being single, I could find both amusement and enjoyment in chasing or courting the charming Irish colleens. I came with "fire in my eye," insofar as having an amusing time at all hazards. Still young, I could see no sensible reason why I should not have a good time, even if it became necessary to discommode others. Their feelings, likes or dislikes. I didn't feel like wasting time consulting. They knew me well, and not only me but my people back for several generations. I also knew their natural bent, which meant a neighborly desire to make my vacation a pleasant one for me. Their native modesty led them into the belief that they were humble, and those coming from afar humbled themselves in mixing with them. But none proved too humble for the writer to fail in proper appreciation of their warm-hearted kindness

and hospitality. I considered myself what they call in America a "good mixer" with my fellowman, regardless of birth, wealth, or station, and so adapted myself. Poverty and pride were in the same boat, to my way of thinking. Consequently I never failed to get a full measure of real enjoyment from contact with poor or rich, when such occasions presented themselves.

Thus starting out, I very properly secured for myself a most enjoyable time from start to finish, amongst the Irish people in general. Utterly indifferent as to their class or caste, I could see good in them all. Honesty of purpose, added to true Irish hospitality, no matter how coarse the fare, or how humble the home, captured me far more than scarlet and fine linen.

A continual round of festivities were now inaugurated for my entertainment. Barn dances, house parties, which would eventually resolve themselves into a dancing programme, outdoor dances whenever the weather permitted, were a few of the pastimes indulged in. Such occasions always offered a variety of fun and frolic. Here again the Irish youngsters—yes, and many oldsters—showed their hand at fun producing. At a regularly invited dance—barn or otherwise—no time would be lost, the floor being occupied as early as 7 o'clock in the evening, and kept so until five, six, or possibly seven in the morning, dancing being unofficially recognized as a national institution in Ireland. But such entertainments are invariably interspersed with story telling and comic song singing.

Attending a particularly jovial barn dance one night, in pure country fashion, I could not fail to take note of the many queer remarks passed from time to time during the progress of the dance. Here I may mention one or more. I am sure they will interest those who read them.

After a long and animated floor effort, along towards

midnight, the dancers idly sat along the walls, drawing their breath, cooling off, and resting themselves. Just then the calm was broken by the following rather commanding order from one of "the byes": "Get up our that our, Paddy ————— and give us that song of yours, and be quick about it, too, for we'll have some good singers here bimeby and then we won't let you sing at all."

At another time, when one of the best comic artists present, and one who had a reputation for good songs throughout two parishes, delivered his most fetching song and sat down, one of the "byes" stepped up to him, saying: "Glory be to God on high, if you can't sing any bether than that you're a very ignorant man, the Lord save us."

Taking pains to invite a lady, in whom I seemed to take a special interest, to a barn dance one night, I asked one of the lads to see that the young lady in question got properly entertained while with us. Of course, proper entertainment at a dance means a goodly occupation of the floor, having for a dancing partner one of the best male dancers present. This lady being rather stout and heavy set, the boy I spoke to promptly assured me that he would see that Miss ————— got her full share of dancing if I would only nail a handle on her, something like a jug, as he was too small to swing her right. Feeling amused at the ready answer, I let my friend take pot luck with the rest, seeing that I was not a daneer myself. But the Irish boy, no matter how countrified he may be, is far too thoughtful to let any of the girls at a dance suffer from neglect.

Farther advanced in years, more experienced in the ways of the world, its people at home and abroad, more conceited in myself to fairly comment upon the customs and manner of life of the peoples I sojourned

amongst, I assumed the task of bringing to bear all these so-called talents upon my countrymen, in order that I may be fully satisfied that I would do them no wrong.

New phases of noticeable betterments in every conceivable department of Irish existence were unerringly to be observed. I never came to the country with a view of looking at things through the eyes of others, or permitting myself to be swayed either way by prejudiced parties. Coolly and calmly I sought information along lines mapped out solely by myself. Fetching with me an abundance of American hard-headed sense, the people of Ireland did not find me inclined to palaver them regarding their shortcomings. It was far from my intention to pretend that their lot was a most uniquely unhappy one, when compared with other nations in the world. In this connection I may safely add that my course was just the opposite. That sort of sympathy had long since appeared to me as being an over-worked and threadbare feature of Irish history. Too often the people of Ireland had been led into the absurd belief that they were being perpetually trampled upon by their so-called oppressors. This national view of conditions I could never countenance. Undoubtedly industry had languished, when compared with their sturdy commercial and manufacturing neighbors, the English and Scotch. But I quickly realized that my Irish countrymen were more, by nature, inclined to the convivial than the commercial side of life, which condition unfortunately brought in its wake a certain amount of unavoidable misery. So deeply is this characteristic trait a part of the Emerald race that it does not seem to be able to shake itself off even among Irish-Americans, in America, the very core of modern commercialism.

Here it is just as well to add a word to the effect that

not even in the United States, where business influences are so apparent on every hand, do the brave Irishmen, so numerous found there, particularly distinguish themselves in the commercial world. Their talents seem to trend in other directions.

Self-confident that I had, after concentrating my keenest gaze upon the people and their country those many years fully sized them up, I again departed from their midst, firmly rooted in the belief that the knowledge I had acquired of Ireland and the Irish would compare favorably with that of any other intermittent observer from any superficial viewpoint, including their industrial, social and religious life. No matter how Americanized I became, it was never my desire to return to my native land with the intention of fault-finding, or to be funny at the expense of my good Irish friends and fellow-countrymen. They were a free and jovial people, always fronting the world and its problems from the humorous side of life. Stern realities did not appeal to them. Nor did they seem these responsibilities to grasp in their fullest sense. A light-hearted and frivolous time caught their fancy far more readily than the really important.

With these impressions once more again made upon my mind, I left the country, via Dublin, for London, embarking at the latter city early in June, 1907.

My Fourth Attack on Ireland

Resisting all allurements of both American and Canadian life, having now business interests in each of these countries, as I had grown ere this to be an international traveler, I again approached Ireland aboard a Liverpool boat, disembarking at the North Wall docks, Dublin. This took place in December, 1909, and on the Saturday before Christmas.

Though this was my shortest stay away thus far, I did not fail to enjoy it just the same. My many trips home were not even falling flat upon me, much less tiresome. Plenty of things pertaining to Irish life were, and always will be, worthy of my most careful study.

Quickly I noticed that the country was still forging upgrade. Improvement and progress were still more prominently in evidence. Poverty and despair were now hard to locate. Upward and onward were the watchwords. On my first visit I found this progressiveness barely started. Next time I came it was well under way, with a good head of pushing steam on. Later on, when I scanned the industrial horizon, I felt more than gratified; but now it seemed as if we had a finished work, save the final finishing touches. The thatched hovel had practically disappeared, and in its place could be noticed the substantially built stone and slated laborers' cottages.

Industrially the Irish are not known to the world as manufacturers. But in this respect Ireland differs little from other small countries. However, Ireland has at least three industries of international importance, with which her name is inseparably linked. But, unlike the product of many other large factories, which usually have but a limited market, the output of Ireland's noted trinity of industries is known and looked for the world over. No matter how ignorant a person may be of distant affairs, few can be found who have not heard of Ireland's excellence along the three lines of industrial activity I am now going to briefly mention.

The first in greatness and importance we might name the great shipbuilding yards located away in the north in the city of Belfast. Here the largest seagoing leviathans are launched from time to time. As these

great vessels sail from port to port they silently bear testimony to the cleverness of the often wrongfully accused idle Irish.

Manufacturing linen of the best known variety is another of Ireland's well-known enterprises. Who has not heard of the fine Irish linen produced and turned out in the north of Ireland? Indeed, I am not afraid of contradiction when I make the assertion that there is no first-class dry goods store extant that does not carry it in stock and for sale. If such a store does exist anywhere I am not aware of it. However, we may rely upon the fact that if the genuine Irish product is not on sale in any first-class drapery, carrying linens, some spurious imitation will be offered the unsuspecting customer. But even at that, it will be difficult to palm off on linen buyers an article of questionable feel and appearance, no matter how near to the genuine the fictitious may seem. People throughout the world are far too well acquainted with the good qualities of Irish linen to be so easily imposed upon by sharks of the nature mentioned. Ireland, therefore, maintains an honored place at the head of all nations in the manufacture of one of the most absolute necessities of life, as well as the most attractive to the eye, which good linen always is.

Ireland's next well-advertised industry is that of porter brewing. This rather ancient and colossal plant is found in Dublin and is known the world over as Guinness's brewery. Its product has many catchy and euphonious names. Among these might be mentioned "Stout," because of its strengthening and fattening properties, it being not only a satisfying beverage for the parched and thirsty tongue, but also frequently administered by physicians as building-up medicine to the sick and invalid. "Single X, Double X, and Triple X" are also synonymous with "Stout" in declaring

to the world the many advantages of drinking porter. In all my travels, never yet have I discovered a first-class bar minus "Dublin Stout." On the contrary, even low-down grog shops are compelled to carry it, for the use of the occasional passerby possessing a porter palate. Every first-class bar, whether on land or on sea, cannot conduct its business in a first-class manner unless supplied with porter, and none other is recognized outside of the Dublin product. Very true, there are numerous other brands and imitations, but drinking epicures quickly sidestep when confronted by them. The publican in the British Isles, no matter whether in Ireland, England, Scotland or Wales, the café in France, the beer garden in Germany, the saloon in the United States, or the tavern in Canada, all must be supplied with this palatable and health-producing national drink of Ireland. No first-class, or even second-rate, barroom anywhere can be considered an elegant place for drink goods unless it carries, alongside all other choice and fancy fermented liquors, porter imported from Ireland. This standard article of meat and drink, for both are said to be contained in this world-renowned porter, is known throughout the civilized and uncivilized portions of the globe. In fact, I have been told that if the great brewery lost altogether its Irish, or home, trade, the company would never miss it, or even feel financially embarrassed by the loss, so great is their foreign demand for porter in both wood and bottles. I have hesitated to believe this assertion, but it might be even so. Several times I have been through the brewing plant and have expressed admiration at its thorough organization each time. Both at home and abroad I have partaken of the liquor, and I have found it both palatable and appetizing. In America it is considered rather heavy for a summer beverage, and is not in very common use. But as

Irish linen is found for sale on all good dry goods counters, so is Irish porter to be found, for the asking, upon all "wet goods" bars. Therefore, the Irish people can plume themselves in no uncertain way by the gratifying knowledge that their two leading industries are in demand at all times and in all places, the one in large establishments, resorted and patronized by women, while the other is to be had in the large drinking emporiums, largely catering to men.

At a private dance upon one occasion the writer was asked to make a few remarks for the benefit of the friends present. Porter being just served at the moment, I deemed the time opportune to dwell upon its use in an offhand and humorous manner. So, holding my filled glass aloft, I said: "Friends and neighbors, since my return to your country I have been closely sizing up you all, and I find that there is very little I can tell or teach you, as you all seem to have the situation mighty well in hand yourselves. However, I would intimate that there are two men in Ireland you should all very carefully look out for. One is Sir Arthur Guinness, for he is turning out this kind of black stuff for the men, and occasionally one gets intoxicated from it. The other is Sir Thomas Lipton, who is turning out stuff equally black for the women, and they always seem to be intoxicated from it. Now, my advice to the ladies is, that they boycott Sir Thomas, by drinking no more of his tea, until he builds a faster boat, picks a better crew, and runs a winning race." They all quickly saw the joke, hearty handclapping ensued, and I was complimented upon hitting it just right. Yes, indeed, the men of Ireland are rather sadly addicted to the overuse of porter and other spirited intoxicants, while the women are still more hopelessly in the clutches of the tea-drinking habit. Both are evils of serious importance, and quite often of grave conse-

quences. Men foolishly expend, in rather reckless fashion, their earnings upon too much drink, while the women frequently consume bigger quantities of the tea-sugar-cream beverage than would appear to be good for their general healthfulness. Indeed, I have been told by a semi-scientist that a good deal of the teeth-decaying tendencies nowadays so prevalent among the fair sex in the Green Isle are attributed to the excessive indulgence in tea amongst the daughters of Erin. A good deal of truth must attach itself to this assertion, as Irish femininity are everywhere recognized as of the sound, healthy, rugged type. But the tea-drinking habit seems to have grown quite beyond the bounds of good sense in recent years. Where it will now end is exceedingly conjectural. Men have taken to the flowing bowl of foaming liquor not one whit more than the women have taken to the boiling pot of luscious tea. In an Irish home, no matter what gets mislaid, the teapot is always at hand.

A tea party in Ireland, or I might justly include the British Isles, means tea for all present. The most humble in Great Britain thoroughly understand the making and serving of a real savory cup of tea, which, unfortunately, cannot be said of people generally throughout the United States or Canada. Both of these countries cannot boast of trained tea makers, coffee being the popular drink at mealtime in them. As old country folk do not pretend to be coffee connoisseurs, neither do the Americans claim to be judges of good tea. Afternoon tea, which proves to be such a sociable event amongst the British people, is practically unknown amongst the common run of people abroad. Of course, the higher up and more fashionable element on the American side of the Atlantic, who have traveled on this side from time to time, thereby becoming schooled and educated to an extent in foreign

social customs, very readily copy the examples set by good society, eventually adopting them at home, in which list afternoon tea is not overlooked, for, really, it is a simple custom, and one which reflects pleasure far beyond its inconvenience insofar as the serving is concerned.

As I have hinted, a British tea party means tea for all hands. Not so on the other side of the Atlantic. A tea party means a whole lot more. The American hostess, wishing to do the neat thing by all her invited guests, seeks to ascertain each one's likes and dislikes. So, when she heads the table preparatory to pouring tea, she soon discovers that only a small percentage of her visitors use tea. One will want black tea, another green tea; others, again, will call for varieties such as Japan, English Breakfast tea, Lipton's tea, etc. But that is not all. Many will not touch tea of any kind. They take such things as hot water, milk, cocoa, chocolate, coffee, and thus the so-called tea party terminates in confusion. Why all this variety in tastes amongst our American friends, we ask? It is a question easily answered. Their medical advisers, or one young lady has whisperingly advised another, that certain things are bad for her fast vanishing complexion, and in order to retain the little left, or further beautify her already well-preserved color, she unhesitatingly denies herself any and all noxious eatables and drinkables to that end, as such sacrifices, for such purposes, sit lightly upon the average American young lady. All girls, but particularly our American cousins, are forever burdened with anxiety about the retention of their good complexions to the last day of their existence, whether leading lives of single blissfulness or double blessedness. Nor do we men object.

As without a dissenting voice all ladies at an old country tea party partake of tea, men, with one accord,

at a drinking party, will partake of porter. Thus entertainments become simplified, for myriads of different tastes bring in their trail numerous annoyances, coupled with necessary preparation. Moreover, visitors will not enjoy functions if it should appear to them that they have caused their entertainers undue trouble.

But while here discoursing upon the drink habits of men and women, before passing on I may be pardoned for making a few further remarks regarding the drink traffic, particularly along intoxicating lines, where men are solely responsible, in my native country.

One of the most lamentable features pertaining to this business, which to some one-ideal people appears a nefarious one, is, to me, the discovery that a great many women are engaged in it. Widows who had public houses passed down to them by departing husbands of necessity have to carry on the trade for the support of themselves and fatherless children. So, in our travels around the country we find many proprietresses of crossroad refreshment places; also in the small village or town. Quite frequently we notice the most estimable women operating rather uninviting grog shops. Upon them I have reflected nothing worse than the most considerate compassion. Keepers of "Pubs." cannot be considered their natural bent, desire or inclination, for, above all womanhood, the Irish are not given to the use of strong drink. Happily, however, of late years women ownership and feminine barkeepers are fast disappearing in the larger cities. This pleasing state of affairs is not being brought about by any drastic governmental action, but by a natural drift to better things in Ireland. So much so has this very desirable feature of the trade changed within a comparatively short time that it is even now quite difficult to find girls in public drinking places at all. But at stations along the right of way of railroad lines, where

invariably refreshments of all kinds are served to all classes of the traveling public, we find the railway companies still adhering to the old habit of employing practically nothing but girls; also hotel bars.

The Irish barmaid is in a class all by herself. She is modest, comely and goodlooking. She is also a paragon of virtue and morality, despite her hard surroundings. That such environments have not succeeded in unsexing the Irish girl, all through those years, bespeaks much for the good girls thus employed. This is not an unraveled mystery to me, but quite the opposite, for the girls of Erin, her sex and femininity are far too firmly established to be so easily dethroned. Thus my admiration for the lassies of Ireland, be they barmaid or otherwise, becomes fourfold enhanced by their untarnished character, regardless of their rather forbidding trade or profession. I say this more particularly for the benefit of travelers and tourists from abroad, who cannot understand the Irish girl, judging from many of their experiences at home. This will suffice.

Speaking with many of these girls, I very soon found out from them that from a business standpoint they would like to see all men able to drink; but from a personal or matrimonial viewpoint they would much prefer their husbands to be total abstainers.

But there is another side to the employment of nice girls as barmaids. The beautiful young lady behind the counter exercises a great deal of peaceful and quieting influence over the noisy tipplers; for is it not an acknowledged fact that the Irish character represents a certain amount of disturbance when keyed up by the use of fermented liquors? Decidedly, this influence for good brought on by the presence of a nice young lady is not to be despised. Above all nationalities, whether in Ireland or elsewhere throughout the world, the Irish-

man is chivalrous to the fair sex, and will not wantonly insult them or hurt their feelings.

However, constant attendance on drinking men, in an atmosphere thickly remindful of strong liquor, must have a hardening effect upon those amiable girls, especially when they never touch intoxicants in any form themselves, further than dole them out to the men. Frequently have I asked them if they ever indulged themselves, only to be promptly told they never did, and I have never yet run across one who even meddled with the mildest of wine connected with the traffic.

Licensed premises throughout the British Isles could, at the very least, be reduced two-thirds, and even at that none would be obliged to go thirsty. In fact, no one would suffer save the licensees. But as the British are a sensible, self-governing nation, fully competent to look out for their own welfare, far be it from me to harbor a desire to dictate to them. So far, I am not sufficiently Americanized for that; neither have I the wish to become such a busybody. Britishers are abundantly able to work out their own salvation, without any outside aid or assistance, now, just as they have done in the dim past. There is no deterioration there.

Irish Wit

Scarcely is there to be found a nook or corner in the inhabited world where Irish wit and Irish ready answers have not penetrated. On their native soil, to the observant, this proneness is ever noticeable. Even abroad, the preacher in the pulpit, the politician on the platform, the lecturer, the orator, never interest their audiences more enthusiastically than when regaling them with Irish yarns. They are keen witted, original and pointed. On such occasions American alertness quickly prompts those listening to a full

measure of appreciation at the cleverness of Pat. You need not be an expert judge of such things to swiftly notice the promptness with which a whimper of amusement will wavelike pass over the most staid and fashionable congregation, or audience, as one of Pat's choicest stories are told by the speaker. Often, in different parts of the United States and Dominion of Canada, have I taken careful pains to notice the readiness with which foreign auditors realized that any story emanating from a witty Irishman was well worth listening to. Nor is this ardent eagerness to be entertained from the rostrum by samples of wit attributed to the fun-loving Irishman, whether justly or unjustly, confined to the wideawake Yankee. Not so; even the hearers, embraced by nearly all other nationalities, including non-English speaking people, who translate some of Pat's fun for reprint in their own books, papers and magazines, are also responsive to mirth and good humor. Thus it may be safely said that Irish jokes are reaching the uttermost parts of the earth by retelling and reproduction in various ways.

At home Paddy's keen wit is not as thoroughly appreciated as elsewhere. Nothing overabundant is fully appreciated anywhere. That is the sole explanation in his own land. Audiences cannot be so easily moved by witty anecdotes there. Many a time have I noticed the most mirthful sayings, from both pulpit and pew in Ireland, which would convulse with laughter American congregations, but which passed unnoticed there.

Perhaps a few selections of my own gathering might be acceptable to my readers here. Attending a religious meeting in Dublin, conducted by two Chicago evangelists, who were then holding a mission in that city, known as the Torrey-Alexander, the hymn, "I Surrender All," was sung by the large concourse of Dublinites present. The leader, having called upon

those sitting in the auditorium to sing the chorus again and again, finally reached the soldiers, who were occupying a central portion of the hall, part of it being roped off for their special accommodation, as the evangelist apparently made them a special target for religious work. "You soldiers down there know what it is to surrender; I want you to sing that chorus, 'I Surrender All,' and also to surrender unconditionally to the Lord tonight." Did they all jump to their feet and sing? No; instead a cry reached the evangelist which undoubtedly amused him. It was, "No, sir, we don't know what it is to surrender." Further argument along that line was useless, and the evangelist had to change his tactics. I might here add, and in this connection, that the average Irishman is not as impressionable or as easily beguiled by new theological theories put forward by traveling preachers as our friends on the American side. In that country the home bred are far more susceptible to the art of quietly following, while we born on the British side like to take the leadership. For this selfsame reason, Irishmen are found officering almost everything beyond the water, from the United States army to the little union of laborers holding their weekly meetings in the back room of some downtown saloon.

Providence apparently designed the Irish and Irish-American citizen to be a leader of men, so when he is expected to be a lowly follower he is out of his element, and trouble follows.

Politically, Pat is a howling success, both at home and foreign. In this field of usefulness he is a shining mark. He seeks home rule for his own country, but, as some American statesman has once said, denies the American citizen the right to rule America. The holding of public office is no stranger to the average Irish-American, so the great joy of capturing the same privi-

leges at home must be attained, through the medium of home government. Irish-Americans meet with very poor success in getting themselves elected to public office in America, where they are obliged to seek such preferment at the hands of the ordinary electorate. But with little effort or influence properly brought to bear on the duly elected government officials, a large proportion of the appointive offices fall to the lot of the political Irishman. This rather strange political phenomenon is accounted for by the fact that the average voter is not gifted with the discernment or sound wisdom of his leader, and therefore fails in electing the best available man in the majority of cases. So, at the earliest opportunity, the properly constituted appointive power heads his important departments with stanch men, which are usually of the Irish type. With wonderment I have often taken an analytical glance at the large numbers of my countrymen thus thrust into much-sought-after public offices, where candidates representing many other worthy nationalities eagerly sought the honors in question. But the organizing ability of the Irish politician and his capabilities as a leader are readily acknowledged, and rewarded accordingly.

Irishmen as Policemen

No department of human necessity is more important to any country than the protection of life and property by the efficient policing of large cities. Here, again, the fine physique of the home-bred Irishman, and his foreign brother, are quickly made use of by the powers that be. Their athletic build, military bearing, bravery, courage, freedom from cowardice, peculiarly qualify these well-chosen men for this important service. Few cities of any size or worldly wickedness in English

A LIMERICK MAN.



AN IRISH UPHOLDER AND ENFORCER OF AMERICAN
LAW AND ORDER.

speaking countries are without their full quota of Irish police officers. From the superintendent at the head of the entire force, the chief of city detectives or plain-clothes men, right down to the dogcatcher, the Irishman is to be found. Scandinavian saloonkeepers doing business on the fringe of the dangerous slum districts in large American cities have told me that they have often been obliged to petition the mayors of their respective cities to have the patrolmen on their beats Irishmen, as they were more of a terror to evildoers and disturbers than officers recruited from other nationalities. With dignity and dispatch these natural-born upholders of law and order, peace and quietness maintain and enforce good behavior. Of their detecting perception and bloodhound alertness, for the tracking and taking of wrongdoers, thugs, confidence men, burglars and blackguards, all are fully aware. Thus they keep out of sight, avoiding crime as honestly as their evil natures will permit. Of this fact the highest government officials also seem alive to; hence the large preponderance of our race thus starred with authority and equipped with death-dealing weapons to properly execute it. Our big American cities would be rather unhealthy places of abode, indeed, were their policing attempted without Irishmen. Cosmopolitan, as they are, the best available are needful to enforce even a semblance of good order in riotous times.

Chicago, America's greatest inland metropolis, might well be considered an Irish settlement from nearly all viewpoints. Here in particular will be seen, in the busiest and most congested parts and street crossings of the city, the typical Irish and Irish-American police officer, with his whistle and upheld hand, vigorously aiding street traffic. To some it would seem that nowhere are these able-bodied men more needed. Out of the 4,500 protectors of the people in this wonderful

city, nearly all the commanding officers and half of the patrolmen might be classed as Irish, Irish-American, or of Irish extraction. Business firms also like to employ Irishmen as their private sleuths or watchmen.

At home, in Dublin, the most magnificent body of picked men comprise the police force of that city. It is known the world over as the Metropolitan. Men taken on must be from six feet upwards in height. Lately this standard has been somewhat lowered. Inquisitively I approached one of these noble creations, while performing his duty on the streets of the city, and offhand he told me that at the present time the height of the men ranged from six feet two inches to six feet eight inches. These figures convinced me that Dublin had a prize-winning police force, and it looked the part in every particular.

London, England, is also well protected by the Irish stalwart. There you will find a great many of them. To my surprise, when addressing an attractive and dignified looking officer one night, quite close to the parliament buildings, with the query as to whether Irishmen were on the London force or not, I was promptly enlightened by the quickly given answer that there were lots of them, the speaker being one. Quite gratified I was, indeed, to hear this rather unlooked for news.

But the cities where English is the official language are not the only ones where Irish policemen abound. For instance, Montreal, the most important city in Canada, they are numerously noticed. In that big town we find a divided people, or two separate races, and a dual language. In it, in spite of the confliction of tongues, races and religion, the Irishman adapts himself. He does not permit his ambition to become a valiant Canadian-Irish police officer to be thwarted by

a lack of languages. So he sets himself to work in acquiring this workable equipment. French-Canadian is soon mastered, and our worthy countryman makes his bow in a new role. Thus, when the requirements of the time demand it, the average Irishman will not be found wanting in being able to fluently use his native tongue, be it Celtic or Gaelic. For my part, I hope the time will never come again when it will be necessary for the Irish people in Ireland to use any other but the English language, a tongue known throughout the world, and recognized as representing the major portion of the world's commercial enterprise, whether reached by land or water. If the Irish people, far and near, can train their tongues to use this international form of human speech, minus brogue or accent, enough will be accomplished to satisfy all, no matter how much they may now be hankering for the resurrection of the defunct Irish dialect. I say this with all due respect to the worthy educators and scholars now busying themselves endeavoring to teach Irish youth the supposed tongue of their forefathers. From a sentimental point of view the cause is a laudable one, but this is an age of cold-blooded commercialism, with no place for sentimentality. The thing of practical value, which will enable youth to successfully cope with world problems, is the thing most wanted in this workaday age.

But I have unwittingly digressed. The twin brother of a good policeman might be found in that of ward alderman. If the Irishman does seem somewhat of a failure in national politics, he more than retrieves himself in local politics. Assemblymen and such other representatives of a neighboring kind provide offices of a public nature always within the grasp of the Irish officeseeker. In this narrowed-down sphere the trust and confidence of his friends, who know him inti-

mately by reason of their neighborhood, are reposed in him. Lapse of time does not dislodge him, for by his straightforward and honest dealings he becomes more solidly entrenched in their political affections.

But I will refrain from dwelling too much upon the virtue of Irish politicians, lest my readers laugh at my apparent innocence, for is it not public knowledge that Irishmen have developed into political scalawags and low-down tricksters in many instances? As the native of Ireland has furnished great political leaders, statesmen of no mean renown, and diplomatists, so have the Irish given to the world not a few of the baser sort of shyster, ward heeler and paid political worker.

“Home Rule”

Often, both at home and in foreign lands, have I been interrogated, with a view of ascertaining my individual views upon the burning question of home rule for Ireland. Emphatically, upon all such occasions, have I replied in the negative. Unqualifiedly, I will say now that I am not a “home ruler.” My many years of experience in the United States and Dominion of Canada have taught me better. In the United States we have *fifty-one* duly organized lawmaking bodies, one legislature for each of the *fifty* states of the Union, with a federal congress and senate in Washington, the seat of the national government.

In Canada there are ten parliaments, a provincial parliament for each one of the nine provinces, with a Dominion parliament located at Ottawa, which is headquarters for the central government. Under such conditions, is it any wonder or amazement why there are laws and laws, freakish, wise and otherwise? Well, in these so-called lands of liberty there is none. It has been legislated and lawed out of existence by these

hordes of lawmakers. The people have deprived themselves of liberty, through an excess of zeal for more and more laws.

Irish parliamentarians and political agitators have quite frequently held up Canada as a sample of self-governing countries in their arguments for home rule for Ireland. From my point of view, I hold the colony up as a very valid reason why Ireland should not have the same form of self-government. I was never yet much of an admirer of "hayseed" statesmanship, and this is precisely what the (50) states of the American Union have today, while the Dominion of Canada is exactly in the throes of the same evil. "Hayseed" is a comprehensive word, which signifies statesmen hailing from the hayfield, or hay yard, with straws clinging to their clothes and seeds in their hair and whiskers. Such men are useful to mankind while following their agricultural pursuits; but ridiculous in legislative halls. They have neither the training nor farsightedness necessary for such important national responsibilities.

Now, if these howling home rulers in Ireland, their sympathizers, aiders and abettors abroad, wish Ireland to have the same measure of self-government as Canada, it will be well for them to organize five parliaments, one for Ulster, one for Munster, one for Leinster, one for Connaught, and one over all in Dublin. All this may sound ridiculous, and the writer may appear funny, but quite the reverse should obtain, for has not Ireland, even now, nearly as large a population as the colony under discussion?

I have been in many of these legislative buildings when in session, and oftentimes failed to notice any particular cleverness demonstrated by the speechmaking and debating heard on their floors. However, for the two great English-speaking lawmaking divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race, one located on the bank of the

Thames, London, the other in Washington, District of Columbia, United States, I have the utmost respect. The Imperial Parliament, with its worldwide ramifications shoulders a tremendous burden of responsibility, while the American congress and senate also grapple with a growing interest in the world's affairs.

The Bank of Ireland now occupies the old parliament building in College Green, Dublin, and its old house of lords makes a very convenient and comfortable meeting place for the officers and trustees of this national fiduciary institution. May it so continue in its present serviceable use. I want never to be an eye witness to parliamentary performances within its walls, except in a very modified sense. However, should home rule ever come to Ireland, the Irish people might just as well understand that the eyes of the entire world will be focused upon them, and no matter whether their acts shall prove meritorious or otherwise, criticism will be dealt out from all corners of the earth's surface.

Why Irish-Americans imagine themselves self-appointed guardians of the home Irish is one of the most mystifying mysteries, to me, of the twentieth century. If my good friends abroad were in as close touch with the home Irish as the writer they would very soon perceive that their brotherly proteges were abundantly able to look out for their own welfare in everything pertaining to themselves. It would be far better for the Irish-American home ruler to concentrate his energy upon the barefaced abuses of his homeland, legally terrifying the law-defying trust magnate, squelching the monopolist and curbing the capitalist. When they have this finally accomplished they will, and not until then, stand on a level with their home brother, who has practically driven the landlord-capitalist from his home and country. But in tackling these men abroad my good Irish-American friends fully realize that they

are making war upon the brainiest and cleverest business men known to the world in past or present years. Not so with the harmless Irish gentlemen, whose training along commercial lines has been very meagre. Hard competition has steeled and hardened the American self-made man.

Not so with the poor Irish landowner. Petted and assisted by a paternal government, he was but poorly prepared for successful resistance when war was vigorously made upon him. So he had to go. But will his departure prove an unmixed blessing to the country and people he has left behind? I have my doubts. The lands which once gave employment to farm hands and workingmen are being divided up into small lots and parceled out to farmers in wee holdings. Will this form of peasant proprietorship prove a boon to all? It is doubtful. Men who were obliged to labor day after day for a worthy paymaster will now strut around idly, wrapped in the robe of proprietary interest in land which will not yield enough produce to back up such airs.

But there is a sadder side to all this. The beauty spots of the Emerald Isle are fast disappearing. Beautiful demesnes are being turned into grazing common-ages. Magnificent trees, which once embellished and adorned these ancient homesteads, are now making firewood. Historic old mansions are unoccupied, not even a caretaker tenanting them. People are incessantly emigrating, Englishmen and Americans are taking their places, so Ireland is rapidly losing its old-time identity in every possible way that can be thought of.

Despite all these unfortunate circumstances, nothing can ever be conjured up to take the place of Ireland and Irishmen. They, jointly, have filled a niche in world history that none can even approach.

The depopulation of Ireland is sad, the turning out

of its larger employers of labor is bad, the disappearance of the places of interest to all tourists, regardless of where from, may be annoying, but there is yet one thing more unfortunate than all else combined, and briefly will I refer to it here.

Ireland and her people have not occupied the high pinnacle of dignity and worldly respect that is their due by reason of the fact that their poverty and woes were advertised throughout the world by themselves, and outside aid sought far too often, and upon occasions when the same could be well avoided by a small measure of generosity on the part of the comfortably situated at home. Renowned for education, intelligence, wit, manhood, bravery and ability almost in every field of endeavor, the Irish people deserve a far more dignified place in the family of nations than they have heretofore held. Even though governmental wrongs did exist, such did not supply a sufficient excuse for the place filled by the Irish people, when compared with their just dues.

Some think Ireland has lost her proper place and population through misrule, lack of self-government, coupled with other causes too numerous to mention. Possibly she has. Canada has had all of these things. But the Dominion of Canada has also lost her place and population. Why? They have gone to the great commonwealth south of her empire-like country. The Irish have also sought refuge in the western republic. A strange situation here presents itself. The Canadians ran away from too much freedom and self-government. The Irish skipped out because they hadn't either. British statesmen have done big things to plead with the Irishman to stay at home. It is now up to the English diplomat to do something to cause the fleeing Canadian to remain north of the international boundary line. In this effort the rulers of Canada should

have an easy task. They have a large, new and undeveloped country. On the other hand, Ireland is old and long settled.

Sporty Ireland

This is another phase of Irish life that is worthy of mention. Who has not heard of our Marathon runners, hammer throwers, prize fighters, horse racing and yachtsmen? Has any country produced more prize-winning champions in every known department of sportsmanlike life? I question it, although I am not much of a hand to carefully follow national or international doings of this variety. However, I did bet on a horse race once. It was at the Curragh of Kildare. Attending a "meet" there, I noticed on my race card that a horse named American Boy and owned by Richard Croker, formerly of New York city, but latterly a repatriated Irishman, and a thorough sportsman, was in the running. I accordingly wagered at odds, getting six to one. I won. Mr. Croker came to Ireland in order to uphold a high standard of horse racing to the extent of even winning the English derby, a feat that even British royalty covets. Thus we have horse racing events on Irish turf of international importance; also yachting contests of similar consequence. Lord Dunraven's Valkyries and Sir Thomas Lipton's Shamrocks have again and again interested the entire yachting world; yes, and many landlubbers. Both of these plucky aquatic sportsmen have endeavored to win back the America's cup in American waters, but thus far to no avail. Yankee deftness and swiftness cannot be so easily overcome. However, if this noted cup ever does come to the European side of the Atlantic, it is a foregone conclusion that some Irish sportsman will have to fetch it. Without prejudice, I will give both sides of the ocean their just desserts. For a

speedy shuttlecock boat the Yankees excel in building and manning. But for a substantial ocean liner, Ireland enjoys a worldwide reputation.

Football and very many other popular outdoor sports are also much encouraged by the Irish people. Further, Irishmen make good referees of money-making events, and they are always identified with them. For fairness and high standard they stand unequaled.

Religious Ireland

This one question has presented a bone of contention abroad to the casual students of Irish affairs far more than at home. Orangemen and others there fancy that Roman Catholics and Protestants here are literally reveling in one another's blood, not only on St. Patrick's day, March 17, and Orangeman's day, July 12, but on all public and semi-public occasions throughout the year. In fact, ignorant foreigners of the bigoted type picture gory clashes taking place every time one of either persuasion happens to encounter his neighbor. This is altogether an erroneous impression. It is quite the contrary. Never yet have I heard, other than in joke, a loud word or angry expression from one or the other holding opposite faiths. All are most friendly, and religious rioting is something unknown to modern times. True, many decent people, through ignorance of the Irish people, imagine the "fighting Irish" dealing each other deadly blows at all times and for no particular cause. But here, again, I will say, and again repeat, that I have never yet witnessed one man struck by another. They may talk loudly and threaten much, but fistic collision hardly ever. But readers must not get the foolhardy impression from this that the average Irishman is afraid to defend himself; instead he is ever ready to do so with his fists if need be.

Religiously, both sides have pronounced convictions. Rarely, indeed, can you change a Catholic from his or her way of thinking, and vice versa, in the case of Protestants; so they both agree to hang onto their own beliefs unmolested. All imagine they have the best end of the deal and so all are suited.

The Irish priesthood are a very estimable lot of well-educated men, and their people place profound confidence in them. This insures harmony and smoothness on the part of both priest and people. Likewise in the case of Protestant ministers, their adherents are satisfied. Even though Irish-Americans break away from the ancient church when abroad, it is a foolish supposition to surmise that the Irish people at home are less enthusiastic than formerly. The teachings of their church have been too deeply instilled into them to be cast off so lightly. Occasionally, however, you will meet with an individual more daring than the rest, who may venture a mild criticism. For instance, I happened to inquire of an old lady one holiday as to whether she went to mass that day or not? Her reply was: "Faith, we went to the chapel today, sir, but we had a young priest there, but he couldn't praich." I have also heard women call the parish priest and his curate such things as "terrifying characters, entirely." Of course, such epithets are applied only when reverend gentlemen fail to please everybody.

Much that is good can be said for Irish Catholic clergymen, and is it not also something of a parody on Americans to be reminded of the fact that vast numbers of their Irish brethren are continually leaving their own shores, ordained and unordained, to serve as pastors amongst them? Yes, the Catholic youth of America does not seem to take very kindly to the honored calling of the priesthood, Ireland being called upon to make up the deficiency. But these are not the

only times that Ireland has felt the need of sending her sons abroad for missionary purposes. Its earliest history acquaints us with this pleasing Christian knowledge.

For the benefit of my Canadian friends, let me here draw a comparison between the two countries, Ireland and Canada.

Take two towns of equal size and population, and what do we find? The Irish town would have but two churches and four ordained clergymen. One of these edifices would be a Roman Catholic, in charge of a parish priest and his coadjutor. The other would belong to the Church of Ireland (known as the Church of England in Canada, and Protestant Episcopal in America), and its religious requirements taken care of by the rector and his curate. These four officiating clergymen amply furnish every spiritual consolation needed by their respective religionists in their concurrent pastorates or parishes. Here we have a goodly measure of sound sense displayed in even churchly matters.

In the Canadian town not less than eight sects, each vying with its opponent regarding the size and grandeur of their churches and the wealth of their congregations. Even with this unwieldy force of half-paid pastors, more unchristian crimes are committed in so-called moral Canada, with its very few licensed drinking dens, than in Christian Ireland, with its vast number of liquor-selling public houses.

With these undisputed facts plainly before me, and which cannot be denied or gainsaid, I boldly claim that Canada is far more preacher-ridden in the twentieth century than Canadian Orangemen ever claimed Ireland to be priest-ridden in the nineteenth century. Therefore, this unfortunate preacher-ridden colony could get along very nicely with a smaller variety of

church activity, as well as less politics and self-government.

Ecclesiastically also has Ireland given to the Christian world men of name and fame. From the days of the apostolic Saint Patrick this little country has been in the forefront van of true Christianity. Who has not heard of the Rev. Father Mathew, the noted temperance advocate, whose good work extended just as far throughout the world as spirituous liquor ever reached? Today, everywhere, there are thousands of abstaining societies bearing his honored name.

Again, who has not heard of the immortalized Dr. Jonathan Swift, commonly known as Dean Swift, because he was dean of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, Ireland's national Protestant church? The memory of this eminent divine is revered by all, regardless of race or religion. Upon the walls of the stately church he ministered in is a marble tablet commemorating his loving life; also nearby is seen a diamond-shaped brass plate, firmly imbedded in the tiled floor, bearing silent testimony to the long lifework of this worthy doctor of divinity. He passed away at the age of 78 years in 1745. Dean Swift shed luster, as a preacher and author, not only upon his native land, but also the British empire. A neat little anecdote is told of him, and I do not doubt its veracity. When walking in the Phoenix Park one day a shower came on and he took shelter under a shrub. Hearing loud sobs from the other side of the same tree, he sought the trouble. There he found a bridal couple. They were on their way to some Gretna Green to be married, but the rain having spoiled the bride's trousseau, she could do nothing but cry. The good dean came to the rescue. Producing his prayerbook, he quickly made the distressed couple man and wife, writing out and giving them the following marriage certificate:

“Here in rain and stormy weather,
I married this man and woman together,
And let none but Him who rules the thunder
Put this man and woman asunder.”

Military Ireland

Irishmen make good soldiers, valiant commanding officers and victorious generals. Whether in the army or navy, they distinguish themselves. Have not some of England's greatest military men, admirals and empire extensionists come of Irish origin? Let me name just a very few of them. The Duke of Wellington, who gave the all-conquering Napoleon Bonaparte his “Waterloo.” Napoleon was not only defeated by this great fighter, but outwitted by a plain private Pat, serving in his own army. A story runs that this humble Irishman was standing in the ranks one day, awaiting the battlecry, when the emperor rode by, dropping his handkerchief. Soldier Pat, flash-like, picked it up and handed it to the renowned Frenchman. “Thank you, captain,” said Napoleon. “Of which regiment, sir!” said Pat. The great commander was not slow in recognizing the Irishman's readiness to answer, and ordered him so promoted.

Among the best known of our modern heroes claiming Ireland as their native land we might mention Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, of the British army, and Sir Charles Beresford, of the navy.

But the little fighting country of Ireland has not been selfish in the distribution of its military inclined. Great Britain alone has not reaped all the benefits accruing from Irish prowess on the battlefield. Irish-Americans have been found ever willing to do their share in the armies and navies of their adopted country. Thus, from the earliest inception of the American republic, Irishmen have never failed in their warlike duty, whether their services were required on land or

sea. Lacking in knowledge of American history to a criminal extent, indeed, would any student be who did not hear of the Sheridans and Shermans of the American armies; also the famous "Irish Brigade." Presidents of the United States have frequently given evidence of their appreciation of the valor of their Irish-American fellow citizens by appointing them to posts of honor and responsibility whenever and wherever such appointments harmonized with all other things that have to be taken into consideration by governmental officials of dignity and international importance. Quite often have home-born Irishmen, as well as the Irish-American, after they became American citizens, been sent on foreign missions, such as ambassadors and plenipotentiaries, by the different presidents of the United States, and rarely ever has the Washington government found cause to regret such choice, through undiplomatic negotiations carried on by these carefully chosen representatives. Not so in the case of others. Why, I can even now recall an instance where a most carefully chosen foreign ambassador by President Taft got no farther on his way to the country he was going to than San Francisco, when he was recalled to Washington by the secretary of state and there dismissed. He was not an Irish-American, else he would be more of a natural diplomat.

The Master's Masterpiece

I have now come to my most pleasant subject, and I approach it with grave fears lest I should not be able to do it justice.

It is Irish womanhood, the world's highest type of femininity and virginity. This tribute has been acknowledged almost everywhere.

Bountiful nature has been lavish in its bestowings

upon the beautiful girls of the Emerald Isle. Nothing seems to have been withheld.

In face and feature and form and figure, also size, the Irish girl stands conspicuously alone. Very true, charming ladies are to be found in all countries, and among all nations, but Ireland comes second to none. However, the climate of Erin's Isle aids in the fascinating complexions of Erin's daughters. But Providence has provided the climate, too. God never sent a thing of delicacy and beauty into the world without first having made provision for its proper preservation and upkeep.

The Irish girl is gifted with grace in carriage and graciousness in manner and disposition. No matter whether in childhood, girlhood, young womanhood, matronly or elderly, she is always handsome and comely. She is strictly feminine from start to finish. She looks well in the morning, at midday, and at midnight. Ireland does not furnish feminine material out of which can be made English suffragettes or American Carrie Nations. They have no masculine hobbies, so thoroughly are their entire natures feminine. Domestic life is their only desire. They are satisfied to seek men in whom they can place supreme confidence. Doubly fascinating do they seem on account of their habits in dress. Everything studied and worn proves that there is a keen wish on the part of the wearers to bring out more plainly their eagerness to be feminine. Mannish inclinations are abhorred and scorned. Grown-up girls, with their flown hair and unstayed forms, are the delight of every individual possessing the most ordinary taste. No matter how unobserving a stranger may happen to be, it is utterly impossible for him, or her, to pass unnoticed such girlish attractiveness.

Notwithstanding the undisputed fact that the Irish



IRISH GIRLS.
(Friends of the Author.)

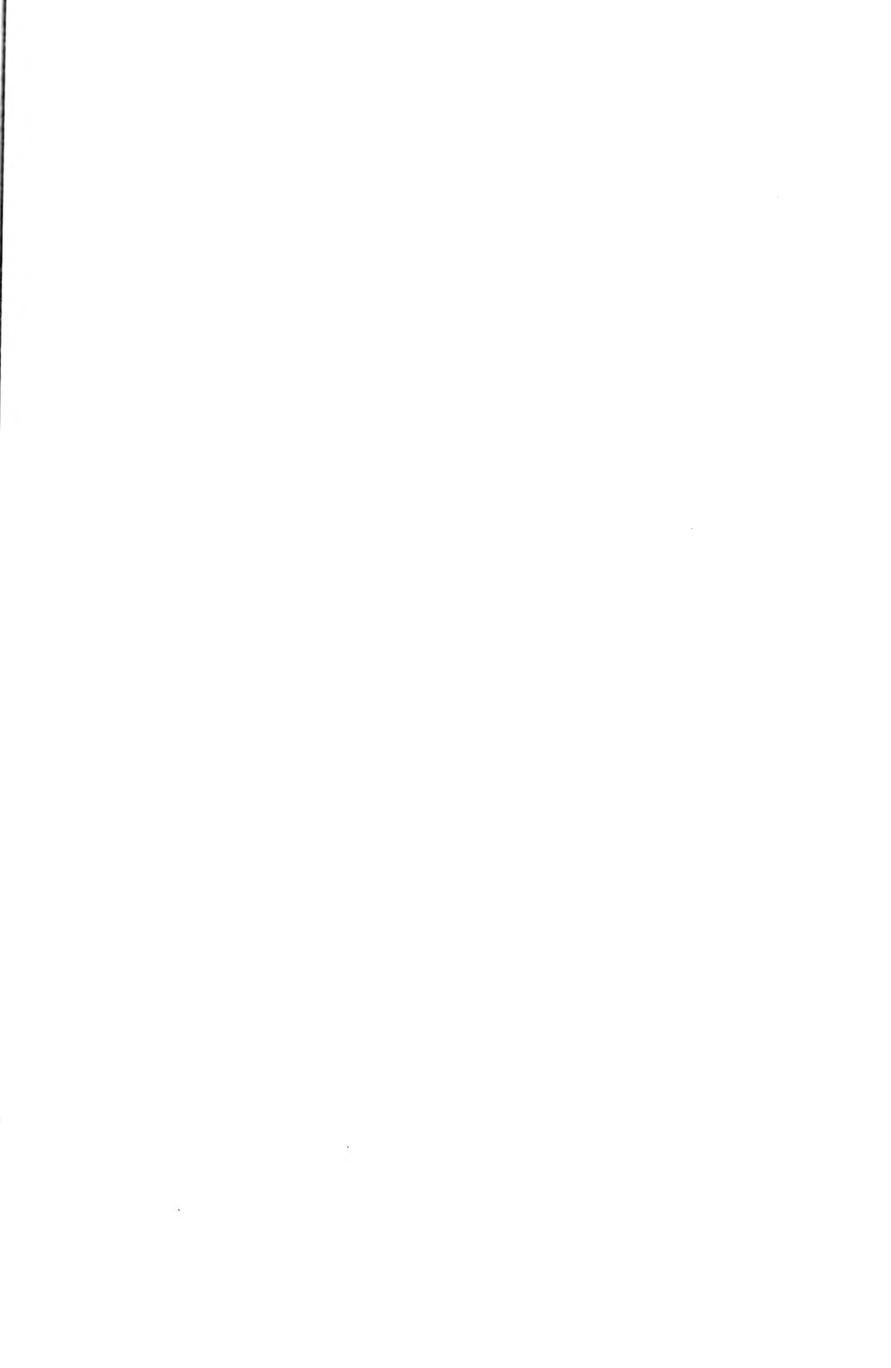


girl is the most fascinating of all womankind, some strange inconsistencies are noticed in the homeland. Very seldom do we see one of these fair ones taken in marriage without some kind of a fortune in addition. No matter how beautiful or accomplished a girl seeking marriage may be, her matrimonial chances are very slim unless some dowry is forthcoming. Nor are such endowments confined to any particular class. From the high up to the moderate, in the social scale or in worldly possessions, this rather forbidding practice seems the inexorable rule. But there is yet another serious obstruction to the entrance of Irish young couples into the holy bond of matrimony. It is the exorbitant marriage fee charged by officiating clergymen. This particular remark might be solely applied to the clergymen of the Roman Catholic persuasion. I have actually known young couples who were candidates for matrimonial honors and possessing but a very few hundred pounds obliged to pay a fee to the parish priest for tying the marriage knot that would make an American millionaire balk; yes, and sulk. Unlike America, no wedding ceremony is deemed properly performed unless done according to the rites and rules of the Holy Church, accompanied with a blessing promptly pronounced by the priest or priests present. For all of this, the innocent, but religious, Irish are literally compelled to pay handsomely. However, it must be borne in mind that our good Irish friends, when once married, remain married for life, or until death does them part. Not so in America. Through divorces, the ceremony is frequently gone through by the same couples, but with different partners. Nor is this idle talk, for I have had some personal friends in America who were married from one to three times, being divorced, or otherwise separated, each time. Moreover, there is a stipulated legal fee

for the performance of marriage ceremonies in America, something unknown, or unrecognized, at home. Here, again, it might be added that other methods save the ecclesiastical are not sought in Ireland. Whether such exist or not is of mighty little importance to the Irish people, as they would only fall into disuse anyway.

Again, it might be in the interest of fairness to say that parties contemplating matrimony are almost obliged to be generous with the clergy. In fact, they find little sympathy from onlookers to be otherwise. Their fellow parishioners know that a certain amount has to be annually raised for the support of the clergy and maintenance of the church. Thus the more wrested from newly-married couples, the less will be necessary to be raised by ordinary subscription. So cleverly does each contributor keep track of the amounts received by the priest for marrying young couples within the parish limits that he is, therefore, afforded a basis upon which to estimate his own giving, in order to reach the amount necessary to keep the clergy up to a respectable living sum. It is not their purpose to give very far beyond that.

Irish girls like dancing. It is one of their most passionate pastimes and recreations. Wherever two or more girls reside there are to be found two or more boys night after night, indulging in a little swing all by themselves. Invariably someone can play an instrument, such as a concertina, melodeon and accordion, all of which are deftly and musically manipulated by the girls, the fiddle and flute being more adapted to the use of the boys. Even when none of these instruments are available the dance is not hindered, for our resourceful Irish merry-makers arise to the occasion, and with a tin whistle, or old woman jigging, the needed music is supplied. Often, indeed, have I en-



A VARIETY OF—



DUBLIN COLLEEN



DUBLIN COLLEEN



TWO WATERFORD GIRLS

IRISH YOUTH AND BEAUTY.

joyed these little swinging bouts, but only as a wondering spectator; yes, even an admiring one.

Calling upon some friendly acquaintances up in the mountain fastnesses of County Tipperary upon one occasion, I was very agreeably surprised to notice the size and beauty of the girls I met. But when told that the eldest girl—there were four in the family—was the best of all, I became very much interested, indeed. So intense did my curiosity become that I determined to call upon her on reaching New York returning to America, as she now lived in that city. I reasoned within myself regarding the possibility of these charming Irish girls looking mediocre enough when lined up with and compared to other dashing young ladies, possibly in Grafton street, Dublin; the Strand, London; Broadway, New York; State street, Chicago; Nicollet avenue, Minneapolis; Market street, San Francisco. Of their beautiful appearance at home amid the prevailing modest surroundings there I was assured beyond doubt, but under the circumstances just named, what? Carrying out my plans to the letter, I called upon the young lady in New York city. What next? I took her for an after-dinner walk up Broadway and down Fifth avenue one springlike Sunday afternoon the latter part of April, 1904. Suffice to say that at no time since has there been the veriest iota of doubt in my mind as to whether or not the Irish girl can look as charming abroad as at home.

The popularity of the Irish girl is far too well established in America for me to dwell upon it here.

But how is she appreciated in other countries? Let us take what is popularly known by the unsophisticated as anti-Irish England. Many, very many, Irish girls find good situations there and are thoroughly appreciated.

Just a case in point: When in a large London res-

taurant one day I noticed quite a number of very good-looking waitresses. Asking the young lady waiting upon me if there were any Irish girls in the establishment, she promptly said: "Not now, but we did have a girl here by the name of Kate Kelly, from Cork, and she was so well liked by everyone that came in that they all wanted to sit at her tables, so the manager had to let her go. He couldn't help it, for they were all calling for 'Kate Kelly.' "

So you will here notice that being too popular creates a dilemma just as troublesome as the opposite.

Irishmen are also popular in England. John Bull is only too glad to see them coming. He knows they make good soldiers, and he also knows they make good men in other walks. Accordingly, we find Irish settlements in England made up of purely Irish people. It is said that Mr. T. P. O'Connor goes to the Imperial Parliament representing an all-Irish constituency in Liverpool, the second largest city in England.

County Tipperary and its neighbor across the River Shannon, County Clare, are two of the most typical counties in Ireland. Within their borders we find Irish people of the unadulterated type. We also get pure Irish wit. A country girl of adult age told me that she had to be home every evening at nightfall. "Why?" I asked. "Heath, them are the rules of our house." "Who made those foolish rules?" I queried. "Faith, me father and mother made 'em." "But," said I, "as you didn't sign them, you don't have to live up to them, and you needn't care." Then she exclaimed: "God help your foolish head! It don't make any matter whether I signed 'em or not, I have to live up to 'em just the same, shure." That was enough. She went.

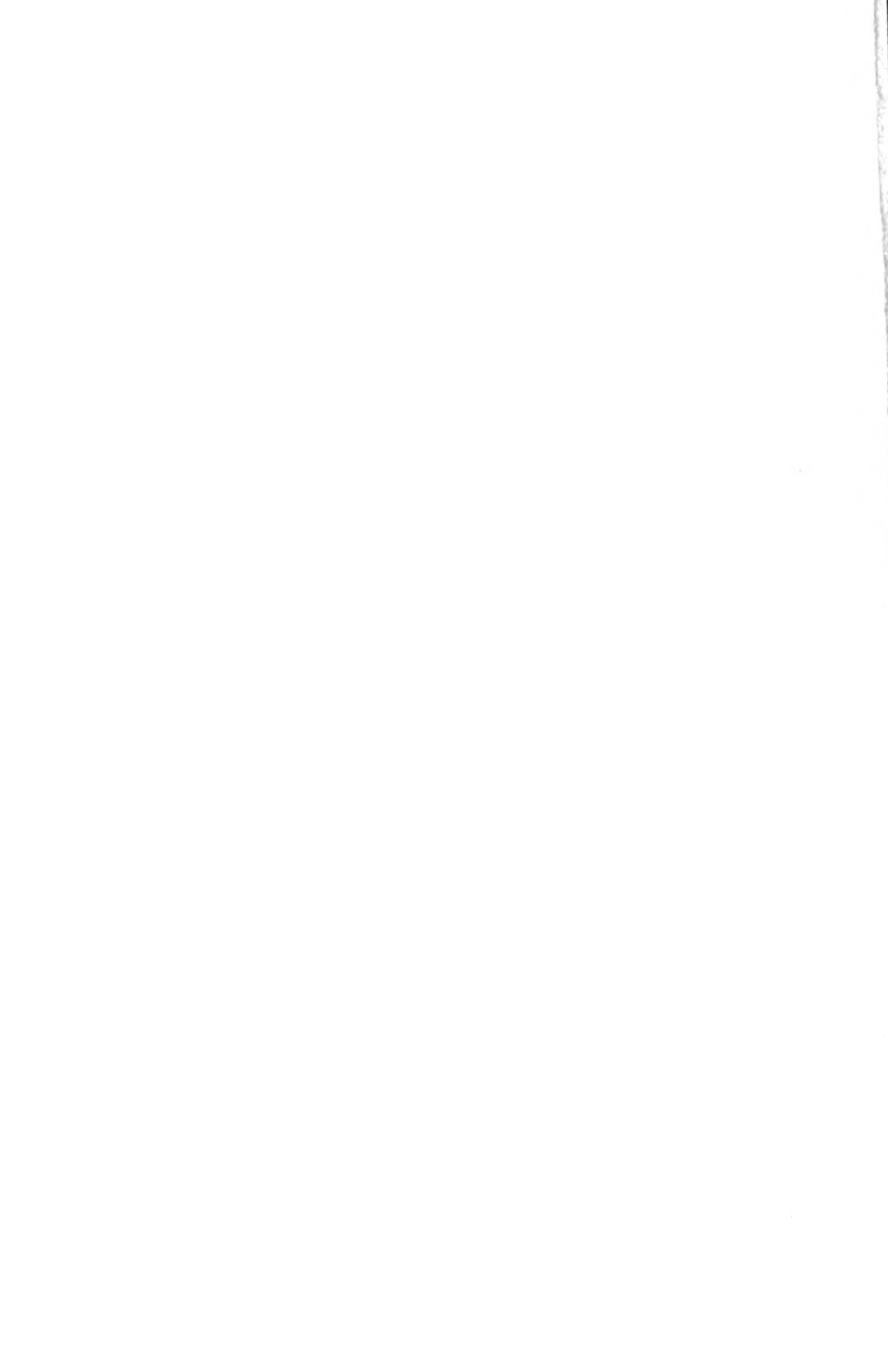
At another time I was poking fun at a Nenagh young girl, when she erupted as follows: "Gwan,



NORTH OF IRELAND GIRLS.



SOUTH OF IRELAND GIRLS.
(All Irish.)



now and go back to 'I guess' land, divils and all you care about the Irish. You only come over here to 'cod' the poor unfortinit crathers." An observant person can be regaled with Irishisms at every click of the clock. You will hear such as "He is a pure solid divil," "He sweated for shame," "That fellow don't know one individual haperth," "Shure, I used to ait stirabout at your house," "He just came from Ameriky, and shure he must have a weight of mooney." But one of the most common expressions now noticed amongst the Irish people is: "Wet a sup of tay."

My experiences in Ireland have also taught me that Englishmen, when first coming to the Green Isle, for the purpose of occupying some of the untenanted country mansions, bring with them a staff of both male and female help. But after they get thoroughly acquainted with the Irish people they quickly send their imported servants back from whence they came, putting in their places the nice and obliging Irish girl and the willing and witty Irishman.

In one respect the girls of today in Ireland differ a good deal from those of days gone by. They seem much quieter and far more timid. This can be accounted for by reason of the depopulation of the country, and the consequent fewness of their sex. Nowadays it is no unusual thing to travel miles of a country road without seeing or meeting a living soul.

Emigration has played havoc with the people. But the stream has practically ceased to flow, and it is both hoped and anticipated that henceforward few of either sex will care to leave the homeland, for the uncertainties accompanying fortune seeking in foreign lands. Ere this Ireland has contributed its full share towards the development of other great countries, and the time has now arrived when it will be possible for her sons and daughters to stay at home, working for

themselves upon lands owned by themselves, altogether free from the blighting influences of absentee landlordism, which in the past proved a bone of no small contention. That Erin's population, under present circumstances, will grow and increase is problematical. Speaking for myself, I am afraid not. However, should it not, it is pleasant to know that living conditions prevailing there have become wonderfully ameliorated.

A Final Sum-Up

Finally summing up the Irish people, I will readily shoulder the responsibility incident to making the following comment:

First, the average Irish boy, whether a product of city or country life, will compare very favorably with any boy in the same sphere born on American soil. I will unhesitatingly go a bit further, and say that the homespun home boy has nothing whatever to fear from competition with the American boy, after the former has been somewhat Americanized, but on the contrary, can outstrip him in many ways. Even this is not unnatural, for the home boy has been handed down a better constitution and healthier habits, generally speaking.

The Irish-American who considers himself superior to the Irishman at home is in very grave error. The Irishman at home has just the opposite feeling. He feels as if he were abundantly able to look out for his own interests, and often regards the foreign well-wisher as an intermeddler. Very true, the sympathizer from abroad came to the aid, in famine times and financial distress, of the Irish folk, all of which has not been ungratefully received.

The Irish people are not criminally, but rather religiously inclined. However, we must all admit that

many atrocious crimes have in the past been committed by Irishmen in Ireland. But these were brought about by intolerable conditions, which have at last disappeared. Moreover, the Irish were a powerful race, and playfully did acts that resulted in serious consequences, unintentionally. For instance, not far from Brian Boru's fort, near Bally Valley, Killaloe, a large mountain rises heavenward in Clare county. Across the Shannon, in Tipperary, is another high hill. The distance between these two summits would be, I reckon, about three miles. Seeing a large stone, weighing possibly upwards of six tons, standing upright in the Shannon about forty yards from the Tipperary shore, I asked a passing Paddy how that stone happened to lodge there. Quick as a flash the reply came that: "In ould times there was nothin' in Ireland but giants, and one of 'em stood on that hill, and the other stood on the hill beyant, and the giant in Clare picked up that big rock and threw it at the Tipperary giant, and the stone slipped out of his hand and fell there, the Lord save us." Had the monster missile reached its destination, another foul crime would have been perpetrated, for surely the man struck could not have withstood the shock incident to having been hit by such a Clare stonethrower. Such is the romantic conception of many of the present day innocent Irish folk of the great strength and power possessed by the hurlers and football kickers of "ould times," in Ireland.

The English.

I am proud of the fact that I was born an Irishman. I am also proud of the fact that Ireland forms a part of the British Empire, which has its headquarters in London, England.

Those uninitiated in the art of travel have little

conception of the greatness and magnitude of this wonderful little country. Its civilizing influences are felt everywhere a human being happens to be found. Its commercial enterprise enters all ports throughout Christendom, flying the British flag, which carries significance and respect with it wherever it floats.

Hazy indeed can a proper comprehension of this world-civilizer be unless one is first conversant with bible teaching from the beginning of the world's history. So closely co-related to Old Testament and New Testament teaching does English history seem that one is incomplete without the others. To me it appears hard to understand where the one leaves off and the other begins; and to fully appreciate biblical study, English history should be followed up in connection.

In my youthful days I delighted to study the "English" version of Holy Writ. My spare moments were thus used. Many a premium I procured at catechetical examinations for my scriptural knowledge. But I had good instructors, both on weekdays and Sundays.

From the Garden of Eden family; the time of Noah's ark and flood; Abraham; Isaae; Esau, the hairiest man that ever lived, and Jacob his brother; Joseph, and his brethren; Moses, Pharaoh, the Israelites and their brick-making taskmasters; the ten plagues and march through the wilderness; Samson; the Judges; Samuel; Saul, the first king of Israel; David; Solomon, the wisest man that ever lived; the Prophets; the Saviour of Mankind, and His twelve apostles, including St. Paul, all were of profound interest to me all through my childhood days.

Passing on then to English history, its heroes and warlike characters, I found ample scope for study and food for thought. I read of their battles, their bloody beheadings, their victories and conquests, their hardships, and their chivalry.

Beginning with the ancient Druids, and on through the Roman conquest period, the Danish conquest; the Norman conquest by William the Conqueror; Henry the Eighth, with his six wives; Bloody Queen Mary; the "Good Queen Bess" (Elizabeth); James the First of England, who was also James the Sixth of Scotland, and coming from that country to sit on the throne of England. This monarch's name is closely associated with the Protestant version of the bible. Charles the First, who lost his crown and also his head; Oliver Cromwell, the lord protector of the commonwealth of England, who invaded and devastated Ireland; James the Second, who fled from England, and also brought grief to Ireland; William, Prince of Orange, another of Ireland's invaders. Then on down through the Georges until we finally arrive at the reign of Queen Victoria, during whose occupancy of the throne the British nation waxed greater and more powerful than during any like period in the history of her predecessors. Along towards the end of Her Majesty's long reign, Providence had decreed that another great republic should be added to the family of commonwealths, so a war was unavoidably begun in South Africa, which finally terminated victoriously for the all-conquering Briton, and today the British empire is extended over a larger area than ever before.

In my boyhood days, when attending school, and my class would make a semicircle around the map-of-the-world, hanging on the wall, our teacher would call upon me to take the pointer and point out for the benefit of my fellow-scholars the British Isles, and the British dominions throughout the world. Of course, I took great interest in doing so. First marking off the little spot first mentioned, and following it up by squaring off whole continents and half-continents, how the entire class, even the girls, would swell out with import-

ance at the vastness of the possessions we held. How keenly I read about such triumphant seadogs as Lord Nelson of Trafalgar, when he fell mortally wounded, and gave orders to the last moment of his fleeting existence!

What a lesson Sir Philip Sidney taught coming generations, when suffering by the pain of a mortal wound, and thirsty into the bargain, a little drinking water was procured on the battlefield for him; but seeing a poor wounded private soldier longingly looking at the cup, refused to drink himself, ordering the water to be given to the poor dying soldier instead, thus passing it from his very lips. Such thoughtful consideration on the part of a commander for the needs of his men could not fail to convey an everlasting lesson to all.

Who has not heard of Lord Robert Clive, the distinguished avenger of the Calcutta Black Hole massacre, and who practically added India to the British empire? Who has not heard of the well-known navigators and explorers Captains Cook and Drake? These men did valiant things in foreign waters for the safety and betterment of navigation, as well as defeating naval enemies. In their medieval and crude sailing ships they encircled the globe, with marine prowess of the most marvelous kind.

It would be utterly impossible to find any person in the twentieth century, in either America or the British Isles, who has not heard of the famous General James Wolfe, who died on the Plains of Abraham, Quebec, while gloriously adding that portion of North America known as Canada to the British dominions. This brave general's military tactics were particularly worthy of note owing to the hazardous warlike operations he undertook. Climbing the precipitous cliff-like mountain, for the purpose of surprising the enemy, was a feat of no small magnitude even under ordinary con-

ditions. But when the same had to be done in the rigorous winter climate prevailing in Canada, and in the face of such a valiant enemy as Marquis de Montcalm, the French commander, the victory won was still more glorious. Both of the brave fighters succumbed to the fatal wounds received on that memorable battlefield. In fact they died on the Plains, while actively commanding their respective forces. The lustre shed upon British arms by this illustrious warrior is far too well known on both continents to need extended comment here. Quebec city and Quebec province having a mixed population of Canadian-English and Canadian-French, both heroes of the Plains of Abraham are honored alike by public monuments and otherwise.

England always had an able lot of men to do her fighting, no matter whether required for land or water service. Clever statesmanship at home speedily followed up all advantages gained by victories either at home or abroad. Nor has England ever failed to properly honor her heroes whether in life or in death when they deserved it. If alive, titles from their sovereign, and parliamentary appropriations from the people, are showered upon them. As an illustration of these modern usages, I might mention the case of Earl Roberts. On returning home, after subduing the Boers and annexing their country to the crown lands of the king, he was honoured by the nation, "lorded" by the king, and given 100,000 pounds sterling by a grateful parliament for the proper maintenance of his newly acquired titles and honors.

In a similar way was Lord Kitchener rewarded for his military efforts, while engaged in the South African campaign; but his financial emoluments were only 50,000 pounds. Both of these mighty men of war have richly earned their country's gratitude, as well as all other honours and gratuities bestowed upon them, and

may England ever have such men to carry on her civilizing warfare.

In the case of her illustrious dead England also carries out to the letter her full duty. Cathedral mausoleums, magnificent stained windows, wall tablets, and commemorative epitaphs, bear silent testimony to this. Imposing monuments in the public squares, streets and thoroughfares, of her home cities, and quite frequently in colonial towns and parks, are seen towering skyward, mutely reminding present and coming generations of the once great. As the English people build and erect substantially, the lives and deeds of their honoured dead will be perpetually commemorated. Half-heartedness has no part in these national tributes.

Whether new possessions are conquered by her soldiers and marines; or peacefully become a part of the empire through diplomatic negotiations and treaty-making by her statesmen, alike are they benefited and helped. Law and order are soon established, and progress begins. By no unprejudiced historian is this denied. Often have I heard her colonizing and governing capabilities extolled by observant travellers. Once I heard a very eminent preacher, who had just returned from a vacation trip to Egypt, tell his large congregation that not since Pharaoh was king and Joseph was prime minister was the country so well governed as at present by the few Englishmen there representing the British government. When President Grover Cleveland, some years since, sent his fiery Venezuela message to Congress, calling the attention of that body to the so-called aggrandizement of the English in that South American republic, many jingoes and trouble-makers sought war between the United States and the British for violation of the Monroe Doctrine. One very enthusiastic supporter of the president wanted war declared at once. But this same gentleman, who after-

wards became a United States senator, travelled in South America, visiting the English portion of Venezuela, the disputed territory, and the republic. Strange to say that on his return home to the United States, he was inclined to talk but very little about his trip south. But it leaked out afterwards that while travelling in the southern republic he passed himself as an Englishman. Over this he felt so humiliated that he deemed silence more befitting. It further became known that this warlike Cleveland enthusiast acknowledged that where English rule was supreme life and property were safe; while quite the contrary condition of things existed in the disputed territory and also in the republic itself.

Many parallel cases could be cited, but it is needless to continue them here. England's supremacy in the field of good government is thoroughly understood, as well as emphasized when necessary, by the great powers of the world. This being the case, her dignity and worldwide responsibility are much more easily upheld than a milk-and-water course of action, that unruly republics and contrary commonwealths would set at naught whenever it so suited their slow and backward policies.

Justice, equality, and a fair interpretation of all her laws are other desirable attributes of England's governmental qualities. Her laws are framed for rich and poor alike, and are invariably dispensed that way. When otherwise adjudicated, the bulk of Britishers are not to be blamed, as such reprehensible conduct would be the individual failing of some unjust judge. In England a judge's tenure in office depends upon himself. His judicial position is for life, or until incapacitated by old age, or other infirmity. He is, therefore, given a free hand to deal out justice and equity to all alike. If an unjust judge should happen

to disgrace his honoured profession, his bench usefulness will be shortlived.

Once an old patriarchal Canadian, at his own fireside, told me that he had studied it all out, and was now convinced that British law was based upon the bible. This gentleman was a great scriptural student, and was liberally supplied with texts and passages to back up his assertion.

Quite a number of years ago a distressing crime of almost international importance was committed in England. It was the murder of one Maybrick, his wife, an American woman, being the murderess. She was promptly brought to trial, found guilty by a jury, and sentenced to death by an English judge. But this sentence was afterwards commuted to life imprisonment. American busybodies at once got active. Up-roarious noise was made upon the streets of American cities. The international intermeddlers claimed that Mrs. Florence Maybrick did not get a fair trial, and was the victim of English injustice. Petitions were put in circulation by various female organizations, demanding her prompt release. If I remember aright, even three presidents of the United States were asked at different times to use their influence with the British authorities to unlock the jail doors and turn the woman loose. Queen Victoria was also prayed to mercifully release the prisoner, on the ground of womanhood. But all to no avail. Mrs. Maybrick served fifteen years, at the end of which time she was quietly released, with the understanding that she betake herself out of the country and make no museum spectacle of herself upon British soil. She fulfilled her obligation, and silently departed for America, where she became a magazine writer.

In this connection it may be pert to say, how nauseating it should seem to the average Britisher to hear

irresponsible Americans loudly protesting that Mrs. Maybrick did not have a fair trial, and if she had would have been proved innocent. What a parody upon the "twelve good men and true" composing the jury rendering the verdict! It even bordered upon an international insult. Personally, while living all through the ordeal in the United States, I was more than disgusted at the ignorance displayed by nice and well-meaning people over this unfortunate affair. But the bent of Americans desire for uncalled-for meddling in the affairs of foreign nations has of late years become so proverbial that it has now dropped to the level of contempt, and henceforward, even in meritorious and deserving cases, it is safe to say, will be ignored, unless coming from official sources. From my viewpoint, this is a good thing, and will save many an ignorant busy-body unneeded anxiety over the world's wrongs.

Upon one occasion I attended an indignation mass meeting in the city of Minneapolis, Minnesota, which was addressed by a United States Senator. The purpose of the meeting was to vehemently denounce and roundly score the British government for what seemed to the people present an act of highway robbery. This was about the time that a British warship was sent to Nicaragua to collect an indemnity of some £15,000, for some treaty violation, or other wrong doing on the part of the recalcitrant Central American republic. I followed the senator closely in his rather abusive speech, and was agreeably surprised at the "frost" he received. It was quite apparent to me that he had misjudged the feeling of his audience, for it was not unanimously sympathetic with him on any of the points he thought he was making.

My first visit was made to England in the early spring of 1904. Running across from Dublin, I landed in Liverpool. Spending a few days in this the largest

seaport in the world, I began to carefully size-up the country. Liverpool very quickly impresses upon all comers the importance of itself, and the greatness of the country it is the gateway of. Even if untravelled foreign travellers, Americans included, cannot spare the time to make a more extended visitation of the hub of the universe (England), it would be quite an educational advantage to step off for an hour or two at Liverpool. A great deal could be seen and learned regarding the kingdom even in that brief space of time. The city has eight miles of wharfage, and ships of the largest water-carrying tonnage can sail up to the very dock and discharge their cargoes. Here we find shipping from all quarters of the earth, and representing all nations.

Proceeding down the country, I stayed a few days in Preston, Wigan, Manchester, and many other important towns. In doing so I was being more and more convinced that England could substantiate all that had been said and written about it.

My next call through England was from Holyhead (Wales), having crossed from Kingstown (Ireland). I was on my way to London. Travelling thereto, I enjoyed just as good a train, including dining-car service, as ever I had experienced in America. For sixpence a very sociable afternoon tea was served, and quite refreshing it seemed to the dust-throated passengers. This trip through England was made in the early part of June, 1907.

In December, 1909, I again approached England, reaching London by ship from abroad. Upon this occasion I decided to make a prolonged stay, with a view of seeing and visiting many of the historical and interesting places with which that city abounds. Parliament had been prorogued a few days previously, and a political campaign was on. Accordingly I attended a

big political mass meeting at the Royal Albert Hall, where the prime minister (Mr. Asquith) opened the campaign. While reconnoitering outside the large circular building, I was afforded ample opportunity to size-up and scrutinize a marching throng of howling suffragettes. These feminine agitators made a very unfavorable impression upon me, and instead of enlisting sympathy in their foolish vagaries, they became the butt for laugh and ridicule of the male mob without, who were unable to gain admission into the auditorium. They were knocked-about and sneered at in quite an offensive manner, and in addition thereto the police, of which there seemed to be a squad of thousands present, kept them incessantly on the move. A police official afterwards told me that the suffragettes present were of the paid variety, they having a large fund to pay for such loud-mouthed and disturbing performances. However that may be it makes little difference, as there seems to be but mighty little decency in the best of them, judging from their street antics, of which I was an eye-witness, and their published performances, which I have often read. Their "Votes For Women" sashes, and such other regalias as they may elect to wear in order to make themselves ludicrous, might just as well be cast aside, insofar as influencing statesmen should be concerned, for if women are to have the ballot such awe-inspiring and spectacular decorations should not be necessary, to bring it about.

But from my personal experiences with the fair sex, I doubt very much if they really want the franchise. Even in this connection I have not been a total stranger. In America I have acted as judge of election on many polling occasions. While serving the state in that capacity, I have been brought into contact with would-be female voters. Bringing to mind one aggravated case in the past, I might as well set it down here.

Two giggling women, of uncertain age, came into the polling place one voting day to do their duty as far as it went in their behalf as American citizens.

Women in that city were given the privilege of voting for members of the school board, and many other boards, whose members were only honorary and unsalaried. Being ballot judge, I handed them tickets, asking them the usual questions, as required by law, including their ages. Disdainfully tossing her head in the air, one refused the proffered ticket, scornfully saying she'd rather not vote than tell her age. "All right, madam," I said, "step aside out of the way." Turning around for a few moments' parley between themselves, they both returned, and decided to conform to the requirements of the law by stating their ages, which they admitted were more than twenty-one each. Handing them their ballots a second time, they both crowded into the same booth. Recognizing my sworn duty, I promptly grabbed one by the arm, at the same time explaining to her that the law required all voting to be done in secret. At this supposedly rude treatment she seemed somewhat annoyed; but it mattered little, as I quickly ejected her, and pushed her into a booth for herself. They seemed to attach no serious importance to the duty they were performing, and could be classed as curiosity-mongers. Of course, they claimed that as they were not given the full franchise, the same as the men, and allowed to vote for all candidates, they held the privilege tendered in contempt.

But even this has been tried. Several small and unimportant states have put them upon a voting equality with male voters, and statistics show that they never took full advantage of their balloting opportunities.

So the present suffrage movement, carried on by masculine women and effeminate men, in behalf of women

is only a passing fad that will very shortly spend itself, and be heard of no more.

I may also here state that where women have influenced a sufficient number of simple-minded men to carry elections, for the purpose of putting drastic reforms into effect, chaos followed, and the reformation apparently attained lacked permanency. Almost to a unit, these ill-advised actions are invariably reversed at the first chance. But short-sighted people must be hit before they take warning.

However, it would be a very grave oversight to pass on without pointing out a couple of good things arising from the suffragette movement. Has it not strengthened the entente cordiale now so happily existing between the United States and the United Kingdom? Has not the great republic loaned its hatchet-hitting Carrie Nation to the kingdom to show them how to do things there, and to work some stunts amongst them? In return have not the people of Great Britain sent over to the people of the United States some of their choicest wild-eyed suffragettes to teach and enlighten on that side of the Atlantic? Is not this chummy on the part of the two great English-speaking nations?

(For the benefit of future generations, I may here state that Carrie Nation was a product of the state of Kansas, and while labouring under the hallucination that she was called to perform a certain mission, armed with a small hatchet she sallied forth on her self-appointed crusade to destroy all liquor dealers and cigarette smokers. In her mad career of destruction she was arrested and re-arrested, fined and confined, several times in her own country. Later she visited the British Isles, where she was obliged to conduct herself more orderly. Finally she returned to her own country, dropping out of sight and sinking into innocuous desuetude. For the information of coming posterity, I might also say that the cigarette evil Carrie wished to put down, suffering many martyrdoms in the attempt, was the seemingly little diversion of rolling a small quantity of ravelled-up smoking tobacco with a piece of tissue paper, all forming a smoking preparation something like a coffin nail, and frequently dubbed such. This habit was first started by brainless boys, and, being contagious, as all bad practices usually are, was soon learnt by men, and indulged in to such a harmful extent that Mrs. Nation

felt called upon to place it in the same category as the use of intoxicating liquor, and carried on her campaign accordingly against the twin-evil. However, through the gullibility of an easily led public, Mrs. Nation enriched herself, and that was the main point. As coming generations will also know little concerning twentieth century suffragettes, I might here further say that they were an aggregation of feminine disturbers, always looking for something or another they cared not what, wholly undomesticated and unsexed.)

Continuing my sight-seeing observations in London, I went to the Tower of London. Very interesting indeed is this ancient old pile of masonry. Freely passing through it, I saw the Crown Jewels, ancient armour, relics of various ages of a warlike and torturing nature, such as thumbscrews, blocks used by the executioner, headsman's axes, and many other such things, which readers of history can well understand. In the yard I saw a marked place where many notables were beheaded on scaffolds temporarily erected for the bloody purpose. The Tower of London was founded in the year 1078 by William the Conqueror, and has been successively used since as a fortress, a palace and a prison. It is one of the leading objects of interest in the world's metropolis, and should be seen by all possessing a taste for grewsome landmarks.

St. Paul's cathedral is not only a most wonderful structure, but is the second largest religious institution in the world, St. Peter's, at Rome, being the biggest. Its crypt, its nave, aisles, numerous small chapels, wonderful whispering gallery, located in the great dome far aloft, are all apt to inspire the most superficial observer with the feeling that England does nothing by halves. Here many of the Nation's mighty dead find resting place. Interred therein are such men as the Duke of Wellington. Inspired indeed must any one feel who is fortunate enough to pass within its walls. No better monument could be left by any great man than Sir Christopher Wren left when his genius

as architect planned and reared this magnificent temple of worship.

Westminster Abbey can never be forgotten once visited. Within its sacred precincts are the tombs of royalty for hundreds of years back. Its spacious wings furnish resting places for royal personages; statesmen; noblemen; countesses; duchesses; poets; musicians; engineers; architects and clergymen. Here the English people honour the memory of their illustrious dead. This ancient monastery dates back to the year 960. For hundreds of years building and re-building have been going on. Owned and occupied by abbots and monks until the dissolution of monasteries at the time of the English Reformation. Almost since that time it has been unbrokenly in the hands of the reformers. Viewing the notable Coronation Chair, sitting in which all the kings and queens of England have been crowned for hundreds of years back, I could not but conceive certain curiosity regarding it. Especially interested did I become on learning that the stone directly under the seat and resting upon the rungs was the selfsame stone Jacob used for a pillow in Bethel, when fleeing from his brother Esau, lest he kill him for stealing his birthright. But still more interested did I become on ascertaining that the same stone first turned up in Ireland, and was known in that country as the "Stone of Destiny." On it Irish kings had also sat to be crowned. The same history writer also says that the obliging Irish loaned the stone to the Scotch, where it was also used for king and queen crowning purposes, staying in that country until taken from Scotland to London by Edward I, and placed in Westminster Abbey. Since that time the stone has not been removed and all the kings and queens of England have been crowned sitting thereon.

Speaking with one of the vergers, functionaries who

are everpresent in the Abbey, I innocently inquired of him what the penalty was to sit for a moment in the royal chair. Of course he said it would not be tolerated under any circumstances. He went on further to say that Americans, almost without exception, would like that privilege very much; in fact, some of them would pay a very handsome sum to do so. Speaking of Americans the courteous attendant aroused my curiosity somewhat. On seeing many beautiful monumental eulogies to British countesses and duchesses in Westminster Abbey, recalling their many good qualities and the various things they did which shed national lustre upon their titled heads, and the pedigreed families they descended from, I could not help guessing where the imported American duchess or countess would find themselves entombed, and what would be the inscribed epitaphs or eulogies? I felt puzzled when I propounded this question to myself. However, I settled it to my own satisfaction. My inscription would be so:

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But there is no need of being unduly anxious. England's most sacred burying grounds will not be so desecrated. The dollar-bought duchesses must be satisfied with more modest resting places for their titled remains, even though they do escape the divorce courts.

Devoid of all christian attributes, indeed, must any person be who could feel otherwise, than reverent while passing through this magnificent ancient temple. Its altars, its much-reverenced saintly shrines; metal caskets containing the honoured remains of the mighty, tombs and tombstones done in marble and mosaic, covered with gold; bejeweled brass statues; chapels

A New York heiress, aged 17, is to be married to a foreign nobleman, aged 45.

An American Heiress.



The marriage service will probably be in words of one syllable, the bride will probably be attended by her doll and given away by her nurse, and the organ doubtless will play the "Long-green" wedding march.—*Chicago Tribune*.



for private worshippers protected by solid ironwork, and aisles and pews, all of profound interest to the student and admirer of ancient glory and grandeur.

The British Museum is an institution that cannot fail to be of the utmost interest to all scholars and learned, no matter wherefrom. It would be an utterly fruitless endeavor for me to give here even the merest outline of its contents. I will, however, try to feebly give a few fleeting observations which occurred to me as I hastily passed through the massive building, and its spacious exhibition rooms. The mummies from ancient Egypt were well worthy of serious consideration and study. Pottery, fac simile hieroglyphics of the Egyptians' early writings, and hundreds of other things of a similar nature, impressed me. Massive cutstone figures of lions, and other animals, beasts and birds, excavated by enterprising explorers from the colossal ruins of the Assyrian city of Nineveh, and the bible-famed Babylon, which played no small part in the captivity of the Jews. That the evidences offered by the many silent things and figures in the Museum proved that a high type of civilization existed even in such early days left not a particle of doubt in my mind regarding the same; and that a more cruel and blood-soaked type could have superseded it in comparatively modern times has left me somewhat in a quandary. Nearly every christian has heard of the beheading of John the Baptist in the time of our Lord, and the massacre of all the infants under two years of age by order of the cruel King Herod. We have also heard of the Babylonian Belshazzar feast, which went down into history as a drunken orgy; but even such repugnant happenings in these early and barbarous ages, could not be compared to the cruelties which were practiced by royal ruffians and avenging warlords as late as the middle of the sixteenth century.

Passing from the famous museum, I went to the

National Portrait Gallery, also a London landmark of international importance. I say international advisedly, for I there witnessed magnificent and costly paintings on exhibition, loaned to the gallery by American millionaires, who had acquired them at great cost in European countries.

I stood there partially stunned at the contemplation of the horrors pictured before me when gazing at the portrait of that burly blackguard, King Henry the Eighth, and the portrait of his beautiful queen, Anne Boleyn, whose terse biography nonchalantly informed the onlooker that she was beheaded on Tower Hill, May 19, 1536.

The christian civilization that would permit a royal husband to cut off at will the heads of his queens, for poor Anne was not the only wifely head, a death warrant was signed for by her inhuman monster of a husband, was very questionable indeed. Despite any provocation whatever that might make the crime seem justifiable, such performances should receive no quarter so recently as a few hundred years ago. The world had long ere that emerged from the chaos of barbarism. But this cruel tyrant seems to have had his bloody hands untied, and went on unhindered, pursuing his reckless wicked ways without restraint. Moreover, the royal ladies so brutally disposed of by the tyrannical command of this sixteenth century king seemed to me just as innocent, from the pictures before me, of wrongdoing as any of the ladies moving in royal circles in this, the early part of the twentieth century; yes, and just as amiable and good-looking. My readers would do well to go and see for themselves.

About this time the Reformation had its inception in England. It was high time that some reform should take place. King Henry the Eighth did not start it. The clouds had been gathering before, and were now

breaking forth with fury. But the king took advantage of their coming in order to carry out his own devilish designs. Accordingly he was afforded opportunities, which he eagerly seized, for the purpose of carrying into execution his dark deeds of bloodshed—beheadings on the executioner's block, burnings at the stake, plunderings, and many other persecutions scarcely less dreadful.

My walk of observation through the leading portrait gallery of the British empire taught me a lesson not soon to be forgotten. That the now widespread Protestant religion should have been in anywise associated with the monstrous royal criminal, known as Henry the Eighth, is a rather sad commentary. But such has been the predestined ordination of an inscrutable Creator.

Up to this period the Roman Catholic faith held full sway in England, and here are indisputable evidences of its shortcomings. Therefore, the time ripened for a radical reform. It came. Or, had the Protestant religion been in vogue in those days of cruelties and burnings, it would be equally culpable, and should be cast off with the vengeance of a thoroughly aroused and persecuted people. Evildoing was the watchword in those fatal days, and oppression reigned unchecked.

King Henry quarreled with emperors, popes and potentates, as well as with his unfortunate wives, of which he had six, and the fact that he so miraculously escaped unharmed from them all, practically rounding out his allotted span of power for everything bad, would somehow go to prove that a higher authority had elected him to carry on the early beginnings of a mighty world-movement so fraught with tremendous after results.

All who wish to go, see and learn for themselves will find abundant scope for their reasoning faculties in trying to solve the many lessons to be learned by a

carefully planned trip through England's educational art and portrait gallery. Pictures and paintings of the world's heroes and heroines are there, and from a systematic study of their countenances, which are as true to life as the art of the artist, or touch of the painter's brush, can make them, draw their own deductions.

Although England has always led the way in the vanguard of enlightened progress, and christian civilization, long after the days of the Reformation and King Henry the Eighth, that country seemed to be slow in throwing off the shackles of tyranny and heinous persecution. Treachery and treason were rampant for many generations after the sixteenth century had elapsed. Under the guise of government sanction, brutalities that would have done dishonor to the most disturbed times during the middle ages were perpetrated, and it was well along towards our own days ere they finally ceased for all time to come.

Bearing all this in mind, sound thinkers cannot be convinced that the Anglo-Saxon race, even though in the forefront rank of christian progressiveness, possessed a monopoly of what was good in that particular. A great deal of credit must rightfully be given the ancients for forward steps in the same direction, the earmarks of which can be easily traced by an analytical study of their interesting relics on public exhibition in the famous British Museum, and its sister institution, the National Portrait Gallery.

To attend a session of court, with the Lord Chief Justice of England on the bench, was a much-appreciated privilege of mine, while on this London trip. Even though arrayed in their legal gowns and wigs, still there was a most refreshing air of simplicity about it that could not be mistaken. There were no bullyings, or sharp practices, on the part of learned counsel, or anybody else connected with this dignified court of

justice, and the quiet, calm and deliberate atmosphere prevailing bespoke, or betokened, nothing more than an ardent desire that all should receive fairplay. His lordship was as easily addressed and approached by the king's counsellors practicing before the distinguished bar as any ordinary justice could be. In fact, the case on trial in this the first court in the British empire, the day I called, was very simple, and for that reason the more interesting to visitors. Imperious England is many-sided. When firmness and dignity are the needed requisites in settlement, no parleying need be expected. When a species of democratic doctrine is needed, the application will be forthcoming. Hence courtesy and simplicity are factors in British life ever noticeable; while sternness and diplomacy also play their part.

Every department of British existence appeals to me as of the safe and sane type. It has also been my chance to hobnob with soldiers and sailors in my travels amongst them. The officers' mess and sergeants' canteen have often been placed at my disposal for refreshment. While in the enjoyment of such courtesies, I have at all times noticed the gentlemanly behaviour and soldierly conduct of the men with whom I came in contact. Adjoining their recreation rooms, wherever soldiers are stopping in barracks, are located their canteens, where first-class liquid refreshments are continuously served by the men themselves, under the supervision of the proper military authorities. These goods are dispensed at cost, thereby allowing the men to have the benefit of cheaper beverages than could be obtained elsewhere. Temperance cranks in Great Britain have not been able to deprive the drinking Tommy Atkins of this very desirable privilege. Of course it has been tried, but practical men, upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of governing an empire, have

said them nay. Not so in the United States. In that country the army canteen has been legislated out of useful existence, at the behests of a theoretical lot of temperance workers, principally women. If I remember aright, this crusade was started by the W. C. T. U. (Woman's Christian Temperance Union), and kindred irresponsible organizations, who know aught of the tastes and requirements of men. Be that as it may, congressional action caused the removal of the army canteen, a respectable and needed auxiliary in military posts, thereby driving the American soldier out into the street to seek liquid refreshments in whatever licensed drinking dive or joint happening to be nearby.

Having given the methods adopted on both sides of the Atlantic some consideration and thought, I have been inclined to the belief that the American plan is the more censurable, and the British more commendable of the two unavoidable evils, for soldiery will always tipple, no matter where they are, or what nation they belong to.

That women should wield such aggressive influence in matters of grave governmental importance, within the bounds of a country of such growing magnitude, as the great American republic, bodes no good. It is an indication of weak-kneed and wishy-washy type of statesmanship. Large-minded and unbiased statesmen find it difficult enough to dispose of governmental affairs of such gravity, without being swayed, coaxed, cajoled, or persuaded, by feminine theorists, no matter how good their intentions, or plausible their arguments. But the United States has not yet reached that high imperial standing, where would-be effeminate enactments will be frowned upon, tabled and quietly pigeon-holed, instead of being embodied into the laws of the land. However, our country is yet young, our statesmen hopeful, though immature, and bigger things are

in store for us. As we become more nationalized more metropolitan ideas will prevail, and rustic narrowness will disappear.

English redcoats are popular with everybody in the homeland, and particularly so with the fair sex. In all the large cities, where these gaudy-looking young men happen to be stationed, after a certain hour each evening it is a very common occurrence to see them paired off with the young ladies and gallantly escorting them around town. In fact, so intense has this feature of soldier life become in the large cities of Great Britain and Ireland, where large bodies of men are barracked, it would appear to the casual observer that the ordinary civilian had positively a freeze-out. The girls apparently admire the well-outlined and shapely military man. They also know that these men were as sound and healthy as medical skill could determine, else they would not make subjects for enlistment. Thus wearing the government's scarlet certificate of freedom from physical blemish, the result with the fair sex is obvious. Tommy Atkins, therefore, manages to get in a very sociable time when off duty, and living in city quarters.

While the girls of England do not come up to the Irish standard of beauty, nevertheless they are very charming. It might be said they represent a different type of womanhood altogether. The divorce industry of America is bad; but, from my viewpoint, the juvenile engagement evil so prevalent in England is equally so. Girls in the latter country engage themselves at a very early age. English girls are proverbial for this, one of the most important events in their lifetimes. Instead of being immaturely committed to a young man, the innocent English girl should not become betrothed before bringing all the discerning power of a fully developed life upon so important a selection. Parents

should not permit such girlish caprices, much less to consent or connive at them, until their daughters reached the age of out-and-out maturity. Marriageable maidens will thus hold themselves free for the latest and best matrimonial candidates; while in the other case such desirable wooers are scared off by announced engagements. Therefore, the system is bad, and should become obsolete.

English femininity are worthy of better things.

Briefly summarizing England's greatness, I will pass on by saying that this little country has given to the world at large more than all other agencies put together. In religion it has given us the Wesleys, the Spurgeons, and the Booths. In the triumphs of discovery and invention it has brought forward men of eminence innumerable. Navigators to discover new waters; explorers to pry into the mysteries of new regions, and to bring them under the ban of useful development for the benefit of all mankind; statesmen to organize; diplomats to negotiate, and intelligent underlings to carry out and execute. With such a galaxy of achievers, and such overwhelming evidences of things achieved, England's greatness cannot be overthrown, unless so decreed by the Almighty hand, which in the past overtook, and demolished, mighty empires. When the time comes for history to again repeat itself, Britain's globe-bestrewed empire will sink into decay, regardless of resistance. The author of "The Irish-Canuck-Yankee" fervently prays that such a universal calamity is far distant. Being born a Britisher is a birthright in itself. This heritage will not so easily be surrendered by those so fortunate as to possess it; nor will those desirous of depriving Britishers of their endowments expect to wrest it from them without a superhuman effort.

The Scotch

Another of my youthful diversions was the study of Bonnie Scotland; coupled with the canny Scotch—two pet epithets most appropriate. My childish attention was more particularly drawn towards the little country lying adjacent to Ireland, and its people, owing to the fact that a Scotch family were our nearest neighbors. These typical Scotch folk settled in Tipperary, carrying on farming operations in quite a large way for that part of the country. The land being more adapted for pasturage than crop-growing, our Scotch friends got into a bad rut, which finally brought them to grief, and they were compelled to withdraw from their recently acquired lands, largely owing to their propensity for ground cultivation.

But these estimable people were long enough amongst us to most forcibly impress upon the minds of their Irish neighbors that good things could come out of the land of the Piets and Scots. The removal of this transplanted energetic family from our midst before the days of the Land League and agrarian agitation was a distinct loss to that district. Had they perseveringly stood their ground until better days dawned upon Ireland, landlordism would not have driven them out, and the Emerald Isle would have been benefitted by their presence, for a more industrious and thrifty race than the canny Scotchman, yes, and Scotchwoman, is quite difficult to unearth, and this particular family did their country honor, they being thoroughgoing Scotch. These worthy Scotch people took to Ireland, and the Green Isle took to them. So they stayed in the land of their adoption, in spite of the fact that their native country lay so near, and engaged in other fields of usefulness different to soil cultivation. Versatile Ireland assimilated these law-abid-

ing Scotch Presbyterians, and many regrets were suffered by reason of the non-success following their steps into the country.

Thus tersely have I outlined how I happened to be first drawn towards the Scotch people. Once interested in any subject, it has been my inquisitive nature to follow it up with increasing eagerness. As there were a few nice young ladies in the family under discussion, I naturally took more interest in the family's welfare than might otherwise be the case. Further than that, I have ever since been more or less interested in Scotch lassies, which nationality I have placed in my list as second only to the Irish colleen. Scotch femininity, therefore, ranks high up amongst the robust and prepossessing nations of the world, not only in the estimation of the writer, but by all writers and historians as well.

Being an ardent reader of Scotch history, I was afforded an opportunity of satisfying my literary tastes in that respect by the early possession of a prize, for good scriptural answering, entitled "Tales of a Grandfather, by Sir Walter Scott." Within the leaves of this exceedingly interesting work, I found educational occupation night after night until bedtime. How I admired the warlike doings of the brave Scotch warriors, and defenders of their comparatively barren little country from the incursions of their aggressive English neighbors, lying to the north! The English had triumphed over many European nations, but over Bonnie Scotland never. Happily, however, the two little nations became one by a more Christian method than through warfare and bloodshed. This epoch-making event transpired when at the death of Queen Elizabeth, England's throne was left heirless. It was at this crucial moment in the history of both countries that James the Sixth, of Scotland, was crowned James the First, of England.

We thus had a united kingdom, which has smoothly dwelt together in harmony ever since.

But in the old troublous days of stress and warfare between these two kingdoms, little Scotland never lacked a warrior to lead her people to victorious battle. Where can be found the true Scotchman who does not feel proud of men like Sir William Wallace, and Sir Robert Bruce? These were typical Scotch soldiers. Though often defeated, badly beaten, traced by bloodhounds, dogged by human slenths for the purpose of gaining the princely rewards placed on their heads, dead or alive, by disgruntled enemies, hounded by night and chased by day, they always suffered, but were never conquered. Have we not read the story, where the good King Robert Bruce lay in a rude herdsman's hut, dejectedly watching a spider spin its web, trying again and again for five times to swing itself to another rafter, but without success? The sixth attempt brought success to the insect. The Bruce jumped up, after learning a lesson from the spider's perseverance. Had he not fought the English five times, meeting defeat and disaster each time! Could he not have the perseverance of even a little spider! Could a small insect infuse courage into a great king by setting a good example! Scotland's much-pursued monarch arose, marshalled his scattered forces around him, fought the memorable battle of Bannockburn, won a signal victory, and drove the English in disorder out of his kingdom.

Very many anecdotes are told about this good king. Upon several occasions he was known to have single-handed slain as many as three of the enemy, at separate times, so powerful and agile was he.

Besides furnishing the world with thrilling news regarding its lairds and fighters, who carried on cruel and bloody wars between themselves when they were

not fighting foreign invaders, Scotland has left its imprint in the world in many other ways. Since the olden times, when the Romans conquered the Lowlands, and the Scots and Picts inhabited the Highlands, this mountainous little country has not been behind in producing men of talent and learning. Scotsmen seem to be a distinctive race of people quite apart from other nations. That this distinctiveness in character is observable cannot be gainsaid. But whatever the difference in makeup these people inherit beyond all others, it is of the desirable kind, and betokens true manliness, extreme honesty, and religious tendencies. Therefore, the land of Robert Burns, Scotland's patron poet, is well worthy of a visitation from travelers, who may be interested in countries pregnant with historical happenings, in which the land of "Bobby" is unexcelled.

Thrice I have dropped in upon the canny Scotch in their homeland. A sail down the noted River Clyde as far as Glasgow is an ovation in itself. Along the banks of this narrow stream on either side will be noticed a scene of shipbuilding activity scarcely found anywhere else in the world. Undergoing construction will be noticed the ocean greyhound, whose steel skeleton towers high into the air. Battleships and war vessels of every kind are being built by the army of riveters, sledge-hammerers, aided by their immense traveling cranes, and such other modern appliances as up-to-date ingenuity provides, for the canny Scotsman is not a whit behind the times in any particular. The Clyde, small and narrow though it is, can float the largest craft. But it has to be continuously dredged, in order that the progress of navigation may not be impeded. Thus, this little stream is one of the interesting sights of Scotland. Along its banks on both sides can be plainly seen the shipyards, busily turning out vessels of every description—none too big and none too tiny.

But the Scotch are not only able to build seagoing leviathans, but they are also a seafaring race, and many of our most down-to-date ocean-going ships are both manned and mastered by Scotchmen.

Glasgow, the second or third most important city in Great Britain, is a metropolis that any country might well boast of. It is indeed a busy mart. An air of commercialism pervades the city. Manufacturing plants thrust their smoking chimneys high into the air, thus betokening activities, which all countries delight in. These are the employment of men, and the paying of living wages, both of which Scotland's uprightness has never been questioned. No country in the world, as far as I am aware, shows less friction between employed and employer as Scotland in proportion to the number interested.

Besides being a noted shipbuilding community, Scotland has other important industries. Who has not heard of "Scotch Whiskey"? This distilled product is found on all the first-class drinking saloons, bars, and taverns throughout the British Isles, Canada, and the United States. This is no advertisement, but the Scotch distilled product, known as "Black and White, as supplied to the House of Commons," and "Long and Short, as supplied to the House of Lords," are worthy of "honorable mention."

Yes, I have met Scotchmen and Scotchwomen in their home country, and also abroad. But no matter where we find them they are the same honest, hard-working and industrious folk.

The comparative few that have emigrated to the United States have carved places for themselves high up on the scroll of good citizenship. The same can be said of those who have made the Dominion of Canada their adopted country. Out in the far west, we find the thrifty Scotchman diligently cultivating his prairie

lands, and making his home on the plains as comfortable and inviting as he possibly can under prevailing conditions. With a combination of brain and brawn, he hardly ever fails to get the best results obtainable. In the large cities, where commercial pursuits are mostly followed, the Scotchman is in evidence. The substantial callings in life seem to appeal to our Scotch friends in preference to the more ephemeral.

Therefore, unlike his near neighbor, the Irishman, we rarely find the canny Scotsman dabbling in slimy politics either at home or abroad. The Scotch-American seems to be a missing quantity in American civic life. In marked contrast to his Irish brother, the average Scotchman plods along in other walks of usefulness, wholly indifferent to the emoluments of public life and officeholding.

This would indicate that the Scots are not politically pugnacious, or spoilsmen, far preferring the quiet surroundings of home life to the embroiling turmoils incident to public. However that may be, the cold fact remains that a very small percentage of Scotchmen are noticed in the governing bodies, or councils, of either the United States or Canada. From a political viewpoint this is unfortunate for both countries, as no better men could present themselves for such honors. Our Scotch friends thus distinctly proclaim to the world that they are a straight-forward, good-natured, self-confident people, only anxious to pursue their own course, wholly free from the ups and downs which naturally follow in the footprints of political strife.

The Canadians

Crossing the Canadian line, via the old Suspension Bridge across the Niagara river (Niagara Falls), I soon found myself in the Dominion of Canada. This

was in August, 1885. Hailing from New York City, I went direct to Toronto, Ontario.

Loitering around Toronto only a very few days, I hastened out into the country, where I very soon commenced toiling at farmwork. The township of Brock had the distinction of enjoying my first Canadian labors. Well I remember the day. Boarding an early morning train upon the Nipissing division of the Grand Trunk system, I passed out through such towns as York, Unionville, Stouffville, Markham, Uxbridge, Blackwater Junction (where we changed cars for the end of the track up at Midland, which is the end today as well as twenty-five years ago, I think), finally reaching Sunderland, at which station I stepped off.

Losing no time, I hoofed it out along the Sixth Concession until I reached the second stone house on the left, which was about two miles from the village. This home was that of Mr. George Shier. Happening in about dinnertime, Mrs. Shier, after our first informal greetings, kindly asked me if I had been to dinner. Receiving a negative answer, that good lady quickly made ready, and I dined.

That afternoon I went across the road to the farm of Mr. Loftus Shier, brother to Mr. George, where the latter gentleman was busily breaking in a rather fractious new self-binder, while the former was doing the shocking-up.

Never inclined to be idly standing around when there is work to be done, and particularly in the harvest time, I flung off my coat and also went shocking. Not having worked very much for some time previously, this work seemed to somewhat distress me, especially so under the hot Canadian sun, not being used to such high temperature. But I continued at this work all through the afternoon, and after tea departed for a farmhouse nearly two miles away. This was the home

of Mr. Wellington Shier, and was located on the Fifth Concession of Brook. Harvesting was not thus far in full swing, early fall wheat being only ripe enough to cut. Accordingly I found some difficulty in getting immediate employment as a harvest hand; but I was promised an abundance of work within a week or two; and, dear knows, I needed it bad enough, for my finances were dropping far below low water mark.

But relief was in sight, for Mr. Wellington gave me a few days' work in a rather belated hayfield, and when we had that all cleaned up and the hay safely mowed (stowed away) in the barn, I was turned over to a stump-pulling crew, working down in the swamp, for the important task of cleaning the upturned roots, and knocking off with spades and shovels all that portion of mother earth adhering to the machine-pulled stumps. This work was also laborious, even for a willing workman. So, after I continued in the service of Mr. Alf. Maybee, the stump-removing contractor, some three days, I resigned this strenuous job, and much to Mr. Maybee's annoyance I quit the gang, he having pronounced me to be just as good a man to clean stumps as he'd ask.

Unripe grain had ripened considerably during the days I spent stumping. This was lucky for me, so I hustled up to Mr. Edwin Shier's for the purpose of seeking harvest work. Right enough Mr. Shier was in the market for a harvest hand. I promptly engaged with him for the sum of twenty dollars for one month, starting in that same afternoon hoeing weeds in the turnip field, as well as an odd turnip plant. Up at 5 o'clock every morning, each person had certain chores to be performed before breakfast, which was eaten and family prayer over by 6:30 a. m. Long before 7 o'clock we were in the open field working, not letting up until the large bell rang for dinner about 11:30. By the

time men and horses reached the barnyard, horses fed, and men washed, noon, 12 o'clock, would have arrived. Dinner and nooning consisted of one hour, so that all hands would be on the return journey back to the fields a little after 1 o'clock. Without a moment of relaxation, pipe-filling, or pipe-lighting waste of time, we worked steadily on until the supper bell announced that we were again needed at the house. Both horses and men again returned homeward, watered, washed and refreshed, hieing back to the field once more to continue working until sundown. Reaching the house about dusk each evening, we rarely ever bothered eating again, although anybody wishing so to do would be supplied with food.

In those days self-binders were not in common use with all farmers as they are today. Mr. Edwin Shier, therefore, not being a pioneer in labor-saving devices, had none. We were thus obliged to bind by hand the wheat, oats and barley. The regular annual hired man (another Shier) and myself followed the small reaper, which the boss drove himself. Binding sheaves in the harvest field, in real sizzling summer weather, is not a task to hanker for, and when the grain is thickly peopled with Scotch thistles it becomes far less attractive. But "binding-mits" help some. They serve as a sort of protection. These are usually provided by the boss, and the harvesters have only to ask for them.

Well, I continued at Mr. Edwin Shier's until the expiration of my month. I got along splendidly, and the friendship which sprung up betwixt Mr. and Mrs. Shier and family and myself has been of the wearing kind, as I have visited their hospitable home time and time again during all these years. each successive occasion being more and more interesting.

This farm was hung up midway between the Fourth and Fifth Concessions, the land extending from one

road to the other (Concessions being roadways, seven-eighths of an English mile apart). Had circumstances been different, there is no doubt but what I could keep on indefinitely with this good man and his estimable family. However, his farm was not large enough for two hired hands and I scanned around for another place.

Mr. Edwin Shier, therefore, having no further use of me himself, he very kindly undertook to drive me around with his horse and rig in quest of a place. Considering it desirable that I should fall into the hands of good Christian people, we one day drove some ten miles up north to a brother's house, who was also an employer of farm hands. He wanted a man all right enough, but as we differed upon the wages offered, I did not hire out to him, and returned to Mr. Shier's, having an invitation from both himself and wife to make their place my headquarters until I finally ran across something suitable.

But I hadn't long to wait. Hearing that a renting farmer, by the name of Mr. James Marquis, wanted a man, I called upon him one early morning ere he had time to leave for his fieldwork. Not finding him home, I left word to have him call that evening where I was staying. Both he and his brother drove up to Mr. Edwin Shier's, where I quickly made a bargain with him. He was a fine fellow, and few words were necessary to close a deal satisfactory to us both. The terms of my engagement were, that I should start in the next morning, work for a month on trial, if at the expiration of that test either of us was dissatisfied I would leave, he paying me fifteen dollars for the month wrought. On the other hand, if we were both satisfied, I was to continue at work until my year was up, the month already put in forming part of the year.

I started. The farmhouse and barnyard were right

by the side of the road allowance, which was the Fourth Concession of Brock. Just three weeks after being installed in this my new place, Mr. Marquis called me one side, stated that he had watched my movements very carefully, that he was more than pleased, and if I were equally well satisfied with the place I could go on and put in my year. As I was very much pleased also with the work, Mr. Marquis, Mrs. Marquis, and two brothers of Mr. Marquis, who were nearby neighbors, and their families, with whom we were in the habit of exchanging work quite frequently, I unhesitatingly agreed to carry out my part of the agreement and continued right along.

Time passed on. I had my daily routine systematized in such a methodical way that I knew where I was at all the while. Part of my hiring agreement was that from April 1 to November 1 I would get up at 5 o'clock each morning; and from November 1 to April 1 to arise at 6 a. m. This was a very desirable understanding, and possibly spared us needless friction at times, for the Canadian farmer would not hesitate to arise himself, and also rout out his men hours earlier, when anything rather driving appeared upon the horizon of farmlife. But I sidetracked such contingencies by having the getting-up hour agreed upon. Nor did I ever have to be called. To get up at the precise moment became a part of my being, and once trained in I experienced no difficulty in following it up. No matter how late the farmhand retires in Canada, he is expected to be up and doing at the regular hour. Getting up, therefore, in the morning has nothing whatever to do with the bedtime schedule.

All through the winter of 1885-6 I was busy with barnwork. Feeding and caring for upwards of forty head of cattle; sixteen horses; sheep; pigs, and poultry kept my time fully occupied. But whenever I could

manage to spare a few hours in the middle of the day, I usually busied myself in sawing and splitting up cordwood for summer use. Another of my pet diversions was the flailing of peastraw. Thus I threshed out upwards of three hundred bushels of peas, that, my first winter in Canada. Any employe, upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility of bringing through a lot of well-bred livestock, when a long and tedious Canadian winter is to contend with, has quite a little chore on his hands.

Priding myself in the appearance of my stock, neatness of my barn and stables, convenience of all fodder, and, above all, freedom from sickness and disease, which animals are liable to when housed so long, I took great interest in my indoor labors, as well as the beasts intrusted to my charge. I kept my provender thrown down from the upper parts of the barn, and quite handy in my feedrooms. Roots, chop, salt and such other ingredients as good herdsmen are supposed to give cattle from time to time, in order to insure health and growth, I gave methodically, all of which helped to secure me from the annoyances resulting from sick animals and consequent doctoring.

Canadians are not a fun-loving people, so on that account it is work all the time with them. Rarely do they become merry-makers, entertainments of any kind in the country being seldom put on, all of which begets a stay-at-home type of agriculturalists, whose only delight is money-making. The festive dance, so amusingly indulged in by the Irish, is altogether unknown to Canadian farmers and farmeresses. In the majority of farming communities there the folk are too religious for such nonsensical performances. People thus inoculated practically prohibit dancing. Once in a while some church, or other religious body, will organize a hot fowl supper, or oyster stew, and invite some local

M. P. P. (member of the Provincial Parliament) to be present and make an address the night of the party. Not having taken to these things very much during my farming pilgrimage amongst the Canadians, I religiously stayed at home, finding ready enjoyment in book and newspaper reading.

By the time eight months of my year's servitude at Mr. Marquis' had elapsed, he sought to re-engage me for another year. We even went so far as to decide upon my wages for the ensuing twelve months. There was to be quite a substantial raise above the sum I was slated to receive the first year, which was one hundred and sixty dollars. Things transpired, however, which prevented another annual term. The Marquis family treated me well, and it has always been my pleasure to drop in upon them, partake of a meal with them, and put up for an odd night at their home, whenever fate has taken me by their hospitable roof. These brief visitations have been at all times fully enjoyed by me; and my calls must also have proven quite agreeable to them, judging from the warm-hearted receptions I have always received.

Two Years and Two Months on the Sixth Concession of Brock

Mr. James Marquis, my previous employer, was a non-churchgoing man. While his life was a very exemplary one, he, nevertheless, neglected this privilege, and the advantages accruing therefrom, if any. But in all other respects Mr. Marquis was a model man, and exceedingly popular with all the boys, his neighbors and friends.

Mr. George Shier, my next employer, was precisely the opposite to my previous boss. He was a most devout and thoroughly religious man. Of course he would

never miss a church service. Both himself and all members of his family were ever-present in the family pew in the little crossroads Methodist church, situated midway between the villages of Valentyne and Vroomanton. But churchgoing was not all his activities regarding religious doings. He held high office in the councils of church circles. Sabbath school superintendent, class leadership, trustee, prayer-meeting attendant, lay preacher, or, as they call it in Canada, "local preacher," were all numbered amongst the various useful ways in which Mr. Shier helped along the good cause. Even at times when the regularly ordained preacher, by reason of circumstances which he had no control of, failed to turn up at the church hour, this good man took his place, carrying the entire service through just like a trained hand, or regularly anointed minister. Not only were there times when these calls were made upon him in his own church; but quite frequently he would have to drive around the circuit, filling the other pulpits as well. Then in revival time, when special efforts were put forth to bring the sinful into the fold, our good friend would be there, night after night, to aid and assist in the good work. To this method of doing I very often objected, for on returning to the house after a strenuous day's threshing with a neighbor, who helped us when we were threshing, a lot of extra chores fell to my unhappy lot to perform, owing to the absence at some evangelistic services of Mr. Shier. Heavenly works were far more important, in his estimation, than any earthly labor, so it devolved upon the hired man to make up the deficiency, whether he grumbled and swore, or not.

In addition to all these churchworks, Mr. and Mrs. George Shier conducted Bible reading and family prayer every night and morning in their own home. All of this is mentioned with a view of indelibly stamp-

ing upon the minds of my readers the moral atmosphere in which I spent twenty-six months of my Ontario existence.

Mrs. Shier treated me precisely as a member of her own family. She spared no pains in making her home pleasant for me. Two little girls and one small boy were her entire family. Generally two hired men and one working girl were also included in the household. But the first year I was there, I grappled so manfully with the farmwork, that it became unnecessary to employ a second workman further than for about one harvest month, and another month for the fall ploughing.

Feeling absolutely at home here with this delightful family, time passed swiftly. My undivided attention was bestowed upon my farm duties from 5 o'clock in the morning until dark each day. During the winter months it was the same old grind as in my old place—feeding and caring for livestock.

Very few incidents worth mentioning took place during the first year. However, I might by way of variety name one. A band of a sect known as Free Methodists pitched a tent tabernacle inside the fringe of a neighboring woods. Here they held religious services night after night for several weeks. Sundays were particularly fiery days. One continuous series of services were carried on. One Sabbath evening I happened to attend with many others. Such a howling lot of worshippers I never witnessed before. Some "got the power," and were lying prone on their backs, working convulsively, and kicking in every direction. Some ghastly sights were presented. To add to the religious confusion, a tremendous thunderstorm came up, in which there were frightful flashes of chainlightning, followed by a drenching downpour of rain. But the excitement kept on. Men and women screamed for for-

giveness. The sin-sick souls present were wonderfully worked up. Such earnest praying, preaching, pleading and singing I had never before understood. That religiously exciting time I have never forgotten.

After I had been in the employ of Mr. Shier about fifteen months, I took a month's leave of absence in Toronto, where I went for the purpose of studying city life and comparing the countrified life with citified. Quite industriously I spent each day learning the ways of city people.

My last engagement with him was for a period of eight months, for which time he was obliged to pay me the highest wages yet known to be paid in that portion of the province to a partial greenhorn. Somewhat reluctantly he submitted to my high charges, but I had long proven to him that few men could out-manuever me at farm labor. Never sick, and always on the job, were my recommendations.

Disagreeing over the wage scale, I quit the family of Mr. George Shier, and sought an engagement with Mr. Wellington Shier, the third Shier family I called upon when I first joined the ground-tilling forces of the noted Township of Brock.

My new place, the home of Mr. Wellington Shier, was located upon the unopened Fifth Concession of Brock. Mr. Shier possessed quite a large farm, as farms go in Eastern Canada. All told there were about four hundred acres. Some of the land was low, swamp-like and covered with a scrubby growth of soft wood. The other two farms, upon which I had worked and labored, contained only two hundred acres each. So I could now, if I wished, redouble my efforts to keep the larger tract well worked. I liked this new place very well, was getting fairly large wages, and would have put in the year had I not got bad news ere I was there a full month.

One evening a letter was placed in my hands from an uncle of mine in Toronto. It began: "Fearing that you have not yet heard about the death of your father in Ireland," etc. That was enough. I laid down my tools, having decided right on the spot that I would take a trip back to the old country. Such a letter can only come to any person once in a lifetime.

Mr. Shier found no fault with me for having so speedily made up my mind to quit his service. On the contrary he promised to keep the place open until he heard from me abroad. He kept his word. But after developments were such that I never worked a day in Brock since.

During my rather extended stay in the Township of Brock, I had made many friends. I found the people exceedingly nice and neighborly. Hard work and industry, coupled with church work and religious activities, seem to be their only desires. Sports, pastimes, and amusements, did not enter into the mind of the average young Canadian hardly at all. Athletic events, horse racing, outdoor sports, regattas, and such like, so dear to the average foreigner, they have not been educated to and know nothing of. Occasionally they might go to a County Fair, or Agricultural Show in the township, where neighbor would compete with neighbor in the display of farm products and livestock. These exhibits may consist of cereals, such as wheat, oats, barley, etc. Also vegetables and fruits of every description are noticed at these local expositions. Well-bred cattle, and blooded stock of every variety, are always on hand upon such occasions. Very interesting to the admirer of good products such shows are. In the ladies' departments, too, we see many evidences of their home handiwork. These good women are not a whit less zealous than their husbands in having things well worth the showing. Prize-winning butter, the

finest known to man's palate anywhere in Christendom, is made and exhibited by these cleanly butter-makers. In all such things the Canadian women have few equals, and no superiors. Their homes are models of taste and tidiness.

Ploughing matches also give the Canadian youth a chance to show off their artistic tastes in this very important feature of farmwork. These are annual events in different sections of the province of Ontario. Implement manufacturers, and plough makers, lend their assistance and encouragement. Wisely they donate prizes to be competed for by the enterprising young ploughmen. Of course donations of this character are usually a plough, or other farm implement, manufactured by the donors. These rewards give added interest to the matches, and any young farmer, or farmhand, once lucky enough to win a prize for good ploughing, is always esteemed very highly, in fact looked up to as an expert in that line. It is an honor not soon to be forgotten, and gives quite an impetus to all future competitors.

Then there is the exhibition, held annually in the city of Toronto. Farmers send their sons to take it in, so that they might be schooled in up-to-date methods of doing things. The rustics, therefore, having their entire being bent upon land cultivation, very quickly notice the new and improved implements and machinery exposed there for their benefit. This is an educational advantage, which all men interested in agricultural pursuits should avail themselves of. Yes, and right here I may add that, in this particular I practice what I preach, for I have never yet failed to attend exhibitions of this nature when the opportunity presented itself.

The two greatest expositions that the American continent ever got up; namely, the World's Columbian,

in 1893 in Chicago, and the St. Louis Centennial, in 1904, the agricultural exhibits of both were of supremely more interest to me than any other departments of these wonderful works of men.

Canadians are Live Politicians and Voters

Well, I got into the game, and voted. Presenting myself at the voting place, a scrutineer inquisitively inquired if I could read. "Not in the dark," I answered, whereupon he gave me my ballot and I recorded my vote. Of course my questioner represented the opposition. He had no trouble in ascertaining the candidate who was going to have my vote counted for him. He knew that by the man who drove me to the polling place. That night everybody seemed to be in the little town of Sunderland, awaiting the latest returns. Experiences in after years convinced me of our foolishness, for the poor soil-tiller still continues to labor on his farm from 5 a. m. until dark p. m., just the same as of yore, regardless of his political activities all these years.

Before coming to the time when I was to bid my many Brock friends a final adieu, I might just as well mention a couple of incidents at least, which took place while amongst them. Being a so-called "Greenhorn," it was only the logical outcome that some "Smart Alecks" would try and have some fun with me. Once I attended a church sociable, held in a private house, thus leaving myself open for such attacks. A couple of noted imaginary dudelets, egged on by their two girl-friends, laughingly accosted me. They wanted to know if I were from Ireland. I told them I was. Then the spokesman for the quartette said that he would like to travel through Ireland, only he was afraid that a whole lot of the Irish people would gather around

him and kill him. I assured him that the Irish people would do nothing of the kind. I further added that, if he deserved killing, a whole lot would not gather around him. Instead one man would do it, and "it wouldn't take much of a man, either." Hearing this they all vanished, and there was no more provocation for fun.

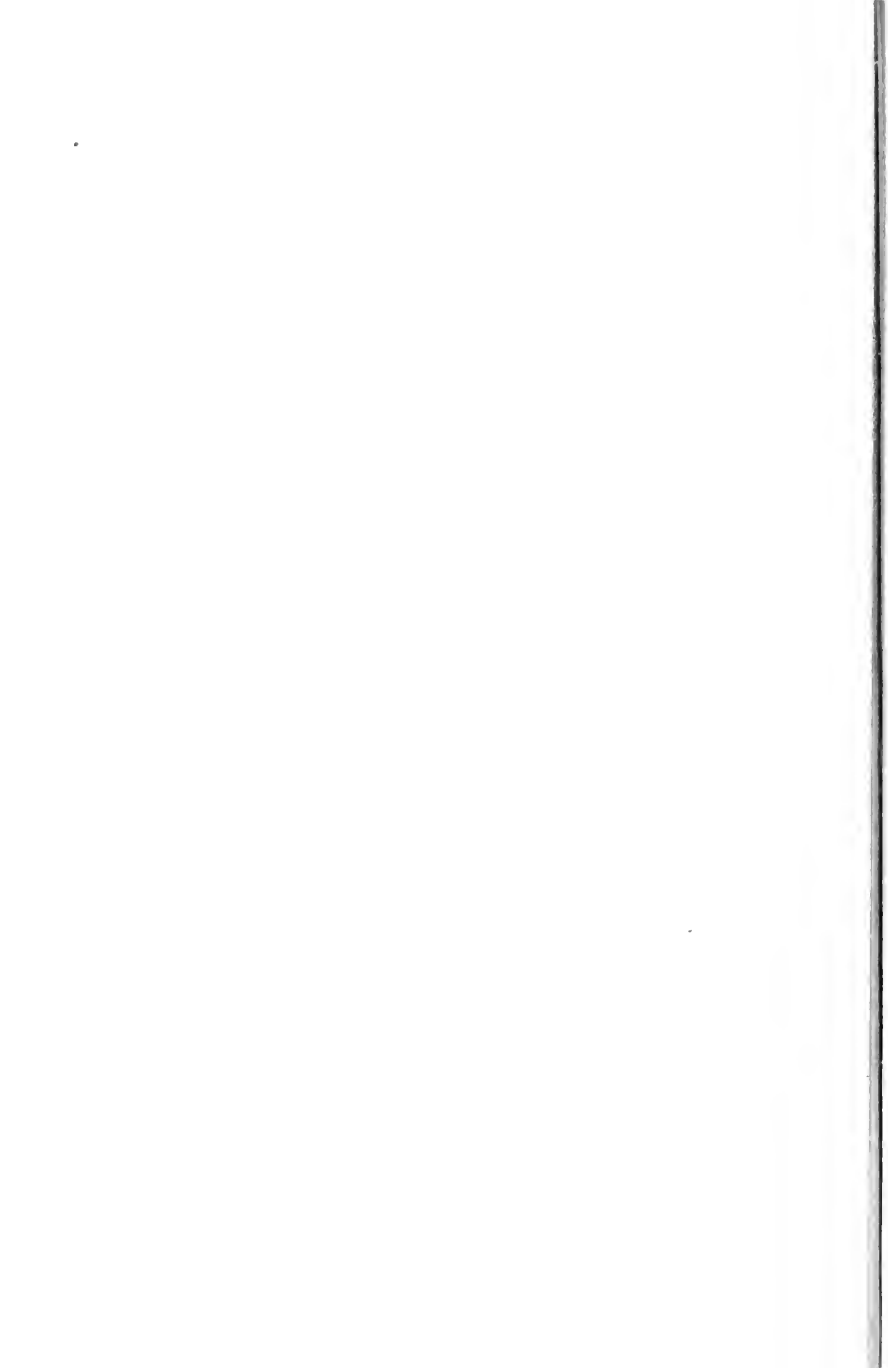
Having thrown up my job on Mr. Wellington Shier's farm, I began visiting around amongst the many friends I had made while in that neighborhood. All the Shiers were more or less nearly related to me, and it was my cousinly duty to call upon them and learn more about our relationship. Accordingly I did so. Visiting at the home of one of these blooded friends I was more than surprised at the hearty reception I received. One of the boys hitched up his horse and rig and drove me to a town called Cannington, in order to entertain me. On the way there, he said that I would have to do either of two things, pay for a pint bottle of whiskey or pay for two photos of ourselves. I promptly decided my end. I told him that as I never cared for pictures of myself, I would buy the booze. That satisfied him, and we did both. Posing in our regular winter time clothing, we secured the pictures. We also enjoyed the beverage. It being a representation of two men doing Eastern Canada in the winter of 1889, I take the privilege of reproducing it on another page.

Twenty years afterwards, I visited this good friend of mine again. He would not be satisfied unless we had ourselves photographed once more. We did so. But we had several additions upon this occasion, he having a wife and one grown-up son. We further covenanted between ourselves that at every twenty-year interval henceforward we would again assemble ourselves in front of the camera, and so continue until we had about

BOOZING and POSING.



AN ONTARIO, CANADA, WINTER SCENE.
C. John Sparling Eliada Shier



a half-dozen photographs, which would be quite sufficient for two small albums.

My friends all seen, and my visiting done in the townships of Brock, Scott, Georgina and Uxbridge, all lying contiguous to each other, I purchased a steamship ticket, getting myself booked to the old land via Montreal and Portland, Maine. It was in the early part of February, right in the middle of winter, when I stepped aboard the cars at Sunderland. Of course there was snow in abundance, as is usually the case in Canada at this time of each year, so our train was many hours late reaching Montreal.

Just at that time great festivities were being carried on in the city. It was the ice palace season. Even the governor-general of the Dominion of Canada was present with his suite. Of course it would be something of a curiosity not to have him there as a drawing card, for such things seem to be their most important functions.

How these shivering midwinter events in cold Canada could be so thoroughly enjoyed by the inhabitants has always been more or less of an inexplicable mystery to me. But to my own satisfaction, I account for it largely because the people have seen little else in their own country and nothing in more pleasant foreign lands. Also because the fleeting stranger takes to it by way of novelty, as he passes through.

This was my last glimpse of "The Lady of Snows" for the next sixty days, as I sailed for Ireland via Portland, Maine, and Halifax, at once.

In this writeup it is not hard for the reader to notice that I entered Canada, first striking the province of Ontario, passed through the province of Quebec, Montreal, the largest and most important city in the country, being in that province, and finally the province of Nova Scotia, its capital being Halifax, which is noted

for having one of the most commodious deep-water harbors in the world.

During the three and a half years absorbed in making this sojourn, I had little idleness and no spare moments. Hard work was my lot, and at the hardest of callings, for soil-tilling in Eastern Canada, amid its unsightly black and burnt pine stumps, unremoved roots, unburied and unblasted rocks, hidden and ploughshare-breaking stone, etc., etc., is no picnic. My tasks were not easy ones, so I have never since harbored any hankering for a return to them under the same conditions.

Other young men have spent their valuable time in agricultural colleges, where the farming knowledge acquired would be theoretical, but the writer received a practical training, and there were no college pranks about it.

Universities may be good, but adversities are still better to bring out a young man's capabilities, and develop to the full limit his manhood.

Away abroad only some sixty days, I again entered Canada over the Niagara Falls Suspension Bridge, having come from New York City a second time. I went on to Toronto once more. As I had no settled plans, I aimlessly drifted around that city several days.

Passing along the street one day, while in Toronto, I noticed a very fascinatingly fixed-up show window, beautifully displaying samples of wheat, oats, rye, flax, peas, hay and many other products supposedly from Manitoba. I entered. This was a kind of "Spider and fly" tale. The smooth-tongued politician there suavely informed me that there was no place like the west just now for a young man. Work was abundant and wages were high. Thousands were going, and the railway company was giving special rates to would-be settlers. These trains went forward on certain days only,

and, so great were the throngs going, it would be necessary to get your ticket early. Of course the layout was a catchy one, and "I bit."

Accordingly I bought a ticket. If I remember aright, the fare west to Winnipeg was twenty-one dollars, while the return fare was double, if not more, that amount. But that made little odds to me, for it was not my intention to return. I was going and determined to stay in the northwest somewhere.

The evening to embark came. Lonesome and alone, I boarded the train. It was one of these long-since notable stripped and unupholstered colonist affairs, in which you have to provide your own bedding and also your own grub on the way.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company has been a pioneer in providing these luxurious trains. Singing soldiers (both sexes) of the Salvation Army came down to the Union Station, and whilst our train dilly-dallyed about pulling out, held religious services. Thus sung, played and prayed, we steamed out.

These trains usually travel slow. At every stop the boys got out and amused themselves in pistol target practice, poking fun at the train hands, section employees, and such other people as happened to hang round.

Belated and worn out, we finally reached the famous prairie city of Winnipeg, the capital of the province of Manitoba. Its main street was wide, its citizens of the rough-and-tumble type, being a composition of Indians and white men, the former driving oxen and carts, while the latter seemed to be more fortunate as far as the ownership of a small breed of horses or Indian ponies was concerned.

Unfavorably were we all impressed, and began to grow sorrowful that we had left Ontario. This feeling became more pronounced, as we beheld thousands re-

turning east, having scouted the entire province in search of work, but finding none. The Manitoba immigration authorities, located in Toronto, had wilfully misrepresented the true condition of things in the prairie province. In this they were ably supported by the management of the only transportation iron artery then passing from east to west.

But, could they be blamed? The province badly needed settlers; while the lately finished transcontinental railroad was in dire straits for passenger and freight traffic. It seemed to be a case of the poor trying to get money from the poverty stricken.

Gallivanting around the small city for a few days, seeking work of some kind, I finally gave it up for a lost cause, and started out in the country to call upon some friends. Ticketed to a station on the Manitoba Northwestern railroad named Birtle, I got off at that town about midnight. Putting up at a small boarding house in Birtle, I started a fifteen-mile walk across the prairie early Sunday morning. I was heading for the small settlement of whites, known as Beulah. I got there in time for dinner, and I had a very nice wild duck on my arrival.

There being no agricultural labor or work of any kind to be had in and around Beulah, I settled down to a life of ease and luxury. I engaged board and lodging with the family I first called upon, and spent my days shooting wild duck, wild geese, ground gophers, which were considered a pest in those early days, the government paying a 2-cent bounty for their tails, a crude mistake, as Indians devoted their entire time to snaring them, detailing the little animals and letting them go again, so that the supply would not give out in future years. Thus the red Indian outwitted the great colonial government; but the mistake was soon straightened out by a head bounty instead of tail.

One of the boys in this family was county superintendent of public instruction, and, being short of school teachers, he advised me to attend the local school for a few months, and he would give me a pass to teach until I secured a regular certificate. I did so. But this school-going business did not quite meet with my approval, so after a few months I decided to go south, where I heard there was a very promising crop growing and harvesters needed.

From the very beginning I seemed to take to the vast prairie, and now had no inclination to leave it. Unfortunately the crops around Beulah were going to be another bad failure this year; making two successive failures, as all grains were killed by early frosts the year previous. Thus there was nothing in sight for me in that vicinity. This was not only bad for men seeking work, but much worse for the poor struggling settlers, possessing pluck sufficient to settle there. Undoubtedly they felt cast down and despondent.

Packing a few duds together into a small hand satchel, I sallied out into the world once more. Steering south, I walked on, one roasting hot July day. For upwards of twenty-five miles I hoofed it without having met a soul, or seen a house. Nor did I have any luncheon along, fancying that I would dine with many hospitable homesteaders on the way. In this I was sadly mistaken. There were none. But I surged along. Towards dark I beheld in the distance a small shanty. Arriving thereat, I found nobody there, but evidences of life were apparent. Mad hungry, I diligently searched the shanty in quest of food. Nothing more appetizing than a roll of half-melted butter, stowed away in a carpenter's tool chest, rewarded my hungry efforts.

Disappointed and hungry, I felt weary, and made up my mind to go to bed. Before doing so, I took the

precaution to hide all the deadly weapons around the place, including the axe, so that if the owner should come during the night, he would not take me for a wild beast, and kill me in cold blood. But he never turned up, and I slept soundly.

Going out in the morning, and gazing upon the vast horizon, I beheld smoke arising from a human habitation in the distance. To get there consumed but a very brief space of time. Knocking at the door, I was bid enter. On doing so, I noticed the good man of the house was conducting family prayer, preliminary thereto reading the Bible. Silently and reverently, I took a chair, and after devotions were ended I made known my dilemma.

We had a most sumptuous breakfast. I found the people most charming. Unfolding my plans for their benefit, I was quickly told that this was the eighth of the month, and as the twelfth of July was not many days away, it would be better for me to wait and they would drive me to Hamiota, a long distance off, where they were going to attend the annual Orangemen's celebration. Gratefully thanking them, I so decided, and the next four days were very pleasantly spent as the guest of my new-found acquaintances. They were charming folk, and I shall always bear their extreme hospitality in grateful remembrance.

"The twelfth" came. All went to the "Walk." Orangemen were there in their regalias. Preachers were there to deliver addresses. Politicians came from afar. The grandeur of the occasion overwhelmed me. Girls beautifully dressed in summer attire were numerous. Lace and network of every known variety made the ladies most bewitching. The festive lemonade stand was also there for the purpose of serving cool and refreshing drinks. Behind its counter, I was called upon to officiate. One of the brethren asked me to take his

place, while he took part in the Orange procession, which was to start somewhere and end at the speakers' temporarily erected platform. Always willing to oblige, I did step inside. Moreover I dished out to the thirst-stricken at five cents per glass rather weak lemonade. Some of my patrons even took the pains to assure me that my lemonade was only good water. But I hastily assured them that good water in this alkali region wasn't to be sneezed at. Thus merrily went the day.

The speakers on this auspicious occasion were venomous with rage and fury. Only a short time before Sir John A. Macdonald, at that time premier of the Dominion of Canada, passed what was called the Jesuits Estates Act. This was a parliamentary enactment, which gave the Roman Catholic church in Canada grants and money appropriations amounting to about four hundred thousand dollars. This highhanded performance on the part of the Canadian premier, and his parliament, was considered a grave sell-out to Romanism by the fiery Orange order. This being the first twelfth of July celebration since the obnoxious law was enacted, Orangemen throughout the country went wild. Political abuse was showered down upon the head of the foxy old premier. His defeat, when he went before the country again, was certain. His political scalp was already dangling at their belts. Old Sir John had outlived his usefulness and must be driven from power and political trickery. The arguments were that he sold out to Romanists, in order to capture the Romish hierarchy and their followers. Such a blot upon the political escutcheon of fair Canada could never be erased.

Now, let us see what did actually take place. Sir John A. Macdonald did have the hardihood of going before the country again to ask its suffrage. He got

it, too. Once more he was triumphantly elected and returned at the head of the Ottawa government. The wily old politician had, during the campaign, so cleared up and ironed out his apparent blunder, that even the Orangemen turned in and helped his election.

Sir John afterwards died in the governmental harness.

This notable Scotch-Canadian did a great deal for the Dominion of Canada, and it was largely through his mastermind that Canada's first coast-to-coast line of railway was put through, which was a tremendous undertaking for so small a population, there not being more than twenty thousand souls in the vast empire lying west of Lake Superior at the time.

Our Orange picnic came to a close, I bade adieu to my kind friends, and began making new acquaintances. That night I secured a seat on an ordinary farmwagon right down to Griswold, a small place three stations west of Brandon, on the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

This part of Manitoba seemed to be a veritable garden spot when compared to the unsettled region I had thus far been putting my time in. I was so satisfied with the prospects that I hastened out next day to seek a farm engagement. Going to the home of Mr. Robert Hall, that gentleman and his amiable wife invited me to make their place my headquarters until I secured a situation. Mr. Hall asked me if I could butcher hogs? I told him I could. At his request, therefore, I helped the boys kill and clean eighteen swine one day. But I was a novice at sticking and bleeding the animals. So the first one I tackled, took to the woods, leaving a bloody trail after it. Nothing daunted, I tried again. Before doing so, I took pains to ask a passing farmer the secret of hog-sticking. He told me to drive the knife in and cut upwards. After

that, there was no farther trouble, and the remainder of the pigs fell ready victims to my well-directed steel.

Within a few days I got just what I was looking for. Mr. Thomas Ingram, who owned a half-section of land, just one-half mile north of the Griswold station, needed a harvest hand. I hired with him for three months, but put in four. His sister Miss Tillie kept house for us.

Thus far my experiences with Canadians brought me into relationship with no nicer folk than Tom Ingram and his nice-looking sister. They were French-Canadians, who had some years since moved from the East to the West. They had a very comfortable home, and very pleasantly indeed the time passed.

Harvesting on the apparently limitless grainfields, carved out of the boundless prairie, under the unprotected rays of a searchlight scorching sun is no easily borne task. The burning sun peeps under the leaf of your straw hat into your face until it finally dips down below the level, just as it appears to the ocean traveller. There are no nearby or distant hills to mercifully stand between the prairie worker and the hot sun. In other parts of the world, high mountains will quite early in the afternoon shut off the burning rays, thereby making life more bearable to all laboring outdoors. Not so on the plains. Until the very last vestige of "Old Sol" hides itself beneath the earth there is no relief.

Farming operations were carried on here much different to what I had been accustomed in Ontario. In that province the country had been partially cleared of woods. Here and there, however, were left standing large stretches of the original forest, for firewood and lumber-cutting purposes. In Manitoba very little wood of any kind was to be found. Occasionally could be noticed light growths of soft wood, which were called bluffs. These small groves were shortlived

once settlers got in, for they were ruthlessly cut away for fuel and fencing, yes and for house-building when gross enough. Nice little lakes also dotted the plains, and Manitoba has been particularly fortunate in that respect.

Harvesting and threshing done, the fall plowing season came on, and after that was also finished, my time with Mr. Ingram grew short, and I took my departure from his parts about the middle of November, 1889. Farmers attended to their own winter chores, such as looking after their cattle and all that sort of thing. Hauling and bucksawing a little firewood are about all the teaming and labor needed, making hired help unnecessary.

Again I started hence, aiming for Winnipeg. It was now my intention to enter a business college and secure a commercial education. Sitting in my hotel one day I noticed an item in the newspaper I was reading to the effect that only one candidate out of every twenty examined are found eligible for the Northwest Mounted Police force, the medical examination is so rigid. Being always more or less imbued with the spirit of adventure, I reasoned within myself that right here was a very good opportunity to see what manner of man I was. With this end in view I hastened to the recruiting officer, who sent me at once to the examining physician. The doctor nakedly put me through certain manoeuvres, pronounced me sound and fit, and withal a promising recruit.

That selfsame night I started aboard the train going west for Regina, in the Northwest Territory. So far I rather liked the ovation and outlook. Regina being over 350 miles west of Winnipeg, we did not get there until midnight. As I stepped off the train an officer approached, with the enquiry if I were a recruit. I answered in the affirmative. He then took me to the

hotel, and told me to report at headquarters next day.

Doing as I was told, I walked towards the barracks Sunday afternoon. The distance was about two miles west and a mile north of the track. Reaching the depot, I took possession without ceremony. Desirous of seeing and sizing-up everything and everybody, I hastily passed through one building after another until I completed the rounds. I saw the men at mess. I saw them in their reading and recreation rooms. In fact it did not take me very long to ascertain their whole manner of living and daily routine. Furthermore, I slept in a narrow and hard cot that night and did not admire the prospect of continuing amid the same surroundings, as long as it was possible for me to do much better in civil life. I, therefore, hastily decided that I would cut loose from the military entanglements that were fast gathering me in for a period of years.

According to the regulations governing enlistments in this fine body of men, I had to be re-examined by the physician-in-charge of the barracks. Before being brought into his surgery for another medical inspection, I had sent word that it would be unnecessary, as I had fully and finally decided not to be sworn in under any circumstances. But I soon discovered that I could not wiggle myself loose so easily. The doctor informed me that it was his duty to examine all recruits, and that he had nothing whatever to do with my enlistment. If he found me fit to become a mounted policeman, he would have to report me as such; but if he made the discovery that I was physically unfit for the service, I would be at liberty to depart, having all my expenses paid to the point from which I came. As there was a two-dollar fee in sight for the doctor for the medical examination, I could easily see his eagerness to see me through.

The army surgeon reported me unblemished. I was next taken before the commissioner. To him I explained my change of heart. Kindly he told me that they had no desire to press any man into the service, as only too many were willing to serve voluntarily.

After this interview with the commander, I was presented with an itemized bill covering all expense in fetching me there, including two two-dollar medical fees, making altogether a sum total of nearly fifty dollars, which I grimly paid and departed.

Of the Northwest Mounted Police force and its officers, I had only words of praise and good will. A majority of them seemed to me to be foreigners. But in any event, they were a clean-cut body of intelligent men, and great influence have they exercised in convincing settlers that there is a large measure of safety and security in the districts, no matter how remote, patrolled by these wideawake and ever alert officers.

In those early days out in the Canadian Northwest, there were very few opportunities for employment at any season of the year, and scantier still in the winter season. So I did not delay my return to Winnipeg. Nor did I waste any time in seeking employment of some sort on my arrival in that city. Thus when I turned up at the employment office, I had no difficulty in getting an engagement. The job offered was not a very flattering one. It was nothing more nor less than driving a team of horses upon the prairie. Without hesitation, I accepted the proffered escape from idleness.

Given my directions, I lost no time in leaving town. Boarding a sort of gravel train, pulling a threadbare coach behind, I went out not knowing whither. I noticed the line was a brand new one, with scarcely any stations, and no settlers on either side. Wilderness though it was, it couldn't feaze or frighten me.

Getting off at a little boxcar station named White Plains, the operator there told me that I had about eight miles yet to travel afoot before I got to my employer's place. Along over the trackless prairie I surged. Quite a dark night, with a total absence of guiding lights, it was, but I continued my race on the snow-covered ground, shuddering a little now and then lest a pack of hungry prairie wolves, or other wild animals, ferociously attack me. Several times on the run I went considerable distance to enquire the way where I saw lights. Moreover the people called upon were non-English speaking settlers of the French-Canadian type, and very little satisfaction could I get from their signs and tokens.

At a late hour I reached the premises of Pearson Brothers, two Englishmen, who had decided to try their fortunes upon the banks of the Assiniboine river. I found quite a farming outfit, also a steamplant, as these progressive men were operating a modern steam creamery in addition to their farming activities. I introduced myself to the senior Pearson, and handed him my employment-office credentials. He then outlined my work and wages, making me a full-fledged teamster at the munificent sum of fifteen dollars per month.

Early the next morning I was given a team of horses, with instructions to cross the river, call at all farmhouses within sight on the way up for a distance of five miles, and pick up their milkeans; do the same on the other side of the Assiniboine on the return journey and bring the milk to the creamery. The weather being extremely frosty, the milk was frozen hard in the cans, and had to be thawed out with a steamhose before it could be separated from the cream. The cans and "skimmilk" had to be returned to the farmers each afternoon.

But there were other things not so agreeable in sight. Mr. Pearson owned a large drove of cattle. He being a comparatively new settler in the prairie province of Manitoba, unfortunately he did not have a proper supply of hay on hand to fodder his stock. It was thus necessary to buy hay from the surrounding homesteaders. The summer before being extremely hot, the drought left little hay available for cutting. Sloughs that made first-class meadows other summer seasons, dried up and grew nothing this year; and sloughs, where water lodged throughout the hot weather, dried up and yielded hay this year. Naturally, therefore, provender was scarce, and dear in proportion. But it must be provided at all hazards. The Pearsons were thus obliged to drive over vast prairie tracts in search of hay to feed their starving stock, and, having the reputation of being wealthy Englishmen, were compelled to pay exorbitant prices to the poor homesteader, whose only revenue was the few dollars derived from the sale of hay cut in meadow sloughs on his own land, or on government lands lying adjacent to his homestead, for in those early days crown lands were of mighty small value, and scarcely ever looked after. Numerous farmhouses studded both sides of the sloping banks of the Assiniboine, owing to the fact that the farms formed narrow strips back, thereby giving each holder access to the famous river with its abundant flow of fresh water, a feature very desirable in that alkali region.

A Cheerless Christmas

On December 24, 1889, another teamster and myself started out at an early hour in the morning to fetch a couple of loads of hay, and be back in time for holiday celebrations. We had not gone far ere a snow-blinding storm set in. This was my first redhot experience with

the blizzard of the plains. It was undoubtedly a severe "nor'wester," as they say. We had taken a luncheon along, but the meat and bread became frozen so hard that we could hardly knock off a morsel with a cold-chisel and hammer, alone bite it off. However, I surmounted this unhappy obstacle by putting the meat into my warm pants pocket, gnawing off the thawed parts as fast as mouthfuls became soft enough. On and on, over the trailless prairie we went that fatal afternoon, till we arrived at the homesteader's shanty.

On going into the hut, the pain of my face became intense, and I wondered what the smarting all meant. But the boys told me that I was badly frozen. Quickly I applied a poultice of snow, getting partial relief. Stabling being found for my team of horses, through the courtesy of the homesteader turning his yoke of oxen outdoors from their dugout, all the livestock he possessed, I made the shack my sleeping quarters for the night. Although I had lots of bedclothing, such as it was, piled on top of me, still I was not bothered with heat.

The other teamster and the homesteader went a distance of some three miles farther away, in order to secure shelter for his tired team as well. Spending a tiresome night in this fireless hut, amid such comfortless surroundings, I got up timely Christmas Day. My friends in the meanwhile arrived. They were about as refreshed as I was. To get at the hay presented another problem. Snow-shoveling should be done. The stack was literally buried, and we must either burrow or tunnel our way in.

Loading up a couple of small jags, we didn't get very far before we were capsized. Again and again this trouble overcame us on the journey home. The new-fallen snow was soft and untrodden, so travel was slow. Moreover we were in imminent danger of our

horses becoming so tired-out as to make further progress impossible.

We did our best, however, and reached the Pearson farm with hay for the starving cattle about midnight Christmas Day, fully thirty hours behind time. My frostbitten face bore silent testimony of a strenuous time. It was so badly peeled off and disfigured upon that never-to-be-forgotten drive, and nipped many times thereafter ere the winter subsided, that the ill-effects are visible to this day. This was my first experience with a northwestern blizzard, and I have never hankered for a repetition of the unpleasant occasion since.

Besides hauling hay to hungry cattle, my teaming consisted of many other kinds as well. From the nearby Assiniboine river we cut and housed several hundred tons of four-foot ice. That winter went down into history as the severest heretofore recorded, consequently the famous winding river froze to its bed. Harvesting ice in a sixty-below-zero brand of weather is a cold, slow and slobbery job. When the water got well splashed upon you, and froze in a jiffy into thick ice, an ice harvester feels quite stiff, like ancient knights done up in steel armour. But when the thaw comes later on he feels like a dishcloth.

By the 17th of March (St. Patrick's Day) I had enough of the Pearson Brothers' establishment, so I determined to depart. They refused to pay me the wages asked, and if a fifteen-dollar-board-washing-and-lodging man could do their work it would be unpardonable folly, on their part, to pay more. They were very estimable gentlemen, who saw farming possibilities through rose-colored glasses in such a glowing manner that they were not afraid to risk their handsome fortunes on developing the wild lands of the untamed

prairie. Their plant was officially known as the Ashley Jersey Dairy Farm.

Even at this dairy farm, located on the high-up banks of the Assiniboine, some things that partook of the paradox presented themselves. The two Pearsons were known as Englishmen—not of the remittance type, though. On the contrary, they were recognized as of that progressive class known as empire-builders, of which kind little England has sent its full quota throughout the world to wield far-reaching influence. But, strange as it may seem, these enterprising men imported to Manitoba two workwomen all the way from Limerick, Ireland, and one workman, which trio enjoyed the supreme confidence of the masters of the place—the girls indoors, while the man practically took charge outdoors. With myself added, we formed a quartette, which went far towards making the Ashley Farm a model Irish layout, even to the old country brogue. In fact we held the fort against all comers, in spite of the circumstance that a little army of artisans, consisting of masons, bricklayers, carpenters, painters and plumbers found employment in building and equipping the Pearsons' place all through the winter. The vast barn was a most modern one. It seemed far in advance of everything else I had noticed in the province. Steamheated, electric lighted, with a copious supply of running water everywhere. Even the livestock didn't have to leave their stalls to drink. Right through their mangers water flowed freely, and all that was necessary was to slide back a cover when drinking time came. To this day I have never seen anything half as elaborate in the way of handy farming equipment.

From the day I left the employ of the Pearsons, I lost sight of both themselves and their farm. But twenty years afterwards when in Winnipeg I was told

that these worthy men had been obliged to relinquish their farming operations; and "gone broke." I was also told that they had gone into the land business, opening an office in Winnipeg, just before western land values began to soar, and were now millionaires. If my old employers are so fortunate, none will begrudge them less than I.

Having completed four months in my last situation, I hastened to Winnipeg, in order to be on hand when the early spring hiring movement took place. This was towards the latter part of March. Making the acquaintance of a fellow-Irishman, Mr. W. H. D'arcy, western claims agent for the Canadian Pacific Railway, I was, through him, put in touch with the company's agent at Port Arthur, Ontario, who had just reached the city of Winnipeg, for the purpose of hiring men to take back to Lake Superior with him at the opening of navigation. At the C. P. R. employment office I was engaged to go East. Of course where such a large body of men were going to be hired, a fee of one dollar each was considerable, and was not to be overlooked by even such a vast corporation as the transcontinental railway company. I paid it. Then we were given free transportation to the head of the great lakes, some 430 miles east. Our duties were "dock walloping," which is undoubtedly a marine phrase of the expressive kind. But, using more dignified English, we would call the same work trucking and handling freight.

Large fresh-water steamers docked alongside quite a big freightshed, while the railway goods-carrying cars ran in on the opposite side of the shed, and into which merchandise was trans-shipped for western transportation. Such means of furthering freight were employed through the summer months, and while there was open water. But when navigation became impossible because of ice, all merchandise went west by rail.

Lake and rail being much cheaper, that method of forwarding goods is pushed to the limit in the summer time, especially in the case of slow-moving and unperishable goods. But this particular year there seemed little doing. Accordingly the freight handlers and stevedores were daily idly sunning themselves on the wharf, looking out for the arrival of boats. Moreover when they did come, they were only half laden with cargo, which was very unsatisfactory. As the men were paid by the hour, and steady employment being out of the question, their monthly wages were very small. This condition of things brought on trouble. The dearth of work and small pay when the men did work, only fifteen cents straight per hour, brewed unpleasantness for the company. In addition thereto, hours of labor were unsatisfactory. Vessels docked at midnight quite frequently, Sunday included, and the men were expected to be on hand to unload. Then it was steady rushing, day and night, until the steamer departed on its eastern trip again. Unloading and loading up, as each vessel carried back a cargo of flour, wheat, or other western products, consumed a couple of days and a like number of nights, during which time the men labored without rest or sleep, and then laid off both day and night until the arrival of the next vessel.

Dissatisfied men did not return to Winnipeg, but got away from Port Arthur and Fort William by water, entering the United States, and once there hardly ever returned.

During my period of service with the C. P. R. on the north shore of "The Great Unsalted Sea," Lake Superior, things went on rather smoothly. However, working hours became so scarce that I grew disgruntled as well as the rest. Our hours had dwindled down to something infinitesimal. So one day three large coal

barges, from some point in the United States, anchored at the coal wharf, and the foreman at once ordered the freight handlers to go shovel coal and unload the coal boats.

Handing a big bunch of keys to a trusty, the foreman said: "Boys, get shovels and go shovel coal." At the same moment the tools were being hurled out of the storeroom fast and furious. Men grabbed them with alacrity. I held back, and went walking slowly up the long warehouse. Just then a young Scotchman, shovel on shoulder, followed me up, and asked me if I would work at the coal. "Certainly not; nor did I ever come to Canada to become a coal heaver," I answered. At that, he threw his shovel out of his hands as far as he could, saying he wouldn't either. The falling shovel made a resounding noise, which at once attracted the attention of the foreman. He quickly took in what had happened. He next hastened up to where I was calmly standing. Tiger-like he yelled out, "Are you going to shovel coal?" "'Tis the least of my notion," I answered.

"Then, byjeesuskrist, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company will keep no such man upon its payroll. You not only refuse to do what you're told yourself, but you're putting badness into other men's heads. You can come around tomorrow and get your time."

The men went to their work, as ordered. Later on I appeared at the foreman's office and demanded my time in full. "Sparling," he said, "you do things too hastily, you had better go to your boarding house and come back tomorrow when the boat comes in and continue your work." He was so nice about it, I so agreed.

For more than six weeks longer I stayed in the service of the company. Most of the men praised me for the independence shown. But I considered it quite unfair, even though I was willing, to take away the

work from the regular coal-heavers, for which they received twenty-five cents an hour, and do it for only fifteen cents per hour. The foreman also treated me with more courtesy than before the coal incident. He promised to watch for an opportunity to send me back free to Winnipeg, from whence I came. Such chances quite frequently offered themselves, as horses and other live-stock were sent west by boat, then had to be accompanied by a caretaker in the cars to their destination. But even this kindness on his part I refused.

Thus one day, I called at his office, making a final demand for my time in full. He said he wouldn't pay me until I brought a receipt from my boarding-house landlady showing that my board bill was paid up. It had been the custom of the Company to turn over at the paycar every month all moneys due boarding-house keepers. However, this was never done in my case. I was fairly well able to take care of my living expenses as they matured.

Insisting, therefore, upon discontinuing in the service of the great Canadian railway company, I received what I had due me, after my fare from Winnipeg to Port Arthur was deducted, something wellnigh thirteen dollars, or three cents per mile. Contracts read that if the men finished the season, at the close of navigation free transportation would be tendered them to Winnipeg, along with having their fare to their work also remitted. But in case of quitting the company before seeing the season through, the price of a first-class ticket would be withheld from wages due, the quitter receiving the balance. This was my lot. I was not sent back, nor did I care to go. Neither did I have a first-class passage down, although nothing less would satisfy the big transportation company to hold out.

Green as I was in those early days of my sojourn, this giant-like corporation found it difficult enough to

browbeat me into their small and shabby way of dealing with men. Quite naturally, ever since I bade adieu to the northern country myself, I have been very much interested in the whys and wherefores others also took their departure therefrom.

Port Arthur, on Lake Superior, and Fort William, on the Kaministiquia river, are sister towns, about four miles apart. Both are very nicely situated, by reason of which advantage many tourists and pleasure-seekers often summer there, availing themselves of the many opportunities found in that neighborhood for fishing, fowling and camping out. The climate is particularly pleasant during the hot season, owing to the close proximity of the big lake, and angling is peculiarly fascinating in these parts owing to the many little rivulets and small lakes there abounding. Besides all this the surrounding country is park-like, being beautifully adorned by trees, and many other natural advantages.

It was amid these environments I put in four months of the summer season of 1890. Less favored surroundings could hardly have begotten so charming a lot of townspeople. Port Arthur was much the larger town of the two in those days. The town up stream seemed to be little more than a base for large grain elevators; but since those embryo days. I am informed, Fort William has outstripped its nearest neighbor in point of population and commercial importance.

One more advantage these twin cities have that might be mentioned here. Travelers and tourists, railing it east or west, find them a convenient resting spot. Westbound parties, having seen nothing but rocks, rivers, lakes and ragged mountains all the way from North Bay, a distance of nearly 650 miles, feel gratified upon their arrival at these nice breathing spots. The country just left behind is one of the most

uninviting possible. It would take a globe-trotter to discover much worse. In and out around the arms of Lake Superior, one finds little to admire, save the pluck and sagacity of the founders of the C. P. railway. Almost barren of a rib of grass, vegetation, or human habitation, is this entire stretch of country. Rat Portage (now Kenora), bordering on the boundary line separating the provinces of Ontario and Manitoba, is the last breathing spot noticeable to all eastbound passengers until the twin towns are reached, quite 300 miles further east.

We, therefore, cannot wonder at these hardy people priding themselves on their pleasantly-situated towns. Once I happened to be on hand when the Duke of Connaught, with his retinue, passed home that way from the Far East. Of course we didn't let him get by without the mayor and other city authorities stepping aboard his private car and presenting him with an address. Few in fact try to get past on this the Dominion's main iron artery for coast-to-coast traffic, without being entertained in some way by these good Port-Arthur-Fort-William Canadians. The duke named was Queen Victoria's son.

Well, I betook myself away from the scenes of my summer work, practically shoved out of Canada, through its back door, by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's representative. But what cared I for all these things? I got into the place by rail, and I was getting out of it by navigation. Across the lake we headed in our shore-hugging mail steamer. Ordinarily we would get to Duluth, Minnesota, in one night's steaming. But having to call in for and deliver mail matter to the fishermen all along the way, we touched shore many times. We all felt pleased with this innovation. Quite a number of passengers were aboard. Several nice Chicago tourists were on the fast-running

little steamer, and, while in their company, I began to like Yankees so well that I already imagined I had made a mistake not to betake myself away from the Canadian shore earlier. A story worth relating was told, which I will undertake to tell again. Chicago men are celebrated for many good things, amongst which might be mentioned storytelling. So we all listened with interest. It ran: A certain drunkard could not be kept sober no matter how his friends tried. So they contrived a plan to frighten the drink habit out of him. Accordingly they dug a grave in the cemetery, placed him while in a drunken stupor in a coffin, buried him in the new-made grave, lightly covering him with grass, ferns and such like. Sobering up in due time, he crawled out of his grave, and standing by the side of it, scanned the surrounding gravestones, then suddenly clapped his hands exclaiming, "Resurrection morning, and I am the first on deck."

I was now lock, stock and barrel out of Canada. However, I had made many very estimable friends in that country, and it was my intention to return to visit them again sometime. This chance did not come to me until more than six years afterwards.

One September, years after my departure from Canada, I felt as if I needed a rustic outing, and thinking of my friends in Ontario I hastened thither. It was a charming time of the year and I enjoyed this renewal of old acquaintanceship thoroughly.

As usual, they were working hard. It was the same old grind with them from 5 a. m. until all hours p. m., but different with me. Having educated myself at a college, I now held more important posts than soil cultivation. But I found my friends satisfied, and when you meet folk happy and contented with their lot in life, it is a very safe procedure to let them continue so. In the modest walks of life many men are

a tower of strength and usefulness, while in the more exalted spheres they would turn out miserable failures. Thus it was with my Canadian country friends. In their old home environments, they were joyously content, and their happiness increased, if anything, at the opportunity offered when returning friends called upon them for entertainment, for nowhere do we find a more hospitable and entertaining class of people than the Canadians resident in the province of Ontario. Thus I found them, and of their manifold courtesies I drank deep for six weeks. Could not break away sooner. During the time I renewed old acquaintances, and made many new ones. At church, in their homes, and at the market places I met and enjoyed their company. Compared with American city life, which had fallen to my lot for several years back, my rustication seemed like a paradise amongst such estimable friends and delightful entertainers. It was thus with mixed feelings that I departed from their midst. These were, gratefulness for past favors, and a determination to come again and again, which good resolution I have sacredly kept.

Returning once more to the United States, I did not again call on Canadians for several years. Meanwhile I kept in rather close touch with affairs in that country, through newspapers and private correspondents.

Entering Canada at Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, traveling over the "Soo" railway line, which is an auxiliary of the Canadian Pacific, I was somewhat entertained on the train by a Canadian fellow-passenger, with whom I struck up an acquaintance. During our conversation I very quickly perceived that my newfound friend was a very enthusiastic colonist. I asked him why the Dominion was so backward. Being well primed with facts pertaining to the development and population of Canada, I knew whereof I spoke. Indeed, I

was much surprised when this apparently intelligent gentleman undertook to assure me that the great cause for Canada's backwardness lay in the drink evil. He further assured me that the time was now fast approaching when the Dominion of Canada would lead all other countries in the total prohibition of liquor.

This was all news to me, for I am stating the God's truth when I say that up to the time of this train talk I had never touched, tasted, nor handled either spirituous, vinous or fermented liquors all the while I was in that country; nor did I see many others doing so. But coming from the great republic, right here a new light dawned upon me, and the more I saw of Canada and Canadians from that day on, the more I became convinced that this form of colonial narrowness had more to do with retarding the growth and prosperity of the colony than all other evils put together. The gentleman, who so unwittingly aroused me to action along investigating lines pertaining to this so-called handicap to Canadian progress, happened to be a physician and surgeon. He was on his way to make a professional call, or calls, in some small measles-stricken community along the railway line. That a doctor should talk so foolish, was a mystery to me, when I knew that many a life has been saved by the administration of liquor, when other drugs and antidotes failed. That such a useful commodity should be prohibited by any civilized people, was far beyond my comprehension, and I at once attributed this physician's foolishness to an unfortunate colonial idea that has worked a world of harm in Canada.

This was my second visit to the old stamping grounds, but, owing to press of business in the United States, where I was interested, I did not have a chance to stay long. But while I was in the country I made the most of my time, getting around extensively. All

the old boys, who had not left the country, were working in the usual Canadian way—from dawn to dark—day in and day out. Instead of seeing earmarks of a forward march, I beheld evidences of decay and backwardness here and there. Towns and villages, which gave every reason to believe would eventually develop into places of importance, had fallen into public notice just the opposite.

My next annoyance to Canadian friends was made two years afterwards. Other similar visitations have been made at stated intervals about two years apart since. On each of these occasions, I made new discoveries regarding Canadian life, when brought into comparison with the customs of the people of the United States. Each successive trip more emphatically impressed me with the fact that there was something seriously wrong with Canada and Canadians that must be righted some time, ere the country can make that headway, which is its due, by reason of its size and geographical location. Like Ireland, Canada has lost its greatest asset—the loss of its native brain and brawn of the youthful and accomplishing variety; but, unlike the Green Isle, the Dominion has secured instead enough of the rang-and-tang element of other countries to strike a balance sheet insofar as population is concerned. That the swap gives Canada the worst end of the deal, from one viewpoint, is certain; but that it is beneficial in another aspect is equally true.

For more than twenty years I had been visiting and passing through the province of Ontario, learning new things pertaining to its life, religion and industry every time. I had approached it by nearly all its land arteries, as well as its water communication, for I had landed both at Quebec and Montreal, which is the extreme head of ocean navigation. But I had not visited

Western Canada since I first left it in April, 1890. My next move was in that direction.

Starting from the Minnesota cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul, I arrived in Winnipeg, Manitoba, after an absence of nearly twenty years. My call was an important one. I went up with the intention of acquiring from twenty thousand to one hundred thousand acres of Canadian wheatlands, away out in the western portion of the country.

I was pleased to see that Winnipeg had made tremendous strides along every line necessary to build up a metropolitan city. It being the gateway to the west, above all else it was desirable that Winnipeg should present a hustling citylike appearance, for first impressions of a new country leave strangers and capitalists in either a mood of pessimism, or optimism, the former if people and their surroundings seem unprogressive, and the latter if evidences of energetic progression are visible. Therefore my first impression of this fine city of the great Canadian west was all that could be desired. Its wide and cleanly kept streets were paved with asphalt, granite paving blocks and other durable materials. Magnificent temples of commerce, known as skyscrapers, numerously studded the well lighted streets and avenues. A superior street car service, and first-class departmental stores, the like of which older and far more important cities could not boast of, were here. Hustle and bustle, all of which betokened a busy commercial life, were witnessed on every hand. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company had but recently put in extensive improvements costing millions of dollars. Their new combination hotel and passenger station was a marvel for completeness and grandeur. The trainshed and business offices of the railroad were worthy of a capital city ten times the magnitude of Winnipeg. Marked improvements in all

directions were observable. An upward and onward movement had gained such an impetus that henceforward slow-going easterners would have to bestir themselves if they desired to keep abreast of western progressiveness. The city of the plains was a thoroughly modern growth. It had practically all taken place within the present decade. Old landmarks were razed and new structures raised in their stead. There was very little left to remind the stranger of the olden days, when the Indian and his Red River cart occupied Main street.

It was into such a town I now came on my land-seeking mission. But advancement was not confined to this prairie gateway. The entire country west of it had felt the footprints of life and activity. Within a very short space of time, marvellous strides had been made in soil cultivation as well. Settlers had poured from the western states of the United States into the Western Canadian provinces. They were after the virgin soil yet available there. With them came money and movables. Lands in their own country having been picked over many times, the restless spirit of up-and-doing so proverbially attached to the name of Yankee, drove them thither seeking new fields to conquer. The Canadians had land in abundance to sell, and were putting forth every effort to sell it; while the Americans were in the market for land and had the money to pay for it at any cost.

When an American goes after anything, he usually gets it. Therefore, he did not go empty-handed when making his bid for Canada's fair soil. But he traveled thither in a businesslike manner, aboard his own private car, fully equipped with an efficient corps of chefs, waiters, porters and such other employees as became necessary to warrant a certain degree of comfort while exploiting the fertile regions of the Dominion.

It was with such a party I cast my lot in Winnipeg. It was not a party of land novices. It was made up of men who had helped to build up the United States into a world-power. They had caught and tamed the wild and woolly plains of their own country, and were now eager to put the practically untouched portions of Canada through the same process.

Yankees are not last in getting there, but first. Accordingly we traveled over the half-spiked and unfinished roadbed of the new national transcontinental railway line, the Grand Trunk Pacific. We did not operate our improvised train of gravel cars, to the rear end of which our coaches were attached by the dispatcher at headquarters, but paddled along as best we could under track orders. So warped and uneven did the newlaid rails seem that at times we imagined we would become ditched. However, these fears were not verified, and as we ran slowly and carefully along, rolling in our berths from side to side as the coaches swayed and swung violently, I mused in my mind that the future of Western Canada was at last assured. Heretofore it had fallen upon evil days, being partially peopled by a shiftless and moneyless lot, who proved anything but stayers. Now empire-builders had taken hold. Traveling over the prairie in vehicles and automobiles, we here and there stopped at the modest homes of plucky settlers, to test their water and analyze their living conditions. Invariably the answers to our prying inquiries were optimistic.

A ten-day trip with a live, wide-awake and intelligent body of American landseekers and landlookers was an agricultural education not soon to be forgotten. We passed through a country that I had personally walked over twenty years before. Then it was practically valueless, and no one cared to take it for the asking.

The Almighty Himself had been trying to give it away for thousands of years, but failed.

The Canadian government had advertised it as free, but it was all to no use, people looked sideways at it and passed on.

Finally the Canadian Pacific Railway Company came along and reluctantly agreed to accept some thirty million acres, or more, of it. The few who took it up first, got tired of their prospects and decamped. The railway people sold at a nominal price many acres, requiring small payments down, the balance in long-drawn-out installments, but the payments were rarely met, the land reverting back to the company.

But this was all a part of the Divine plan. In the eyes of Providence the time had not yet arrived when this immense fertile region was to be fully and finally brought under the hand of man, in order that a full measure of human use might be derived from it.

A far-seeing Creator does not permit one generation to catch all the fish in the sea; or mine all the minerals and coal in the bowels of the earth; nor allow all the virgin soil to be impoverished by them; but instead a full share is reserved for the use of future generations untouched and unexploited. Thus we notice, wealthy mining strikes in out-of-the-way and unexplored regions at intervals of fifty years apart. We have heard of the California gold discoveries in 1849. We have also noticed the Klondyke rush for the yellow metal a half century later.

Thus I have briefly illustrated the ways of nature. God has a plan for doing everything, and He rarely deviates from it. Moreover He treats all things alike. So with the great Canadian west. The time had not yet come for it to be fully understood in those days of which I speak. It had arrived at last, though, and we were there as the forerunners.

After a fifty-mile drive over the vast prairie one day, I stood at the opening of our tent and watched a heavenly sight never to be forgotten for its grandeur. It seemed as if the beauties of the upper world were shining approvingly down upon us. They were the Northern Lights, or more commonly known as the aurora borealis. Suddenly away in the southeast we could notice a rather brilliant light start in a beclouded sky. Then it went shooting and stretching out its electrical display until the entire firmament was one panorama of brilliance and grandeur. Such a magnificent sight I had never before witnessed. Mirages, and many other prairie illusions, I had previously seen and noticed; but this was the first time I had witnessed the renowned "lights" with such resplendent splendor. We were all charmed with the beautiful sight. It seemed as if the Almighty and ourselves had arrived at the same time, He to give the country an improved climate, and we to take full advantage of the good things a Supreme Being saw fit to bestow upon us. In many instances God and man have to work together, in order to fulfil the Divine plan. I considered the present was a time for united action. Already it had been proved beyond all doubt that with the cultivation of the soil came a change in climate. The harnessing of the one tamed the other. Then together they went hand-in-hand carrying out the ways of nature.

As I stood there that memorable night, after viewing the works of man and reviewing the doings of the Supreme power, I could not avoid exclaiming within myself that, "The Bigness of this Big Country cannot help fascinating Big Men into doing Big Things." Upon one and the same day I had seen the earthly intermix with the heavenly, both bearing testimony.

We came, we saw, we were satisfied. Bringing up the tail end of a long string of ballasting cars, we

HOOFING THE PRAIRIE.



C. JOHN SPARLING.
(A summer scene in western Canada.)

started on the return trip to Winnipeg. Our coaches were crowded with men jubilant over what they saw. The new railroad being yet in the hands of the construction department, without accident we arrived in Winnipeg.

Harvest time was fast approaching in the northwest, and harvest hands were arriving by the thousand on trouble trains from the east. These trains are so dubbed by reason of the rough-and-tumble element that takes advantage of the cheap rates offered by them to get to the golden wheat fields. Had heard a great deal about them, so I took advantage of the opportunities offered at this time to see them for myself. Stepping into the trainshed, I found one about to steam west with its load of trouble-makers. Its make-up consisted of twenty colonist sleepers, a bumper boxcar next to the tender, and a big freight engine, that the conductor in charge assured me would waltz the long string of cars, and its living freight, out west at the rate of forty miles an hour.

Twenty years before I had traveled in similar coaches, and under almost identical conditions. So as a reminder of old times, I took pains to walk through the entire train, beginning at the first and ending at the last so-called coach. Every car, every seat below and above, were occupied with as hardy a lot of men as could well be found anywhere. They had come a long distance, and seemed more or less fatigued. But they were a brawny lot of empire-builders, and such as would lead the casual observer to believe that the harvest fields these willing harvesters got into would be quickly taken care of. As precautionary measures against loss to the company, and damage to the cars, all unnecessary decorations and trimmings were removed from the stripped train of cars. There it stood late in the evening dimly lighted, unupholstered, un-

watered and insanitary. It was the product of the C. P. R., a pioneer in such comfortless and inconvenient rolling stock. But it was a money-maker for the transportation company, notwithstanding the low rate given to travel upon it. Of course it never ran upon schedule. Nor did it encumber the tracks when more important traffic required the right-of-way. It became side-tracked when it suited, and went forward when it did not impede the progress of other trains.

Nor were these Canadian citizens allowed the use of the regular passenger station. A part of it was fenced off and there the Canadian harvester was penned in, so that he could not intermix with other passengers.

Just think of it. Right in his own country he was thus humiliated. Even this sort of treatment is not quietly submitted to by the new arrivals from European non-English speaking countries. But the average Canadian doesn't look for much and gets it. As long as he is permitted to work unmolested from early morning until late at night, he seems satisfied. In this particular he is fortunate, for very few from other nations try to outrival him in that respect. Foreigners seek better things.

These trains have to be policed, and are not fit for women to travel upon. From start to finish rowdyism reigns supreme. Excursionists thus traveling have to provide their own grub, which, in the majority of cases, is principally whiskey. Sustentation upon such fare for a period of two or three days does not produce that harmony amongst these rough travelers that quiet people happening to be aboard might wish for.

Between the old province of Manitoba and the new Saskatchewan province I spent over a month of great activity in getting around, during which time I looked and learned. Nearly every moment spent in the Canadian west was fruitful of new and unlooked-for

revelations. Large cities and good-sized towns were, phoenix-like, springing up at many points. New railroads were being built, and old lines extended and branched. Lands heretofore practically unsalable, or if sold at all fetched only a few dollars per acre, were now easily marketed at prices varying from ten dollars an acre to one hundred dollars, according to location and nearness to railroads, towns and cities.

Science and scientific research were proving to the satisfaction of all, that where large stretches of country were broken up and brought under cultivation, there was nothing whatever to be feared from early frosts, hitherto the arch enemy of the grain grower in these parts. It was discovered that ploughed land soaked in and absorbed sufficient heat during the hot part of the day to give out at night to ward off and antagonize these frosts. Therefore, large areas of up-turned soil presented a barrier against the possibility of crop failure from frost. These and many other new discoveries were made in the west, all of which impressed me most favorably, and which I am pleased to give here for the benefit of possible calamity howlers into whose hands this work may fall.

Having once more taken the pains to visit the western end of the Dominion of Canada, I took my departure therefrom and went to Eastern Canada once more, arriving in Toronto the latter part of November, 1908. The previous winter I spent in the British Isles, and not caring to cross over so soon again, I decided to pass the winter amongst my old friends in Ontario. That the months following brought me into closer contact with Eastern Canadians, their ways, their general condition and working methods I very quickly perceived. Men seemed very scarce, having gone either to the United States or the Canadian northwest. For those who stayed, work was abundant, wages high and

working hours considerably curtailed. The slave-driving that was so prevalent everywhere in years gone by had been superseded by a more rational mode of doing things. The youth of the unfortunate country had grown very tired of the drudgery imposed upon them by hard-working fathers, and fled. Work that the old fellows could have performed with ease, and freedom from fatigue, owing to their more rugged old country constitutions, more fully developed still by the pioneering incident to the clearing up of a bush-covered country, could not be managed at all by the younger generations, who seemed to have neither the strength nor inclination to continue in the steps of their fathers and forefathers.

From house to house I visited my very many friends all through the winter season. The ladies in each place treated me most courteously. But that is their natures. Nowhere can a more hospitable class be found. For cleanliness, good cookery and neatly kept homes, the women of Canada are par excellence. I have always found that if one wishes to be courteous and obliging, people, almost without exception, will meet you more than half way. On the other hand, if a person goes around the world with a sour disposition, seeking trouble; or with a chip on his shoulder daring anybody to knock it off, will very soon find himself accommodated. I have further noticed that if a man wants a pleasant time upon fun-making occasions, he must be agreeable, turning in and doing his full moiety. Then there will be little room for the complaint that the thing was a frost. Of this there need be no doubt whatever.

Well, I was at all times happy when it lay in my power to assist the ever-working Canadian ladies in their own homes. I would fill the kitchen woodbox with stovewood from the woodshed, prepare a small

quantity of lightwood for kindling the fire in the morning, pump and fetch in hard water from the well, fill the reservoir in the back part of the cooking stove with soft water from the cistern and occasionally help the girls wipe the dishes after the meal was over; also churn once in a while. These, and such other little knick-knacks as would fall to my notice, I took pleasure in performing, often to the amusement of my kind hostesses.

Then again, when I met the ladies in the town on market days, I would avail myself of the opportunity of putting away their horses in the shed, carry their baskets into the market-place, give a paper of sweets to the girls, often invite them to the hotel to have dinner with me, which invitation nearly always went unaccepted, owing to the eager desire of these industrious farmeresses to be back home at dinnertime.

Canadian ladies delight in getting the highest prices and best prizes for their products. Before disposing of their goods they will first wear out the patience of buyers, ere they give in. Any ordinary Ontario housewife would consider she had been humiliated, were she obliged to accept a cent less than the highest market price for her eggs, butter, poultry, etc. Second-class goods, or varying prices they never tolerate. If their products are not up to the topnotch in quality, they will not be exposed for sale at all. Home consumption will take care of the overflow, for Canadians never deny themselves anything in the eating line. During the busy seasons, such as the springtime, harvesting, or ploughing terms, these active ladies do all the marketing, unbothered by men, leaving them at home attending to the fieldwork. But at other times in the year, men usually accompany the women to town.

Many funny and pleasing little incidents came to pass during my rather long sojourn in Eastern Canada

at this time. Once I was at a home, where I noticed one of the young ladies making and baking cookies and confectioneries nearly all day long, and to such an extent that I waxed inquisitive. "What are you preparing all that stuff for, Gertie?" I asked.

"Oh, for the party tonight," she answered.

"What party?"

"Over at ———."

"Well, I'm going."

"Why, you can't go."

"I'd like to know why not, for I go everywhere."

"Sure it's an invited party, and you're not invited. Nobody but members of the League is going."

"What League?" I asked.

"The Epworth League."

"Well, that cuts no figure with me whether I'm invited or not, I'll go anyway."

"Well, alright, if you go I'll make a whole pie for yourself."

"That's a bargain now, so fetch it along with us, for I'll ride over with ye when you're going."

"Oh, you can't do that, for then we'd get the blame for bringing you, and the house won't be able to hold half the people that will be there, anyway."

"Well, lookout for me, for I'll go on my own hook and be there sooner than yourself."

It being a fine frosty moonlight night, I started off early. In due time I arrived at the private home where the festivities were to take place. Knowing the people well, I made bold. The young lady of the house appeared in answer to my knock. I explained that, even though I wasn't invited, I came on my own account, and that if she didn't feel like inviting me in I'd walk right off, and there would be no harm done. But Miss ——— didn't let me go away. Instead she gave me a most cordial invitation to come in, which I did, she

leading the way to the nearest downstairs bedroom, put away my hat, coat and cane, took me around and introduced me to the already arrived, finally bidding me be seated and get into the games.

To be late for church is no uncommon occurrence among the country people. In one house I was staying, the women were only finishing up their household work, and the boys their chores when the clock announced the hour service was supposed to commence. To this I called their attention. But they quickly told me the clock was fast. "How fast?" I asked. This query innocently provoked an argument. One claimed it was only ten minutes, another a quarter of an hour, while yet another said it was a half hour. But they all agreed that church service didn't ever begin at the moment.

Hearing all this, I advised them to set the clock just right, then there would be no room for such senseless contradictions. To make matters worse, they had a drive of more than four miles before they arrived at the church. Of course, I started off walking, much against their wishes, for they wanted me to drive with them. It being at all times no matter where I am, very distasteful to me to enter late, I never wait for the slow-moving. So I went to church on this occasion alone, and was in good time. In fact I got there before the preacher himself.

It was a Wesleyan-Methodist church, and located not very far from the wrecked village of Vroomanton, in the township of Brock, Ontario. When the preacher, who had many other appointments for the day, began the service, he was several minutes slow in doing so. The regular hour was 10:30 a. m., and he didn't take his place until nearly 11 a. m. Even then the organist, class-leader, nor many other prominent members of the congregation hadn't been ushered into their respective pews. Indeed the most important part of the day's

worship was gone through ere the entire congregation arrived. They were coming in ones and twos all through it.

I noticed the preacher prayed for the Fenians in Ireland; the nihilists in Russia; socialists in other countries; anarchists in the United States; heathen in China, and such other folk throughout the world denied gospel teaching, but never touched his own little flock. Had he prayed for the young women late in getting to church; the young men who were just shaving preliminary to hitching up their horses before driving to the "meetin' house," those on the way already, those in the church on time, and those tying their horses in the shed, he would have aimed direct at those members of his own charge, for which he was directly receiving his stipend. But the Canadians have such a pronounced and well-developed habit of reforming all others, as well as themselves, that even the preacher in the confusion zealously overlooks his own.

Canadians are desperately religious, and owing to this failing I have quite frequently been the butt of more or less censure. Late one Saturday night, in the home of one of these patriarchal personages, who sees violations of God's law almost at every hand's turn, I was quite severely reprimanded. It happened in this way: Reaching my hand up to my chin, I said: "I need a shave badly, but I guess I'll let it go until the morning." The good man sat up and took notice, saying: "For pity sake, don't shave around here on Sunday." That was sufficient. I respected his religious feelings by shaving at once.

Upon another occasion I unknowingly gathered the shoe shining outfit about me, and was industriously polishing my boots, when the same man again caught me. Addressing me, he said: "What are you doing there?"

"Shining up," I awkwardly replied.

"Who gave you them brushes on Sunday?"

"I got them myself."

"Well, you are a very favored man, for no one was ever let clean their boots on Sunday here before." Of course I reasoned with him to the effect that if you clean your boots only once a week, and that you picked out the Sabbath for doing so, it would be a violation; but when a person did so daily, making no exception of Sunday, it was harmless. My explanation was accepted. However, I considered it so at any rate.

But jokes were not always on my side. Once in a while they would get the laugh upon me. So it came to pass that as I was sojourning in the township of Scott I stayed at the home of a friend one night. At breakfast next morning, I was joshing my host and hostess, in the presence of their hired hands, about the Canadians being "easy marks." I claimed they were victimized by every fake and fraud that happened to go the road. I even went so far upon this jovial occasion as to say that they were caught in uncovered traps. After the morning meal was over, I carelessly walked over a trapdoor leading to the cellar and located right in the middle of the kitchen floor, in order to straighten a picture hanging a wee bit crooked on the wall. Having done so, I began to leisurely back up towards the center of the floor; but to my sad surprise I was badly shocked by a sudden drop into the cellar, some eight feet to the floor. I got badly shaken up internally, along with having quite a large piece of flesh gouged out of one of my shinbones. It so happened that while I was busying myself with the wall picture, the light-footed lady of the house had softly stepped over to the trap, lifted it up, preparatory to carrying down the foods left over. Discovering that I was not painfully hurt, my friends had quite a laugh

at my expense, all of which I hear about unto this day.

Never yet have I called upon a Canadian family without being graciously received. The nearest approach to anything of that sort took place in the same township as the above incident. Uninvited, I dropped into the home of a gentleman one Sunday afternoon. I knew the ladies of the family, but had never met him. Not seeing him around the place, I took the liberty of asking how and where he was. They said he was well, adding that he had gone to visit a neighbor. This was sufficient, so I continued my visit long after teatime. After whittling away a very social evening, I departed. A short time after this call, I was told by some country gossip, that the gentleman at whose home I had spent that evening was not visiting a neighbor, as they said, but hiding in the barn, in order not to meet me. This bit of news did not fret me in the least. He had no reason to flee from his own house and take refuge with the livestock. I hoped Mr. ——— had as pleasant a time in the barn as I had in his house.

In marked contrast to this, I will proclaim to the world the honor I received from a gentleman and his lady, whom I had not visited in twenty-three years. Both were delighted to see and entertain me. Work of every kind was suspended by him while I was at his house. But her labor was increased considerably, by reason of my call, owing to the great pains she went to dine me to her liking. With them I had often worked in the days long since gone by. This most hospitable couple took pains to tell me that I was at all times welcome to their home; that their relatives and friends came and visited them when they cared to do so; but that any of their old hired help were welcomed far beyond all others, as their coming betokened humane treatment while working with them. Thus it gave

them exquisite pleasure to receive and entertain their old hired men whenever they cared to come.

Their warm-hearted hospitality bore testimony to their kind utterings, both of which had the right ring. This good-natured couple were Mr. George Marquis and his estimable wife, he being a brother to Mr. James Marquis, the first man I ever hired a year to in the Dominion of Canada. James had long since departed this life, but his widow and family made it pleasant for me whenever I visited their home, which had of late years changed from the Fourth Concession of Brock to the Third of the same township, while Mr. George Marquis' home was located on the side road between the Second and Third Concessions, also of Brock.

I was at a barn-raising one afternoon, where a large body of men had assembled to put up and hammer together the already prepared timbers of a large barn. This is quite a fete day in that particular part of the country in which the new barn is being erected. The men generally separate themselves into two squads, each side selecting its own so-called captain. When the timbers are all up, and the "yoheave" heard no more, the winning side get to the supper tables first. The young ladies for many miles around are present in their dainty white dresses, to serve the men and wait on the tables. But what caused me the most surprise in this undertaking was the delicacies provided for the strong and muscular men. Salmon sandwiches, a dozen different kinds of pie, an endless variety of cake, cookies, jam tarts, ginger snaps, wafers, angel food, kisses (these are a sort of confectionery), apple sauce, and other sauces, preserves, etc. This elaborate layout seemed to me wholly unfit food for hungry men. I considered it far more adapted for a Sunday-school picnic. I further ruminated that if an aggregation of Irishmen at home were offered such a dainty table, they

would be apt to walk off disgusted; preferring to have such edibles as meat, spuds, bread, butter and tea; all washed down with a pint of Dublin Stout. Dancing generally takes place after a barn-raising, and continues until late in the evening.

Canadians do many things which appear odd to passersby. For instance, farmers would go to an auction sale, and would bid up things they sought to buy far above their value, in order to give a note in settlement instead of cash down; the custom being that all amounts below ten dollars are cash, while sums exceeding that figure would be settled by note, or joint notes, as the case may be. At this simple expedient for not paying right down, I have often wondered.

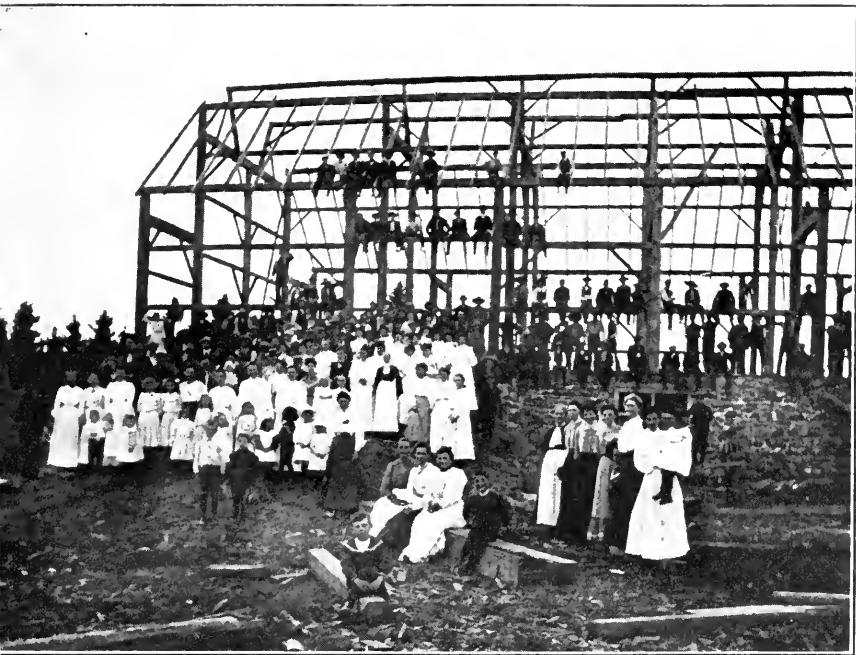
The preaching industry has taken on such vast proportions in Canada now that the growing youth nearly all want to be preachers of the gospel, instead of entering industrial walks of life. They seem to be inclined to the churchy-churchy side, rather than the more strenuous callings.

The goody-goody Canadian girl also has a hankering for the cloth, and will not reject an opportunity to become a preacher's wife. But the nice girls of Canada are worthy of the best the matrimonial market can afford, for thrift, coupled with a keen desire to make every dollar do a dollar's worth, are her most pronounced traits.

Canada could almost supply all Christendom with preachers, missionaries, mission workers and reformers of every known variety in this the twentieth century. Poor but pious, they are willing to contribute their share to the world's evangelization. But there are more crying needs for their services in undeveloped Canada, ere it will make much progress, than preaching.

So much for country life. I will now try and devote a little time to the city side. If such a thing were pos-

A CANADIAN HALF-HOLIDAY IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD.



A CANADA BARN RAISING ON A FARM.

sible, here is where we find the silly and ridiculous side of Canadian life more of a shining mark than in the country. For my subject I have selected Canada's most important English-speaking city. It is Toronto, Ontario.

There is nothing new about this town, it having a population of over ten thousand souls seventy-five years ago. But it has none of the earmarks of a metropolitan city about it. It is situated something like Chicago, having inter-lake navigation. But while Chicago has been governed along broad and liberal lines, Toronto has been handicapped by a narrow policy, which has worked worlds of harm in its growth and progress.

Such an unc cosmopolitan course is undoubtedly harmful, and retards advancement. On reaching Canada, and Toronto in particular, I feel like a boy reduced from the high school to the kindergarten. Nor is this a prejudiced statement. What surprise is it? Canadian cities have suffered a lamentable loss by the exodus of their brain and sinew to the United States, which unfortunate outpouring has continued unabated for twenty-five years to my own knowledge. Ontario has suffered in that particular more than any other part of the Dominion, owing to its closeness to the republic.

An experienced, observant and well-traveled person can tape a town, and thus get the measurements of its citizens.

This I have done in the case of Toronto, situated on Lake Ontario.

Never have I visited or lived in a city, either in America or Europe, where there are such long-drawn-out streets, upon which front low-sized buildings. Nor never have I been in a place where so many candy stores are to be seen in proportion to the size. Therefore, to my way of thinking, I would say that diminutive establishments, in this age of big undertakings

along all lines of trade and commerce, are indicative of a small calibered people wherever centered. Torontonians boast of a population exceeding three hundred thousand souls. They have two large departmental stores. They face each other, and both are located on the opposite corners of Queen and Yonge streets. The larger of the two is the T. Eaton Company, Limited. The smaller is the Robert Simpson Co., Limited. The former comprises a patchwork of buildings acquired from time to time by its progressive owner, Timothy Eaton, an Irishman.

Mr. Eaton was one of the go-ahead type of Irishmen, and a tower of strength to commercial Canada. The company he organized has many manufacturing ramifications, even extending as far west as Winnipeg, where the same enterprising firm also owns one of the largest and most modern establishments in America.

If Canada had many such citizens, their tremendous influence would be felt throughout its three thousand-two-hundred miles from east to west, and fourteen hundred miles from north to south.

The generous spirit of the Irishman pervades the T. Eaton Company, for it is a well advertised fact that it has corralled practically the entire retail and manufacturing business of Toronto. This has been accomplished through the liberal dealings meted out to its patrons; the courteous treatment accorded its numerous employees; the humane usages enjoyed by its thousands of factory hands, all of which the citizens of the city keenly appreciate.

But it is magnanimous in one other totally unlooked-for respect. This is the company's ardent desire to deal honorably with its less fortunate competitor across Queen street. The T. Eaton Company, therefore, closes its doors each day at 5 p. m., while The Robert Simpson Company keeps open one-half hour longer, thus catch-

ing all the belated buyers pouring forth from the great universal emporium on the opposite side. I have bought goods in many cities, and I have got checks and drafts cashed in many banks and counting houses; but here I consider it my bounden duty to say that, no matter what my experiences were in other places, I always found the T. Eaton Company, Limited, of Toronto and Winnipeg, able to give me a more satisfactory bargain in my purchases, as well as a slightly smaller discount in my financial dealings. It is with cheerfulness and willingness I voluntarily give the largest concern in Canada, in the commercial field, this little testimony.

If the Dominion of Canada, from a national viewpoint, was handled and governed along the same broad lines of bigness and broadness as the T. Eaton Company is along commercial and manufacturing lines, it would not have the tale of woe to unfold to the world that it is now daily unfolding. Its governmental narrowness has been its undoing. This will be borne out as I continue to unravel my Canadian criticisms.

Toronto has a great many ably edited daily and other newspapers. But there is so little doing in the half-dead town there is a dire dearth of news. However, readers are of such a high moral character, and there are so many agencies for reform, that religious inclinations and inspirations are at all times kept up to a fever heat. News pertaining thereto is the most acceptable, and the city's pulpits are the principal sources from which it flows. When some heretofore unheard-of preacher suddenly springs a sensationally new type of theology upon his hearers, the daily papers get it. Then other preachers take it up, and either approve or condemn. Many other papers and magazines are drawn into the controversial vortex. Then the original pulpit-pounder must be interviewed to

see if he were correctly reported, and also to ascertain his further and latest views. If he don't happen to be at home, the reporter writes up his wife. If she is also absent, the hired girl is questioned, as to what the good man of the house has been saying lately. The controversy grows and grows. Laymen and many other private individuals must get newspaper space to enlarge and enlighten. Thus until something else turns up of a similar nature to again distract the attention of the writing public from the correspondents columns, the papers teem with correspondence pro and con.

All this is a journalistic mistake. It tends to add unmerited importance to the semi-idle pulpit, all of which the half-occupied clergy take full advantage of. This is another undesirable feature of Canadian life.

"Morality Leagues," "Lord's Day Alliances," W. C. T. U., Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., and innumerable other religious societies have the city of Toronto so firmly in their theoretical grasp that relaxation, or getting down to a sensible and practical basis, seems a physical impossibility. These societies, with the clever and energetic young men out of the country, and the old and one-ideaed in absolute charge throughout the country, run the affairs of the land in such a grandmotherly manner as to make it the butt of ridicule by all sensible people.

The city government has also a morality department. This needless annex of municipal authority must pass upon all theatrical performances ere they are permitted to be produced on a Toronto stage. If the duly constituted inspector fails to eliminate certain suggestive situations, dialogues, questionable scenery, including posters and other advertising matter pertaining to the theatre business, the several other morality departments, representing the various sects and religious bodies, dip in their oars and call a halt. The city seems

to be their private property, in so far as reform and morality are concerned, and they govern things accordingly.

Often have I attended temperance and other meetings in the spacious Massey Music Hall. The promoters and speakers were hardly the most prominent business men of the city. Instead they were the cranks and one-ideaed. They were the well meaning, but misguided, reformers, who worried over every evil, the same appearing to loom up before them like mountains when only mole hills. "We must save our boys," I have heard them frequently exclaim. Gazing around the hall I could see no boys, nor young men, either. Self-respecting boys wouldn't care to go to hear such nonsense. Sermonic eruptions of this nature could have no other effect than to estrange the boys and lead them to believe that they were only irresponsible chattels.

These good people would close up every open bar, every theatre, and almost everything else except the church door to these youngsters, thereby laying the groundwork for a generation of "mollycoddles, sissy boys, cigarette fiends," and such like.

Thus guarded and protected by an overzealous grist of impracticable reformers in their home city, they fall a ready prey when they stray from their parental roofs to seek their fortunes in cities and towns where all these things are permitted seven days in every week. In testimony I will quote from a Toronto paper just one clipping: "A fool and his money soon parted. Canadian youth fleeced of \$520 by poolroom sharks. Was an easy victim." This happened in one of the nearest American cities to the Canadian line. It was Detroit, Mich. Such things are the natural and logical outcome of too much looking after youngsters by kindly disposed people, all of which does not tend to develop a manly and self-reliant generation of boys and girls.

In this day and age it is almost a physical impossibility to have bright boys and capable young men, the new fantangled methods of rearing them being more adapted to the bringing up of easy marks than real men.

In their earliest childhood they are taken in tow by the kindergarten trainer, passed on to the feminine school teacher, and later on turned over to the police department, no minor admitted sign, and laws and by-laws galore. First they are feminized and later so carefully watched over by the guardians of the law that no sense of responsibility is cultivated within themselves. The average parents, of course, are glad to be relieved, and willingly transfer their charges to the lawful authorities. To be rid of such a burden is a very desirable heritage. But our fathers did not have the benefit of these newly-invented innovations in the days of their youth. To this their capabilities readily testified.

Proving the force of this argument, I will here take occasion to quote the heading of a newspaper column clipped from a Toronto daily: "Police methods under censure. Arrest of children for minor offenses deprecated. 1,200 in court last year." Further on in the article it goes on to state that a "policeman had arrested an eight-year-old child, and it was regarded as a shame that innocent children should be haled to the police court as criminals." Is this the way to develop twentieth century manhood? I wot not. But it is the Canadian; yes, and the United States way, in such parts as are yet in an embryo state of semi-silliness.

But these are not the only foolish eases brought into the courts for adjudication. Breaches of the "Lord's Day Act," such as the delivery of cracked ice to keep ice cream in proper condition, selling a cigar on the Sabbath, repairing automobiles, and myriads of other



CANUCK—YANKEE LAW ENFORCEMENT
(for fishing on Sunday.)



trivial offenses performed on Sunday are relentlessly prosecuted in this law-ridden country.

Liquid refreshments on licensed premises from 7 o'clock p. m. Saturday until early Monday morning are strictly prohibited. To my mind there must be something radically wrong when a gentleman of respectability and responsibility cannot get a drink of liquor on Sunday in a city presumed to have over 300,000 of a population. The early closing of bars Saturday evenings, by law, I deemed an unwise one. Laboring men usually have a half-holiday Saturday afternoons, and are thus given an opportunity to get a jag on early. Thus when women shoppers and their children are returning to their homes they are obliged to bump into drunken men who have just been ousted from the drinking places.

Toronto might well be termed the city of modern manna, owing to the large number of unemployed there every winter. Thousands of men surround the city hall seeking work of some kind. Snow shoveling provides the only industry available, and a heavy fall of snow seems a windfall for the distressed workmen unable to secure more substantial labor. This is a very sad condition of things, but unfortunately too true.

The scriptural teaching is that a house divided against itself cannot stand. This applies to Toronto. Its citizens seem to be lined up in two hostile camps the greater part of the time. The reformer wants to reform his unreformed neighbor. The non-drinking seeks to stop his drinking brother. The churchgoer worries himself over the waywardness of his non-churchgoing companion. The temperance individual is keenly annoyed because of the beastly habits of the intemperate. The dealer in dry goods is anxious to drive the dealer in "wet goods" out of business. Clergymen are envious one of another if one con-

gregation proves more generous than another. Politicians without the pale of public office are jealous of their more fortunate political co-workers who are holding office.

These are a few of the evils restraining Toronto's growth and forward march.

During the campaign fought out to the bitter end by the "reductionists" and "anti-reductionists," two new political parties organized for and against the lessening of inebriety and decreasing the number of licensed hotels in the city, or maintaining the number that had been in operation for a great many years, I happened to be residing in the city.

Unlike the United States, where the clergy dabbles in politics the cause invariably gets lost; but in Canada just the opposite—the side taken by the preachers usually wins. It was so in the case under discussion. The clergy got busy, and their cause triumphed.

Girls of voting age, providing their working incomes are up to the property qualification required, have a vote for certain public officers, and on certain municipal questions. A young lady friend of mine was urged by her pastor and Bible-class teacher to go to the judge and make the regular declaration regarding her salary and thus become a qualified voter. She did so. In doing it she had also obligated herself to pay a tax of something over seven dollars. I remonstrated with her, saying that it made little difference to her how the polling turned out and that the tax she left herself liable for would hardly compensate her for the political enthusiasm displayed. Of course, her pastor had said so and that was sufficient. The day for voting came, but she was absent and failed to record her vote. Not having done so, she could not understand why she should pay her taxes, either, never having paid any

before. She admitted that the pastor and Bible teacher did not so explain to her.

Like Ananias and Sapphira, they had "kept back part of the price." Whether it was done unwittingly or wilfully I am unable to say. Suffice, however, to know that such results are obtainable by clerical interference in matters that should be foreign to their cloth and calling.

The loss of its vigorous manhood, the predominating influence exercised by the busybody clergy in Toronto, are intensely felt and noticed. When carefully scanning the faces of the mediocre crowds we meet on the streets we cannot avoid noticing the lack of manly countenances, nor can we fail to attribute the woman-like measures in vogue and enforced in the city to the rapacious desires of the ecclesiastical meddlers for perpetual reform.

Analyzing this Toronto campaign, while leisurely visiting in the city, I could not escape being impressed with many queer things applicable to American cities as well as this Canadian city. Nothing could possibly seem more ridiculous than to have a supposedly metropolitan city run on village lines. Such is quite frequently the case. It so happened in the Toronto instance that a new outlying district had been added to the city, making an additional ward. Village though it was before, the villagers were admitted to full citizenship, the same privileges being accorded them as the citified folk belonging to the old city proper. All the old wards gave a majority against the curtailment of the liquor traffic, while the voters possessing the smaller ideas incident to village life offset the city's plurality and gave a majority for the cutting off of the licenses. Here was taught an object lesson to the effect that countrified folk cannot become citified in an instant. Such a process takes time. In fact, so verdant rustic

are some people that it would consume even a couple of generations ere the operation was complete.

For the benefit of both American and Canadian growing cities desirous of putting on metropolitan airs, and they all have this excusable ambition, newly annexed suburbs should not be permitted to stand on the same footing as the central portion until they have passed through a rigid course of citifying training, thereby drinking down cosmopolitan and metropolitan ideas. Adopting the other plan resembles a case of where the tail wags the dog. Of course, Toronto fell into this rut.

If the city of Toronto wishes to take its place in the ranks with other American cities of the same age and importance its citizens will have to stand unitedly, shoulder to shoulder, for the general welfare of their town. The Orangeman will have to quit antagonizing his Roman Catholic brother, and such signs as "Roman Catholics need not apply" must be taken down and thrown into the wastebasket, no matter whether they apply to the school teaching force or private business firms.

The religiously inclined must quit oppressing their irreligiously disposed brethren by forcing them into the paths of the righteous through sheer legal action. To my way of thinking, a very strange condition of things obtains where we find a community whose inhabitants are so narrow-minded as to have half of them worrying over what the other half are eating, drinking and doing.

I would further take occasion to remark that large hotels, and many other semi-public places and buildings, should be more large-minded and liberal in their treatment of visitors. Hotels should have no such signs as "These Lavatories Positively for the Use of Guests Only," or, "Don't be a Sponge; Keep Out."

Such selfishness is un-American. Be glad to see people sit around the rotundas of your hostelrys. Apparent loafers may be calling upon one of your well-paying guests. As they pass in and pass out they might buy a cigar, a package of cigarettes, a magazine, send a telegram, use the local or long-distance telephone, buy a drink, get a shine, shave, singe or shampoo, use the hotel stationery, thereby advertising it, etc., any of which little transactions leaves money behind and in addition helps to make the hostelry more popular.

Thanks to the big-heartedness of the Yankees, who are pleased to make all comers feel at home. They don't bother with hand towels, but put on large roller wipers, twenty feet long, for the benefit of guests and casual callers.

All this is not meant for Toronto alone. It is applicable to other Ontario towns as well. Western Canada is not included. They do things there in true Yankee fashion already.

Leaving Toronto, I returned to the country, where I continued my rather prolonged stay until the month of June, it being my first opportunity to spend part of the summer in Ontario for twenty years. Thus I was afforded ample time for further observations. While doing so my many long walks in Ireland were recalled. There was quite a striking similarity in very many respects.

Decaying property and a sparse population were conspicuously noticed everywhere. Log-built farmhouses were unoccupied; small churches could be seen here and there no longer used for the purposes to which they were dedicated, doorless and windowless, deserted; little roadside buildings, which were once used as Orange lodges, could be seen unused; also many workmen's cottages untenanted.

These unsought sights in a comparatively new country were witnesses of a rather backward tendency. But there were also redeeming features. Magnificent brick and stone farmhouses were to be seen on every hand, even too nicely furnished and kept up for the owners to use the best rooms except on Sundays or when company came. If anything, Ontario takes first place in its substantially built and comfortable homes, added to which might be mentioned the giant-like barns and fine fruit-growing orchards. These noted barns are usually located on a steep bank: then the cellar, which is built of solid masonry and used for the stabling of all the live stock, is entered from the low side, while the high side affords a driveway onto the next floor, where the winter's provender is stored away. This arrangement enables the farmer to attend to all his outdoor choring indoors, regardless of wind, weather or snow. This farm outfitting is very uptodate and convenient. Windmills do the pumping, chopping of feed, sawing, and such like. Horseforks, cleverly manipulated by pulleys, ropes, blocks and tackle, all carried on a track, securely fastened to the ridge-board of the big barn, do the work, making it possible for the operators to dump their loads of hay, or anything they have to unload, in any part of the large mows they desire. Farm-work thus modernized makes it comparatively easy for the farmer.

In many other ways his work has been lightened also. Hayloaders attached to the hayracks are a great saving of labor. Then there are horseforks for loading up barnyard manure into self-spreading wagons, rendering it unnecessary for the driver to leave his seat until he returns again, the self-acting dumper doing the unloading and spreading with more than human skill and accuracy. All of these ingenious appliances have been a boon to the farmer, whose lot is always

supposed to be an unenviable one. Soil cultivation under twentieth century conditions is a series of amusements and pastimes compared to the oldtime methods.

One of the greatest benefactors the Canadian farmers ever had was the late Thomas John Barnardo, a Dublin man. This gentleman is more familiarly known in Canada as Dr. Barnardo. Through the homes which he established for boys, twenty thousand and more have been sent to Canada, nearly all of them have found places with farmers. Girls have also been sent out in the same way. This humane benevolency has proven a double-header in charitable usefulness. In the first place, good homes have been found for deserving children who had lost their parents or were otherwise thrown helpless upon the world. In the second place, the Canadian households among whom these children were distributed profited by their faithful services. At various times have I had the pleasure to be waited upon by these youngsters at their adopted homes. It pleases me, therefore, to say without qualification that I found each and every one, whether boy or girl, very nice, neat and obliging. They were treated as members of the family, addressing the heads of the household as father and mother, and no matter what the provocation they were seen and not heard. Some of these children are exceedingly well bred and thoroughly trained. Even many of them are accomplished vocal and instrumental musicians. On the whole, these homeless, and frequently parentless, children will compare very favorably in all respects with the Canadian children with whom they are wont to associate. Unhesitatingly, therefore, I will say that no family need for a moment imagine anything evil of these boy or girl waifs. Make them members of your families and don't presume that they are the nameless products of the slums to be shrunk from. For over

twenty years I have seen more or less of them, and I have yet to discover anything in the least doubtful concerning them. Further, I have learnt more of them through their little publication, "Ups and Downs," all of which tends to teach me that the little "Home" children are more than interesting. Give the children a chance, I humbly plead. They are well worthy of such treatment.

It must indeed afford all true Irishmen profound pleasure to know that such a worthy benefactor to so many of the helpless and homeless of the human family was a fellow countryman. His brother is a Dublin business man, his establishment being located on Grafton street. The good works of Dr. Barnardo will continue to live after him.

It was my earnest desire at this time to take back to the Canadian Northwest some of my good Ontario friends. But I found them unreasonably unwilling to become enterprising enough to make a start. When once they get going, however, no better workers or more thrifty settlers are discoverable. They were afraid of the early frosts, drouths and sandstorms. Some were scared off by the flies and the fleas; others were frightened at the thought of going so far from their friends and would never reach their old homes again. They had heard of the calamities that befell others who had gone west. But whatever the fortunes or misfortunes of the friends that pioneered in the west, it was always to be noticed that when they returned east to visit and holiday-make they traveled as first-class passengers upon the regular "Limited" and "Express" passenger trains; while the easterners stayed at home, claiming that they had neither the time nor money necessary for such holiday-making amongst their distant friends in the west. But whenever they did happen to so travel the "homeseekers'" excursion,

the cheap and hard-seated harvester train, the immigrant "Hog Special," which is supposed to be the sole legacy of "filthy foreigners," are considered none too hazardous for these fastidious easterners. They sit in the same seats while making the passage west. Of course, on all other occasions the dirty European, be he a dago or otherwise, is an absolute undesirable.

For the edification of those whose lot in life has not brought them into relationship with the plains I will venture a few further remarks concerning prairie impressions made upon me by later visits thereto.

The calm, smooth and treeless plain seems to be the most peaceful and logical place for man's abode. Hilly, rough and mountainous country would appear the most illogical. Every mariner prefers a smooth sea to a rough and billowy one. Thus the prairie home represents the smooth sailing in a waveless sea; while the hill-and-valley dwelling reminds those occupying it of the bilious feeling incident to seagcing in mountain-high waves. As I have observingly sped along over the well-developed prairie States in fast-running trains, noticing the peaceful looking farm houses, I have ever and anon ruminated within myself that there could be nothing more homelike and attractive than living amid such tranquil surroundings as a prairie community offered. Smooth waters and level lands are synonymous of God's graciousness. Angry seas and rough countries can be interpreted as evidences of the Creator's ungraciousness.

In the private cars of Yankee invading hosts I traveled back and forth several times to the great Canadian west during the summer of 1909. Upon each of these occasions I made new discoveries and observations relating to that wonderful prairie country. These observations were not confined to the actual notes taken while upon the soil; but some of the most delightful

and entertaining happenings were at times noticeable while traveling thereto and baek. The singing of gospel hymns by a rather rough-and-ready party of land-seekers in the "observation" ends of the richly upholstered coaches was not an uncommon occurrence. People seeking new lands to conquer for the purpose of bringing them under man's control, acting in such Christian-like unison with the meadow lark, so sweetly and tunefully singing, sitting on the wee hillock, or perched on the delicate little twig not a foot high from the ground, cannot miss the goal of their ambition. On the contrary, nature will so decree, that their energy and push will make them all-conquering heroes of the soil they have invaded under such beautiful circumstances.

To this region Providence has been most abundantly lavish in goodness. Modern conditions do not require, nor does an All-Wise Creator demand, that all man's time shall be occupied by his efforts in obtaining his daily bread to the absolute neglect of soul and body cultivation, as has been the case in mediæval days. This new country has proved to the world that eight months out of each year provides ample time to do a year's labor. The other four months can be put to good advantage along the lines of self-culture and recreation. Years ago, before people had attained the high standard of enlightenment that we enjoy in the early part of this the twentieth century, it took twelve hours for the performance of a day's labor, while the same thing is accomplished nowadays in eight hours. Let all this good work go on unhindered, western Canada taking the lead.

While pursuing my investigations in the west, a particularly striking story was told me regarding the unsound judgment of parties from the east. A liveryman there had three of his rigs drive twelve Ontario

men for three consecutive days over a stretch of prairie lands considered the most productive soil lying outdoors. This land was offered them as free homesteads by their own government, but they demurred taking it. They returned to their homes to continue their humble callings of field laborers.

A year later English capital, directed by Canadian politics, put the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway right through the heart of the lands rejected by the slow-going Ontariotes, thereby enhancing their value from nil to tens of dollars per acre. Many such instances are recallable.

Canadian Criticisms

Canada is overgoverned.

Canada is overchurched.

Canada is overeducated.

Canada is politically harassed.

Canadians should cast off their threadbare coat of colonial narrowness and put on the whole armor of empire-building, for, geographically speaking, an empire is in their possession.

The twin evils of priesthood and preacherhood must relax their theoretical grasp upon the easily influenced colonials, as their present hold upon secular affairs is harmful from a cosmopolitan viewpoint.

Canada Politically

The Dominion of Canada has nine provincial parliaments; i. e., one for each province. It has also one Dominion parliament, making all-told ten lawmaking bodies. But that is not all. The country has many other elected authorities, which make laws and ordinances in a more narrowed-down sphere for the guidance and governance of the most law-abiding and

harmless class of hard-working people on the face of the earth. There are laws and by-laws, sections and sub-sections, some cities having been known to pass hundreds of by-laws within the space of even one year. Is it, therefore, any wonder that the Canadian people are governmentally distraught and legally harried out of existence? These are my individual views, born of close political observation.

Now let me bolster up my personal ideas by quotations from Canadian newspapers of the most loyal kind. One says: "We are the most governed people on the face of the earth. We have town councils, city councils, school boards, school trustees, etc., and over all these is the provincial government, over which again is the Dominion government, and over all, however lightly resting, is the crown and imperial parliament."

All of this may be deemed something of a joke. But another responsible Canadian paper says: "Still the joke has a serious aspect—a very grave aspect indeed—when we consider the susceptibility of certain sections of the Canadian people to the stampeding campaigns of organized theorists." Now, how about these so-called theorists!

"A large and influential deputation from the Moral and Social Reform Council of Canada waited on Sir Wilfrid Laurier," etc., etc. This deputation consisted of a lot of reverend doctors, one posing as the head of this "Council," another at the head of the social reform work of some other guild, all representing morality and ministerial associations of one kind or another; their petitions demanding the suppression of "gambling, adultery and other social evils, bookmaking, pool selling," and such other things as are not already covered by some law or another, and if so covered to make them still more drastic. Why these agricultural

people need so much reforming is a mystery. Why a country so bucolic needs so much religion is another.

These ministerial meddlers, who would deprive the youth of the land of the last vestige of manly liberty remaining to them, go so far as to draft the measures which they wish enacted into law themselves, thus serving as a lawmaking auxiliary to the proper political authorities. It would seem as if the raw, shirt-sleeved statesmen, into whose care and keeping the Dominion of Canada has fallen, and into whose hands the law-making machinery of the country has worked itself, have at last reached the zenith of foolishness in their mad endeavor to furnish legal restraint to the liberal-minded men of the land at the theoretical behests of an impracticable clergy. So far have these enactments already gone along their various lines of viciousness that the youth have been driven in disgust from the land of their nativity elsewhere. One Canadian born out of every four has fled the country, for which lamentable condition there are many causes, chief amongst them being colonial narrowness as prefaced by homespun laws. Once I saw a boy stealing a ride on the train through the Sarnia tunnel. He told me he was going over to the American side to buy a package of cigarettes. He could get none in Canada on Sunday.

The merits and demerits of local option have been threshed out over and over again by ruralistic ignorance. Often have I heard farmers argue the question until they would wear themselves out. It is a proposition that only a small proportion of the people are concerned in. But instead of fighting for some rights all are interested in, they waste their fighting energies on unimportant matters. Local option simply means the right of one man to refuse another to take a drink if he so chooses. But it has a deeper and more

significant meaning. It virtually puts a weapon in the hand of one business man to drive another out of business. Why, one merchant would drive another competitor out of the commercial field, no matter what class of merchandise they dealt in, if given a chance. It is purely another form of Yankee greed and selfishness, and it applies to the United States as well as Canada.

But colonists are at best only a one-ideaed people. So whatever question enters their heads first—be it politics, religion, the drink traffic, reformation—it must spend itself or be ejected before another question can be grappled with.

Canadians meekly suffer the penalty of their own folly in many ways. They vigorously fight each other over wrongs of trivial importance, while the most flagrant abuses continue unmolested.

For instance, instead of putting up a united and aggressive defiance against railroad companies, robbing them by the overcharge of a cent a mile in passenger charges, the rate being three cents, further piling on the humiliation by offering inferior roadbeds and third-class rolling stock, they silently submit. They seem afraid to tackle anything big and where the entire public would profit.

In the United States, where the population is just as sparse as in Ontario, and the country a great deal newer, the people enjoy first-class railroading equipment and a two-cent-a-mile rate. Therefore, I submit, that I am not expecting anything unreasonable from the Canucks. But the consumption of a glass of ale seems to annoy and worry them more than things universally abusive.

Nor am I advocating the abuse of the drink habit. What I admire is the bright, active and self-reliant boy or young man who will take a drink or let it alone as

he may elect, or as the social circumstances may dictate; smoke a pipe or cigar (no cigarettes); wager his money on a horse race or pass it up; go to dances or theatres; also indulge in such other manly performances as sound sense may suggest, all of which are attributes pertaining to manliness of a true and substantial kind. The Canadian way of throwing legal restrictions and reforming safeguards around and about the youthful only breeds a generation of dependents. A little of everything and not too much of anything is good. Youth thus surrounded feel no personal responsibility, and eventually drift into a milk-and-water manhood. With every self-appointed reformer unceasingly looking out for and watching the boys lest they err in the least, it becomes unnecessary for them to harbor a particle of anxiety about their own welfare. That is taken out of their hands. Thus I will again repeat that while these methods prevail in the bringing up and training of the Canadian youth, foreign born, whether English or non-English speaking, have little cause to fear competition from them even in their own country. The old style of developing boyhood and manhood still continues abroad, and of its superiority when compared with the colonial there can be little doubt.

Sir John A. Macdonald was one of Canada's earliest and greatest statesmen. When making his last speech in England, June 4, 1886, he said: "And when it was known that in any quarrel and in any conflict with England account would have to be taken of the ten millions of Australia and the ten millions of Canada." Sir John was a far-seeing statesman, who did much for Canada. She has not the ten millions of inhabitants.

It has been said that the foreign element are a handicap and drawback to the United States and Canada. This I question. Both the United States and Canada

seem to have made their mightiest progress while nearly everybody was a foreigner in these countries. Since generation after generation have been born at home there seems to have been a very different state of things. The colonial youth being easily led by preachers and theorists, we have freakish and senseless laws. Politicians sway and swing them to their hearts' content. They seem to be like lambs led to the slaughter. All this may be the plausible result of a youthful case-hardening from hard work, work being their lot at tender ages.

Not so with the foreigner. He has an unbroken will of his own. Politicians have often found to their sorrow that they could not manipulate the foreign voter. They will not be driven, coaxed or coerced. There is unquestionably something tangible to their makeup that is wantonly lacking in the human product of the plains, hills and vales of America. Officeseekers have tried to buy their votes, but they wouldn't stay bought long enough to cast them. In this case who were the worst, the buyers or the sellers? I would say the buyers, and they were the homebred.

With the exception of the head of the Canadian government nearly everybody mixes in politics to an extent. The governor-general is the only one exempt from becoming bedaubed by this slimy octopus. He is an appointee of the British crown. Instead of playing politics he wisely stands aloof watching the maelstrom. He is satisfied to be a figurehead, and finds ample scope for his talents in laying cornerstones, unveiling bronze statues, reviewing school children, opening public institutions, officially reviewing the soldiery, amusing himself at horse races, attending national enterprises of various kinds as a drawing card, enjoying social functions, and so on ad libitum. These monarchical repre-

sentatives are usually very popular and well liked by the people.

The next highest authority in the Dominion is the premier, who is elected by the people of the constituency he represents in parliament. The heads of the other governmental departments are called ministers, of which there are quite a number. The house of commons and senate are the two most important bodies in the Dominion lawmaking machinery, the former being elected by the electorate, while the latter are appointed by the higher authorities. The members of parliament are elected for five years, while the senators hold office for life, or during good behavior.

In thus outlining the organization of the Dominion government at Ottawa, the hub of the main body of Canadian rulers, I have not delved into any historical works, or gone into any statistical reports, as such things are considered "dry" reading, and in the case of Canada would be particularly so. Very few seem to take much interest in the big unwieldy and cumbersome legislative outfitting necessary to govern these few people.

The country seems to be almost evenly divided between two parties. These are the Liberals and the Conservatives. Or, in other words, the Ins and the Outs. The "in" party wants to stay there, while the "out" party wishes to break in. At the expiration of their present term of officeholding the Liberals will have been in power for sixteen years. As the shrewdest politicians in the world are allotted to the Dominion of Canada, a most desperate political struggle will be necessary before the present government will be dislodged. They have a powerful political machine and know exactly how to keep it well oiled and in very efficient working order.

New contrivances to this machine are being added

year after year. For instance, the new National Trans-continental railway will add a numberless lot of voting cogs to the Liberal political machine. Be that as it may, the project is a worthy and developing one and should receive the hearty support of all progressive Canadians. Very true it is a government proposition and will be used more or less as a political football by whatever party happens to be in charge of the country's governmental affairs. I have traveled over a great portion of it already, and its construction is acknowledged by all, including experts in such enterprises, to be of first quality.

However, there is one feature of the great iron highway that should be severely deprecated. Who should be censured for this folly I am not in a position to determine. But no matter whether it is the railway company or the government, it is equally intolerable.

What I refer to is the foolish way in which this coast-to-coast line of railway parallels already existing lines to such an extent in the prairie country as to be only a few miles apart much of the way, and within speaking distance in spots. If the other roads are at fault, then the Dominion government is blamable. In any event it is an unwise plan to have a regular network of railroad lines in parts of the fertile west, while other portions, equally productive, are left barren of all such communication and transportation for very large areas.

In addition to the large body of voters this great national railway system will fetch into the political fold of the party in power there is yet another important vote-getting device in contemplation.

This is Canada's new navy, which is now being planned and outlined by the political powers at their Ottawa headquarters.

What magnitude this new marine enterprise betakes is as yet problematical. But to the one who is com-

paratively conversant with the exigencies of Canadian political life it is a settled conclusion that, no matter where war is being waged, when voting day comes all Canadian marines must be home to cast their ballot and vote "right" into the bargain as good citizens.

Party lines are closely drawn in Canada. Newspapers representing and spreading the views and policies of one party will not be subscribed for, or even read, by adherers of the other side. Neither will prominent speechmakers of one party, when on the stump or rostrum, be listened to by those holding opposite views. Even the newspapers on file in the emigration offices and information bureaus maintained by the Canadian government in foreign cities are solely those representing the party in power. The opposition papers are rigidly excluded. Perhaps this is pardonable on the part of the officials in control of the government, but at any rate it is nothing less than a narrow-gauged policy. This is one feature of colonial narrowness, and it is of the detrimental type.

Before passing on I might say that the present premier of Canada, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in putting through the new transcontinental line of rail, is only following in the footsteps of his predecessor holding the same office, Sir John A. Macdonald. During the years between 1880 and 1890 the Conservative party was in the government saddle, and it was in those years the Canadian Pacific railway was built, thereby joining the cities of Montreal in the east to Vancouver in the west with one continuous track of steel.

In those days the country was very sparsely settled and backward in practically all other respects withal. But a few big and brainy men got together and finished a continental work of the first magnitude. The enterprise of these colossal characters could not be bounded by a transportation programme of even that

size. They went a great deal farther. Leviathan-like steamships connected both ends of their long railroad, carrying both people and products to the far east, sailing from Vancouver, and to the near east, steaming from Montreal.

As supplementary enterprises, this mammoth corporation went into the hotel business, providing a most palatial string of hostelrys all along the line from Quebec city to the Pacific ocean.

It also handled upwards of thirty-two million acres of land, selected in close proximity to its main and branch lines.

The coal mining industry, irrigation projects, lumbering and many other kindred enterprises, which a country possessing limitless possibilities and not yet hardly scratched could invite, have been exploited by this pushing company.

The Canadian Pacific Railway Company undoubtedly had its years of "lean kine," but of late it is enjoying its years of "fat kine."

English enterprise originated and carried through the Canadian Pacific railway line and its many accessories of an industrial nature. British brains and capital also control and supervise the old Grand Trunk System. Where do the colonials show their push and energy in these great undertakings? An extract from a newspaper report of a half-yearly meeting held in London by the Grand Trunk railroad directors might shed some light on this question. Here it is, and it cannot be considered a very creditable showing for the capitalists and business men of Canada. A shareholder suggested that a few Canadians be put upon the board of directors, to which suggestion Sir Charles Rivers Wilson, president of the company and presiding officer at the meeting, made the following reply: "That it was a foolish suggestion, as Canadians were only

customers, not shareholders. There were 65,000 shareholders in Great Britain, and not a thousand pounds of stock was held in Canada. The interests of the shareholders were best looked after here." Of Canadians' capabilities in developing their own country volumes are here spoken. Their incapacity is clearly shown.

Being a visitor at the Dominion parliament's legislative halls at Ottawa, I learnt a good deal at the fountain regarding the scenes there. It being the most important body of legislators within the boundaries of the country, I deemed it sufficiently interesting to visit it.

The next most important lawmaking body in Canada is the Ontario provincial parliament, having its buildings located in the Queen's Park, Toronto. This is the most populous province in the Dominion; consequently its legislature is only second to the Ottawa parliament.

One day I wasted sufficient time to present myself as a gallery spectator while a session was in progress. As I sat there in the front row, having an unobstructed birdseye view of the entire gathering, I could not well escape reflection. There were the speaker, clad in white gloves, white tie, surmounted by a long black robe; the provincial secretary and, of course, the premier. Then the supporters of the government and also the grumbling opposition parliamentarians could be seen covering the spacious chamber floor. Sergeant-at-arms, pages and many other attaches helped to swell the swarm of statute-filling law makers. Knowing that the principal usefulness of this honorable body of legislators was the enactment into law of oppressive measures originating with, and drawn up by, a host of theoretical clergymen and other parasite crusaders, desperately anxious to distinguish themselves along some line of unneeded reform, the country being already

pestered to death by such senseless and infeasible acts of parliament, I was not sympathetic. Close study of the doings of both the reformed and unreformed led me to believe that the entire population was in a state of toil and turmoil all the time. The body sitting only helped the aggravation by inviting these foolish people to camp upon their trail, forcing their individual ideas upon a cosmopolitan lot of citizens, regardless of their tastes and requirements. In the past it had been done to such an extreme degree that the young and liberal-minded considered them sufficiently odious to disgustingly leave the country altogether. A very substantial curtailment of this restrictive output of meaningless laws must necessarily be demanded by the responsible portion of the colonial population ere the wrongs done the incoming foreigners, who are accustomed to liberal empire-like usages in the lands they hail from, are righted.

Aliens of a desirable kind, whom the Canadians would wish to see making Canada their adopted homes, must be catered to in a more liberal way than at present seems to be the tendency. Colonial narrowness will not attract them from their home countries where more liberal conditions exist, and where the taking of a drink of the amber fluid is not considered a criminal act, nor where the vender, licensed or unlicensed, is relentlessly pursued and prosecuted by whisky detectives, all of which are daily occurrences in narrow Canada.

Well, as I watched this all-important provincial body of lawmakers preparing and passing new statutes to be embodied in the already bulky and overcrowded statute books of the province I could not refrain from warring within myself regarding their relative usefulness down below. What such a muscular bunch of men might accomplish if only placed upon the Canadian

northwestern prairie for soil cultivating and grain growing activities! Like the Saviour of mankind, who drove the money changers and idlers out of the temple, I felt akin. Thus, were it within my power, I would have done likewise, saying, "Men, go west."

Incomplete indeed would my political narrative of Canada and Canadians be if I failed to give some idea of their campaigning methods and political enthusiasm. On such occasions the average voter can blow off more vociferous steam than any other class of political enthusiasts I have ever known. Nor am I a stranger to such performances, for it has fallen to my lot to observe them in many strange places, including different countries. In the eastern, northwestern and western states of the American Union I have been an interested spectator, if not an actual participator.

Cunningly trained city politicians, as well as the cruder and coarser country genius, have alike fallen under the spotlight of my political eye. The artful politician in Ireland, for have I not been an interested looker-on while a Dublin constituency carried on a parliamentary campaign and election, marched athwart my scrutiny. The gentlemanly statesman of England, his political courtesy, including the rusty resolution style of thanking the chairman of the evening for the able manner in which he presided over the meeting, has been a source of amusement to me in his own country. In Canada—east and west—I have scrutinizingly scanned their methods, heard their animated arguments, attended their meetings, listened to their speeches, and watched their feelings when in defeat or in victory.

With the utmost frankness I will acknowledge that the Canadian way is a superior one. There is a style and finish to it of the winning kind that cannot well be disputed. Hurrahs and highty-flighty speeches are

all right as far as they go, but they don't go far enough. Criminations and recriminations regarding timber steals and land scandals by those who were in and by those who are in don't seem to carry much influence with them in determining voters. The fact of the matter is that there was more land to be scandalized than both parties together could possibly manage to give away, working all through the campaigns at it, and the time intervening between political disputes as well.

These were the principal stock-in-trade reasons why the reigning powers should be dethroned and their opponents seated. No matter whether a fight was made upon an M. P. P. (member of the provincial parliament), or member of the Dominion parliament, all the forceful political powder that could be conjured up was blazed away at them.

But Canadians have other and more tangible methods of carrying elections than mere talk and platform oratory. Enough ridings must be "salted down" by generous appropriations from the public treasury to ensure a sufficient number of government supporters to swing the government beyond all peradventure. Thus the ones easiest and surest to keep within the fold will be favored by these outlays, which expenditures usually take the form of some public improvement within the constituency regardless of whether the same is very much of a practical value or not.

On and before election day these expenditures of government moneys are vigorously carried on, no voter being idle; but a relaxation usually follows immediately thereafter, and quicker than ever if the voters have not performed their polling duty to the entire satisfaction of their friends. Thus constituencies failing to bear fruit are henceforth rigidly disciplined for their unpolitical stubbornness, both in the matter of office-

holding and further financial considerations; while those that responded with pleasing majorities are listed for additional favors. Our clever and well-schooled political friends now know how to get at it and act accordingly. The kickers continue to kick, but only manage to kick themselves farther away from the public spoils crib than ever.

Politics in Canada is a profession, requiring the highest type of scientific practice. Therefore, to be successful Canadians are always on the job. In times of political calm they are diligently preparing their political guns and training their political henchmen; so that in periods of strife and stress they are ready.

Newspapers for and against the government are unceasingly hammering away. No matter how harmful and unstatesmanlike acts of parliament, or ministerial measures, may appear, the government organs connive at and editorially browbeat their readers into the erroneous belief that they are all right and will work out to the benefit of all the people, the country included, in due time. Of course, the wise citizen will not lose sight of the fact that there are more important considerations behind the utterances of these party newspaper organs than mere patriotism. Cash, possibly advertising contracts.

On the other hand, the opposition papers cannot see anything good in the government programme. No matter how meritorious a measure may be, or how statesmanlike and well debated parliamentary acts should turn out, their motives are impugned and ensuing results deemed only accidental. They incessantly keep on picking flaws and pointing out blowholes with the most accurate precision. This they continue all the time while it is their unhappy lot to be on the outside; but once on the inside their tunes would turn.

All of this sort of thing has been carried to such

extreme lengths in the Dominion of Canada that nearly every voter, no matter how ignorant, is beginning to see into it, thereby destroying all confidence in both parties. Unquestionably some ignorant and easily led voters are in Canada. The former class might be attributed to the foreign element, while the latter might safely be charged up to the homeborn. Both are bad, but of the two evils I should prefer the lesser, which is the alien. They are not willing to permit themselves to become the prey of senseless theorists. It is different, however, with the native, who very readily follow the theoretical foolishness of the impracticable preacher and the silly reformer. As proof I need only say that the country is primarily rural and agricultural. Therefore, when such people arise at five o'clock in the morning and work between farm and barn until a late hour at night each and every day there is very little time for mental cultivation, the results being palpable. Thus the Canadian youth seem to be perfectly willing to let the others do their thinking, guiding and directing for them. It is not amiss to reiterate this again and again. Moreover, I would be pleased to see the youth of that country sit up and take notice. There is ample room for their improvement.

Canada's development up to the present time has been a complete muscle tussle one; the only brains brought into requisition being of the political type, and these have been keyed up to the highest pitch of party usefulness.

Western Canada is recognized as being far more progressive than the eastern portions. For many years western Canada had been endeavoring to develop one of her most promising political sons, with a view of having him take an active part in the councils of the empire. First he climbed to the lofty position of attorney-general for the province of Manitoba. Then he

went on to the province of British Columbia, where he became provincial premier. These colonial successes so swelled his head that he believed himself capable of swinging into the imperial parliament as a member from some carefully chosen English constituency. But his colonial experiences along the lines of silly and ruralistic legislation were so pronounced that he could not shake them off ere he presented himself to the British voter. So both himself and the platform of principles he espoused were hurled to defeat.

Colonial statesmen may readily adapt themselves to the small pettifogging political schemes at home, but they are not wanted in the British Isles. Their "Blue Laws," and many similar puritanical statute-stuffing acts of parliament, typical alike of American ruralistic statesmanship and colonial small-calibered parliamentarians, are not tolerated in big empire-like self-governing countries.

Broader and bigger policies must needs prevail in the Dominion of Canada ere progress of the desired kind can be counted upon.

Canada, Religiously

On this all-absorbing subject it is not my intention to waste very much time. In a country like Canada, where the church wields such a tremendous power over an emotional people, and where every industry in the colony is so closely interwoven with the religious, it is difficult to treat one subject pertaining to the country and life of the people without finding it impossible to divorce churches and religion therefrom.

When voteless women, officered and led by clergymen, can presume to loudly proclaim to the world what they purpose doing with the country in the way of reform, which practically prohibits the male sex from

the exercise of any personal liberties at all, a rather composite condition of things have obtained. Nor is all this idle talk. Galling prohibitive measures have been enacted in Canada already at the instance of these people. Men have been deprived of liberties enjoyed by their forefathers through the instrumentality of preachers and church workers. In Canada the preachers practically control the women, and the women and preachers together seem to have cornered the men. These conditions obtain more in the Dominion of Canada today than any other advanced country.

As I have said previously, this is one of the proclivities resultant on the exodus of the larger part of the colonial manhood. This deplorable circumstance produced an effeminate tendency. Varied and devious have been the means employed by an aggressive clergy to influence the women of their flocks. Men recognize this. Yes, and to such a harmful extent is all this noticeable that the men have almost made up their minds to let the preachers and their feminine followers have their absolute fling in running churches and church matters. Of course, a halt has often to be called in the case of an overzealous wifely church worker at times when she would be very apt to involve her hubby in excessively unreasonable church expenditures. This feature of mothers' and wives' devotion to things pertaining to the church, which women become hopelessly involved in, have to be kept in check by indulgent sons and obliging husbands.

Throughout Canada, and also the United States, there is an apparent dearth in male attendance in all the Protestant denominations, and in all other miscellaneous worshipers as well, save and except the deep-rooted adherents of the Roman Catholic faith. Even this well-organized church is not free from man's indifference to religious attendance.

But this rather deplorable condition has been brought about by the church itself. In trying to overdo things it overdid its own usefulness. Every denomination organized itself nearly out of existence, as far as the men of their congregations are concerned. This state of affairs naturally threw a double portion of church labor upon the ever-willing women. Nor did they run away from it. Instead they stood their ground and enthusiastically shouldered the additional burden.

But even this has been accomplished at the sacrifice of many needful home duties. Divorces and other domestic differences have been engendered by such deviations from home life. Unfortunately it is a well-established fact that it is the men and women that can least afford to waste the time and money necessary who are the most actively associated in the questions here discussed. The people of independent means, who are amply supplied with well paid servants to direct and perform their household affairs at home, waste the least of their time in this good work, but to their credit it may be said they give liberally in money considerations. If it were not so, great cities the world over would not have such magnificent temples of worship. Thousands of generous men give unostentatiously of their riches for the building and upkeep of these massive church structures. In this respect the rich and affluent help the good cause along in a far more substantial way than anything the poor can do; for it is now a world-wide recognized fact that churches and things pertaining thereto have resolved themselves into moneyed institutions in such a manner as has never been known heretofore. Modern life is such as not to require a person, in order to be religious, to go down on his or her knees to pray. Instead go down in your pockets and pay.

Like all other old country youth, my early training so indelibly impressed upon me the duty of being a steady churchgoer I have rarely ever missed such opportunities, no matter where I may be spending the Christian Sabbath. While traveling in foreign lands on business bent it has very often happened that the church of my choice was not represented in the small villages I Sundayed. But being broad in my views, I never failed to see good in all. This principle frequently led me into the open doors of many other denominational churches, and even Jewish synagogues.

The religious enthusiasm of good and well-meaning people does not become dampened by reason of their rather poor worshiping accommodations, which they often complain of. Inconveniences of this character only impel them to go on with more fervor than ever, eventually owning a consecrated edifice of their own creation in the regular orthodox way, after growing prosperous.

While occupying a pewsitting in various American and Canadian churches and meeting places, I have always been very attentive. It is often, therefore, with both amazement and amusement, I paid strict attention to the announcements when the minister gave them utterance. It seemed to me that from early Monday morning until late Saturday night something was conjured up by the church management to keep most of the men and all the women busy with church work, with an utter disregard for home requirements. There was the "Quiet Day" for the ladies of the congregation, at which a luncheon would be served, making it unnecessary for anybody to go home. There was a meeting of the "Mothers' Club," which paradoxical enough had more members of the spinster class than those possessing actual experience in practical motherhood. Ladies' Altar Guilds, Boys' Clubs, Men's Clubs,

Girls' Guilds, Ladies' Aid Societies, Ladies' Auxiliaries, Sisters of the Peace, Women's Foreign Mission Societies, and Women's Home missions, and so on and on. Something doing every day, as well as night after night.

Under such conditions it could not be otherwise expected but that a reaction would set in which would work very ingloriously to the church's disadvantage. This has already taken place, and in a very pronounced form. No more verifying proof could be well adduced than the decidedly sparse population of men noticeable Sunday after Sunday in all the fashionable sanctuaries of worship throughout North America.

But there is yet one redeeming feature that I might venture to mention in this connection. It is the ever-present little effeminate man, usually accompanied by the mannish-appearing woman, known to the congregation as her husband.

In the province of Quebec the Roman Catholic hierarchy, and this includes the French-Canadian and English speaking branches of the church, are the religious rulers of the people. But in almost all the other Canadian provinces the Protestant denominations predominate. It has been said that the high-handed and intolerant methods adopted by these lords of the people's spiritual welfare were some of the reasons why French-Canadians left their home country and settled in the United States.

At all events ecclesiastical oppression has been more or less under the spyglass for many years. Once I met a French-Canadian out in the far west who told me that when he left the province of Quebec his family made one out of a total settlement numbering two hundred families that moved from the province of Quebec to the state of Minnesota. He also stated that not one of the number ever returned, all being perfectly

satisfied with the chances for better opportunities, and the changes in government, both secular and religious.

The French-Canadian population, as far as the clergy can hold them in hand, are loyal subjects of the British crown. Under its benevolence these people enjoy religious liberties and educational advantages that they are afraid would not be accorded them if they once became a part of the great republic. Therefore, from a religious point of view, very few are annexationists; while, from a commercial viewpoint, a majority of them might be considered such.

The church authorities are not slow in recognizing the fact that the Separate School system, now prevailing in Canada, would be one of the most important national prerogatives denied them in the United States, where all are subservient to the public school system of education, now so well established in that country.

These priests and preachers do a vast amount of good, and also some harm. They do good when they confine their activities to the things for which they were ordained. They do harm when they find occasion to deviate from their regular christian routine, and mix up with things requiring practical experience instead of professional theory. Canada in particular provides them with plan and scope sufficient for all their theories, by reason of its multiplicity of unstatesmanlike laws.

The small-sized liquor industry in Canada is a veritable thorn in the flesh with the clergymen of that land. Why it should be so seems to me to be one of the unsolved mysteries. Really I have never known yet where a preacher of the gospel recklessly "blew-in" much of his money on either hotels or hotel bars. Nevertheless the Canadian tavern-keeper seems to be a bright and shining mark for his crusading. Of course in that country it is the law and custom for every

hotelkeeper to have an open bar for the dispensation of wet refreshments to their guests, in connection with their hotel accommodations. This provision has been the means of securing for Canada a very excellent hotel system.

That preachers patronize neither bar nor hotel when staying in towns, cities or villages, are removed from the realm of speculation. They are usually billeted amongst the brethren of their faith, where they are gratuitously put up during the time they are in convention assembled or otherwise restrained from going to their homes while in strange cities.

As a rule, men and women who are thus continually crusading against every conceivable thing that don't look exactly right to their narrow visions, belong to a class that it is senseless folly to waste much patience with. They are most commonly discoverable among the ranks of the busybody element, who are too worthless to tackle the more important of unsolved human problems.

However, they have helped to depopulate the Dominion of Canada by their whims, and for that reason deemed sufficiently important to receive some word-painting.

Childlike confidence and belief in the honesty and straightforwardness of the so-called religiously inclined have been the undoing of many gullibles. Here I recall a case in point. Once I knew a farmer of a very conservative nature, in the township of Georgina, who got bilked out of a string of good horses, a sum of money, and much time, all of which savoured of the most humiliating rustic simplicity. The parties interested were of the spider and fly variety of human characters. This innocent and guileless farmer, although he supposed himself to be a clever genius in the transaction of business deals, was by a pre-arranged plot brought

into relations with a shrewd and crafty horsedealer. Once in the clutches of a man following up that trade, it was practically impossible for our farmer friend to shake him off. In Montreal a bargain was made, whereby the horse-owner and horsedealer came to terms. The former parted with his horses and a goodly sum of money; accepting in lieu thereof an unseen and unimproved farm in the far-off Canadian Northwest. The horsedealer pocketed the money and transported the horseflesh west with him.

Later on the soil tiller traveled west also, in order to see and size-up his newly acquired possessions. But he got what he never bargained for, a tract of land that he positively refused to accept, and demanded his horses back. His request was not complied with, and the courts were appealed to. The final outcome was, he lost all, as he afterwards told me.

Speaking with the gentleman about the silly transaction, I inoffensively enquired how he got led into it? Much to my amazement, Mr. G—— told me that he had placed profound confidence in the horsedealer. When in company together in Montreal, they ate, prayed and slept most harmoniously side by each. Grace before meals, and long bedside prayers were important factors in convincing the horse-seller that the horse-buyer was all right. Thus the horse-and-land deal went through as sleek as grease.

Such demonstrations of religious enterprise in the Dominion of Canada are very, very common.

Religion, reform and remonstrance, are three words covering a vast amount of Canada's woes. Until the religious and reformed shall begin to see something good in the irreligious and unreformed, there seems small hope for conciliatory neighborhood and a closely woven national unity to exist.

Canada, Overeducated

This phase of Canadian life also exhibits a rather peculiar sort of speculation and observation. Up to within recent years the country was undoubtedly under-educated. Of late years quite the reverse is the case. Careful scrutiny into the cause and effect of this great change in the colony's physical and educational life presents many rather fetching features. In the near past, few seemed to hanker for knowledge, the requirements being more on the order of manual rather than mental for the development of the big colony. Education and knowledge were of little value in its reclamation. Scientific research at this time was not available, and ordinary book knowledge helped but little.

Accordingly the first pioneers groped their way as best they could through thick and unpeopled forests; learning on their feet in the woods of adversity, what is now taught on your seat in the school, or university. The worry and excitement of bushwhacking, followed up by ox-logging or prairie pioneering, left little excitement or yearning for learning. Rest and sleep after each day's strenuous work were far more acceptable.

However, these evil days disappeared with the outgoing of the old generation and the incoming of the new. Youngsters, harassed to the highest tension by their strenuous parents, sought education as a possible means of escape from the further persecution of inhuman hard work. This took on different forms. Some organized schools; others attended. So between the two there was shortly a surfeit. From their activities grew the kindergarten, public, "separate," and private school systems. But these are not all. We have the convent schools; the universities; the business, or com-

mercial college; the private boarding school, and a host of other educational institutions, including young ladies' seminaries; theological colleges, which turn out a varied assortment of priests and preachers, and all the other recognized professions.

So, as a natural result, the Dominion of Canada in due time became as forward in enlightenment as it was backward in unenlightenment in the years goneby. In those days it was all muscular; in the present age it seems to be all of the easier variety of labor. Therefore, few nowadays care for the privilege of encountering the severe hardships that befell their fathers. Lighter and easier made livings must be sought after through the medium of education. But when a working knowledge was acquired there were few openings to put it to practical use in a country where muscle could only be employed. Thus our educated young friends were obliged to seek a larger field for their educated energies, and the United States, being the nearest available, both the self-taught and the college graduate also crossed over.

Young fellows who were leading very useful lives, daily enmeshed in the crotches of the plowhandles, became restive and sought means whereby easier livings might be attained. This they accomplished after much time, patience, and possibly privation. Considerable expense was also involved, which had to be disbursed by either themselves or friends. If by themselves, it had to be re-earned and again pocketed; or if by good friends it had to be repaid with interest.

Once a graduate of some educational institution, suitable situations had to be sought, and Canada presented a minimum of possibilities in that direction. If such opportunities were forthcoming, it would be a source of satisfaction for both parties, the people at large and their ambitious youth. If such opportunities

were not forthcoming, it boded no good for either the country's young, or the country itself. Uneducated youth is willing to do things for maintenance that could not be considered at all after going through an educational process. Thus with a head full of undigested book learning, the owner found himself between the two horns of an awkward dilemma. To put his newly acquired knowledge to a money making use was utterly impossible; while at the same time a hint to return to the old sphere of workaday usefulness presented an insurmountable disinclination, a condition which soon began to breed a desire to seek an outlet, by way of the lightfingered, or other confidence practices.

In this way the criminal population has been added to, for it is well known that an ignorant wrongdoer is less of a plague upon society than an educated; wherein the unlearned will only come and steal your dog, the learned will rob you of your daughter.

It is very safe to say that the men who have thus far developed Canada were not the tender human house plants of kindergarten enterprise.

It is equally safe to surmise that the men who do big things for the further advancement of Canada will not be kindergarten men either.

Did the men who thus far cleared and cultivated the Dominion have the advantages of night schools, summer training schools, and technical training schools? Not at all. They did their work with healthy constitutions and elbow grease. They were not victims of all these modern fads and fancies. They went through a course of worldly training that insured a far more substantial measure of hard-headed and sensible wisdom.

It is unquestionably a great parody upon all the professors and educators to know that America's pres-

ent mightiest men, no matter whether occupied along lines of commercial industry, manufacturing enterprise, railroad construction, or even political pursuits, have never had the advantages of kindergartens and summer schools. It is even highly probable that a great many of our concurrent statesmen, upon whose shoulders the responsibilities of statecraft rest, were also denied them.

But I do not decry these things altogether. When taken properly they fill in a small niche. We must not place too much confidence in them. My experiences are that having them in our possession enables us to more readily grasp the practical side of things. Without them time is wasted in the apprehension of real cold-blooded business affairs.

A self-made Chicago millionaire once wrote to the effect that higher schooling does not make either brains or ability, and as these are the only things that count in any of life's activities what use can we have for higher schools? As these schools are not needed, they cannot be anything but useless, and all this outlay is thrown away, much to the injury of the country and its people, he said:

"The college men talk as though they knew all about every other man's business, and that they could manage affairs better than the business men themselves. Why draw a small salary for telling young men how to draw big salaries, if you are capable of drawing the big salary yourself?" he added:

The brainy millionaire is right. He struck the keynote precisely when he spoke in that way. It is indeed a joke to have college professors, as well as deans and other high university functionaries, explaining to the youth of the land how they are to become great and high-salaried men, while willing to modestly remain in comparative and low-priced obscurity themselves.

Can it be that these educators are so self-sacrificing? This I am not prepared to admit. To my mind they are quite the opposite.

It can be depended upon that the average college pedagogue requires that the last penny be paid him. But in doing so, is he not inculcating the instinct of honesty into the plastic minds of his students. In the absence of a less harsh construction, we might let it go at that interpretation.

When I was an apt pupil in a Canadian public school in the prairie province of Manitoba, our teacher quite frequently gave us moral lessons upon the evils of alcohol upon the human system, amply illustrated by pictures, showing the inside conditions before and after. So silly did such performances appear to me that I gave them little thought. In my early school days in Tipperary, Ireland, we had nothing of the kind in our curriculum, and I have been unable to place my finger upon any one of my fellow scholars who ever tumbled to excess. Whether other important branches of knowledge are kept up in Canada or not, this item is scarcely ever lost sight of. Thus hammered into the heads of non-drinking youths, and followed up by preachers in the pulpit, it becomes a nightmare to such an alarming extent that sisters, wives, and mothers imagine their brothers, husbands and sons are under intoxicating influences, even though they are only chinning from the cold or amusing themselves sucking a cough lozenge or chewing a clove.

This is another highly important feature of Canada's colonial narrowness. A never-ceasing flow of temperance lectures and intemperate sermons upon that subject have driven many a woman into hysterics over it.

Before departing from this subject of education, it is only fair to Canada and Canadians to say that a high standard of education now obtains in that country.

Two of its most important educational centers might with propriety be mentioned. They are McGill University in Montreal, and the University of Toronto. Both have high reputations, and enjoy the distinction that many students enter them from the United States, and possibly from other foreign countries. Graduates of these institutions, no matter from what departments they issue, will compare very favorably with educated men turned out by similar seats of learning in older countries.

Commercial Canada

Commercial Canada furnished further food for thought. In this desirable desideratum is also noticed Canada's woeful backwardness.

An American gentleman by the name of Van Horne headed and managed the destinies of the Canadian Pacific railway enterprise until it was carried far beyond the experimental stages. When Mr. Van Horne wished to lay down the burden imposed upon him, he shoved it onto the shoulders of Mr. Thomas O'Shaughnessy, an Irish-American. That Sir Thomas proved himself to be a capable successor all will admit.

The Grand Trunk System meanwhile was headed and handled by Mr. Charles M. Hays, another Irish-American, or, if he was not, he belied his name, for there are no people so numerous as those bearing that name in Ireland. This is Canada's next biggest enterprise. (Mr. Hays was a Titanic victim.) The Dominion's next great and growing system of transportation is the Canadian Northern railway, originated and brought into being by Mr. William Mackenzie, a Scotch-Canadian.

With the transportation interests of Canada in the hands of Irish and Scotch-Canadians, and the manufacturing and retailing interests practically monopo-

lized by the T. Eaton Company, Limited, where does genuine Canadian enterprise show itself?

Well, to be perfectly frank and outspoken, native born Canadians have captured the reforming and religious industries, and are so agitated over their acquisitions, that they lose sight of the more tangible things of which the country is capable. The average Canadian seems satisfied to become managing editor of a gospel wagon or mission.

Reduced to the level of a political sort of serf; bonded by governmental restrictions tending to deprive of all manly liberties; burdened by an assortment of religious fanaticism, which denied young and spirited the most ordinary scope for personal enjoyment, the homeborn of the Dominion of Canada sought freedom elsewhere. Accordingly they went to the United States seeking what was denied them at home. There they found a welcome. There they were given a larger measure of opportunity to display their talents, for being the best of Canada's brawn and brain, no better citizens could be enrolled in the population of any civilized country seeking settlers.

Unbearable as all this became to the native born it was unspeakably more intolerable to the foreigner, who first went to Canada with a view of settling there, but who afterwards left the country and permanently settled in the United States.

It has also been an agonizing form of anxiety to the very few really big and broad-viewed public men and merchant princes of the Dominion of Canada.

Canada Summarized

I will here very briefly summarize Canadian life. In doing so, I cannot avoid referring to things tinged with the unpleasant.

Canada being a country possessing a boundless public domain with limitless resources, it presented opportunities for the corrupt politician that could not well be withstood by men unless endowed with more than human integrity, rectitude and immaculateness. Twentieth century tendencies in powerful circles and public service are to get it honestly if you can, and squarely if possible; if not, get it somehow, but take good care and don't get caught. In pursuing this modern policy, the Canadian corruptionist (if any exist, or existed), took minimum chances. The men usually in the inner ring, or private councils, were of the sharper kind, while those on the outside were of the abstruse and agricultural sort. A majority of the former class, possibly, were university graduates, and from the law departments, for it is getting now in both Canada and the United States that parliamentary buildings and legislative halls are practically forming annexes to the universities. Thus when a young fellow goes through his graduating exercises and emerges a full-fledged lawyer, attorney, or king's counsel, and goes out into the world, he scans around, and disdaining private life and private practice, he seeks public life via the whirligig of politics.

Being glib-tongued, that having formed a part of his collegiate training, he vaults lightly into the political saddle. Once in, he is master of the situation in Canada. He holds the fort until more subtle opponents, emerging from the same source, but having the advantage of a more thorough training, oust him. Farmers, and other untrained and uneducated rustics, are absolutely helpless to change matters. For them to try it would be as absurd as to have the mouse turn round and try to catch the cat.

Therefore, the Dominion of Canada, from the north to the south and from the east to the west, is politically

harassed. It has been so, and it is going to continue in the same plight, for the powers that be cannot well be dislodged, and even if they were another equally despicable would take up the scepter and wield it to their own advantage. More galling still is the possibility of having even worse conditions, for the incomers would undoubtedly be able to profit by the shortcomings of the outgoers, thereby intrenching themselves that much more firmly.

In previous pages I have ventured to say many things concerning religious abuses existing in Canada. I took occasion to show how the colonists were so moral that religion became somewhat of a mania with them. This is not alone the failing of the whites, with their incessant evangelistic agitation, revivals, mission work and drink destruction—which also seems a part of their religious dogma—but even the Canadian Indians were continually on the warpath with their sun-dances and war paint, religious pow-wows, and many other fantastic performances pertaining to their semi-savage natures. The Indians would dance, but many of the extreme religionists considered dancing sacrilegious. It will be thus seen that even whites can be more fanatical than reds. To put a taboo on dancing; to prohibit a moderate drink of vinous liquor, even going so far as to call in question the festive apple cider; to forbid attendance at a horse race; to frown upon a private house card party; to discourage a young lady from going driving with a gentleman of her acquaintance of known respectability; attending the grand opera, and after-theatre suppers; indulging in refreshments in the quiet of a private wine room after a long evening's walk in such pleasurable places as public parks and boulevards; guessing or gambling of any kind; wagering money upon elections; betting on fast horses; all of which, by the way, cannot be classed as gambling at all, but simply tests of judgment and intelligence.

Nearly all of these, and many others too numerous to mention, are proclaimed from the pulpit, and by the preachers' press of one Protestant denomination or another sinful, irreligious and soul-damning.

Affrighted thus, is it in anywise remarkable that the Canadian youth left the country? Saner ideas must be instilled into the occupants of Canadian pulpits, and also into the editorial heads of the unsecular press, before a rational condition of things can be looked for or expected.

The United States

Along towards the latter part of June, 1885, I first set foot upon American soil. This landing was made through the large circular building upon the brink of the water washing the feet of New York city and known as Castle Garden, the gateway to the new world for many before me, bound on the same mission, that of fortune hunting.

The weather at the time was very hot, making it quite unpleasant for travellers coming from more temperate countries. My first night in the great city was a rather sultry one. But early, however, I was on the go next morning. My finances would not permit of very much idleness, so I sought a job as soon as possible. I got it, too, through the employment bureau of the immigration authorities inside the big building already named. It was not a very exalted one, but gave me a start, anyway. Quite a nice gentleman, scanning all the candidates for jobs available in the apartment allotted to them, singled me out for engagement. We came to an agreement, particulars of which being duly recorded by the bureau officials, we departed.

For a few days my newly-cutout work consisted of

general usefulness around an up-town livery stable. This position did not seem to suit me very long, so I was taken out to do farm work on a small farm adjoining my employer's country residence, situated in the suburbs of Mamaroneck, a small town some twenty miles distant from New York city. For a few weeks I busied myself here, performing field labor, churning in the cellar, and such other little chores as the ladies of the house required of me.

Amid these surroundings I got my first introduction to American aristocratic society. It made such an unfavorable impression upon me that I hastened to shake myself loose from it. I could not condescend to become a menial, when I had the feeling bred, born, and reared in me that the stock I came from were of a superior and pedigreed kind. Old country aristocracy I could appreciate; but new world, never. That my early ideas concerning snobbish Yankee unbacked and undeserved pride were not groundlessly founded will be fully borne out as I advance from one stage to another along the rugged pathway I have since followed during my business career covering a period of twenty years on Yankee soil.

Hearing that summer heat was far less oppressive in Canada than in the United States, I pulled out of Mamaroneck, and returned to New York. Not wishing to take my departure so speedily from the United States, I made up my mind to tarry around the great cities of New York and Brooklyn for a few days, thereby becoming Yankeeified in a small way. But the heat seemed to me so oppressive, that I hastened my leave-taking, left the city of New York, quitting the state of New York at the American side of the Suspension Bridge, not far from Niagara Falls.

Young, green and inexperienced though I was, so far nothing had occurred to overawe or dispirit me. I had

come to the great country all youth had heard so much about, and was determined to take a tooth-grinding attitude, if needs be, in the working out of my own secular salvation, where opportunities were considered to be so abundant.

Exactly five years after I bade farewell to Yankees at the bridge crossing the Niagara river, I re-entered the American republic at Duluth, Minnesota, by way of Lake Superior. Booked for the twin cities, Minneapolis and St. Paul, I arrived in the former city, where I at once began to lay my plans for an indefinite stay. This time I was determined not to be driven out by either heat or smoke. Nor was I.

Two days after my arrival I found a job with the Great Northern railway as truckman and freight handler in the company's city freighthouse. My working hours were from one o'clock p. m. until twelve midnight. The work was hard, weather hot, and wages low—only \$1.50 per day—so I sought something different.

Through an employment agency, I was put in touch with an old gentleman, having a summer residence on the banks of one of the city's suburban lakes, and I hied myself out to his place.

We came to terms and I started in.

But we didn't hitch very good, and ere I had a thirty-day pay-check due me I served notice that he had better get another man. I took the old gent by surprise, as he had begun to take quite a fancy to me. Seeking an explanation of my rather ill-advised action, I promptly told him that personally he was all right, but that his daughter-in-law and three Swedish women-servants didn't suit me at all, at all.

The old gentleman despairingly shook his head, saying that if my dissatisfaction was a matter of pay or working hours, we could amicably settle things be-

tween ourselves; but with matters pertaining to the house he had nothing to do and was accordingly helpless.

Well, he tried faithfully to get a suitable man. Failing in this, he made overtures to me to withdraw my resignation and continue for a couple of months longer, when they would close up for the winter, going into city apartments. Out of the generosity of a large Irish heart, I changed my mind, and continued with him, at an advance in salary of five dollars, making my monthly stipend thirty dollars, board, lodging, washing and mending (for mending means much) included.

At the expiration of three months, and some odd days, we separated. Before doing so, however, he paid me, and I remember very well how pleased I was to receive a check for \$110.

This old gentleman was a pensioned-off army man, and carried the title of "General." So with military precision I performed my unskilled and unmilitary duties for him during the quarter-year I gave in his service. Such a stickler was he for military exactness that when he came to pay me he figured out that the advance of five dollars per month in wages did not go into effect until Monday morning, the last day of the month having fallen on Saturday. It was therefore expedient that all day Sunday should be put in at the old wage scale.

In the eastern state of New York, five years before, I had my first experience with samples of Yankee would-be aristocrats, of which I have spoken already. Now in the northwestern state of Minnesota, hardly a few miles from the frontier of Yankee civilization, I ran up against another dose of a far more virulent variety than the first. On both occasions I served in the capacity of a close servitor to the family, which

afforded me an opportunity of close scrutiny from the inside. These transparent upstart aristocrats found no favor in my sight, and I henceforward determined that when brought into contact with them we would be more on a common level.

Returning from my residential surroundings to the commercial hub of Minneapolis, I began to carefully lay my plans for the future. Hard work wasn't easy, so I concluded to embark out into other projects. I had already in my possession a very passable education, and to enlarge and build upon it were my principal anxieties. With deliberation and close scrutiny I took pains to look into the merits and demerits of certain classes of education, and none appealed more forcibly to me than that of a commercial training. None of the professions caught my fancy, so there was no time lost in thought upon them. A business life was the magnet to which I was drawn. With nobody worth while to consult, and with everybody willing to give their views upon the proposition, I paid little heed to any, and as I have at all times done throughout my career, decided for myself. This decision led me to the most prominent business college the city afforded.

With the professors I got acquainted, to whom I outlined the object I had in view; in turn they told me what might be accomplished, and tuition engaged, supplies bought, I started in with vim and vigor to learn the simple rudiments of business theory. Being somewhat rusty on the educational problem, it took me considerable time to get started.

For two long months I studied the elements of commercial law and bookkeeping. Getting a working knowledge of these desirable branches of office routine, I changed from the college department of bookkeeping and banking to the shorthand and typewriting division of the school. Always keenly anxious to be thorough,

I did not mince matters, but at once decided to buy myself a life scholarship; or, as we used to call it, an unlimited time course.

With unabated fury, the next six months found me diligently studying every day at the college, and evenings at my boarding house. At the expiration of that time, my finances were sinking to a low ebb, so low in fact that it became imperative for me to get to work at something at once.

Securing a trucker's job with the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Company, I again began laboring.

My daily hours of toil with this company were from one o'clock p. m. until eleven p. m. This plan suited my purpose admirably. It enabled me to divide my time between the railroad company's service and the business college for my further advancement along educational lines. Thus from eight o'clock a. m. until noon each day I was busy with my studies, the rest of my time being devoted to work and sleep. No time was available for the wasteful occupation of recreation.

This railway employment and daily routine I kept up until Christmas Eve, when I quit work, and continued my studies, with undivided zeal, until the early spring. Having by this time advanced myself to a point where I might be of some practical value in the business world, I kept an eye out for an opening suitable to my caliber.

As you can get almost anything you look for in the United States, I found just such a place. It was in the office of a publishing concern that made a specialty of employing inexperienced college graduates, without pay, until they attained a high type of proficiency. In other words, we worked for no other remuneration than business practice.

But being pushing and enterprising, I soon secured

an office opening with pay attached. It was with the Chicago, Great-Western Railway Company. While in the employ of this concern my duties were of a varying character. Half of each working day I served the freight agent as an amanuensis clerk, and half of each night I did janitor work in the station.

It was further required of me to be present when midnight trains were coming in, so that I would have the electric lights turned on, and otherwise make the station a suitable and comfortable waiting room for such citizens as might come round for the purpose of meeting and greeting arriving friends. Here again I found my job lacking in attractiveness, and, waxing saucy to one of the higher officials one day, I was summarily discharged. Later on I was reinstated, but only to be again thrust forth jobless on the labor market. But none of these things annoyed me. They are a part of every man's existence in America. One day we have a good and well paying sit, while the lapse of but a very short time may find us again seeking. Ups and downs are very apt to prevail when most unlooked for.

My next field of endeavor was in the state of Wisconsin. Through a newspaper advertisement, I was tried, tested and proven as private secretary to the superintendent and physician-in-charge of a large sanitarium.

Here my ability began to be rewarded.

Promotion followed rapidly, and it was not very long until I had charge of the business end of the institution, which responsibility carried with it the hiring and firing of the working corps of helpers; collecting and banking the funds; ordering and buying of supplies; bookkeeping and clerical work, as well as the stenographic and typewriting part of the institution's daily programme. Of course I had nothing to do with the

professional part of the sanitarium; but occasionally I would be called upon to visit twin city hospitals, for the purpose of hiring a trained nurse, or picking out a young lady desirous of becoming a pupil nurse.

Life in this notable institution had varied aspects. The morphine millionairess, cocaine fiend, dipsomania victim, nervous wreck, and many other chronic sufferers came for care and treatment. After each patient's diagnosis, the doctor dictated his medical discoveries to me, which I transcribed in typewriting form and mailed to the friends interested. Medical phrases, phonetically spelled, are a hard proposition for the ordinary layman. But, with the aid of medical dictionaries, I soon mastered this rather rough obligation.

To give my readers even a faint idea of the many weird happenings I encountered, both designedly and accidentally, while my arduous tasks were being performed day after day and night after night in this my latest field of usefulness, is something not to be even attempted here. Up to this time my knowledge of humanity was very scant. But here a most entrancing opportunity presented itself to study certain types of the human race. It was my business to hear and see and say nothing. Human frailties were laid bare before me, and coming so suddenly more than took me by surprise. Had I gone through a course of anatomy, where this knowledge would be gradually acquired, I should not have been so overwhelmed by the sights I saw; but tumbling headlong into it all was a partial stunner.

Institutions of this character are undoubtedly serious traps for feminine morality and virtue. Drugs deaden the sensibilities and the rest becomes easy. Wolfish doctors have been known to administer questionable preparations for more sinister motives than

healing purposes. Many imaginary female sufferers fall a ready prey into the clutches of unscrupulous physicians, through medicinal mediums, of which patients know little concerning their import. So publicly and openly do some of these drug-stricken victims show their immoralities, that the bad example set results in wrongdoing among the many female employees they are brought in contact with. The temptations which beset myself from midnight irresponsible prowlers around the halls of the institution would dwarf the sad experiences of Joseph (of Egypt and biblical fame) with Potiphar's wife, and her amorous overtures. But it is not impossible to have modern as well as oldtime Josephs. Good men are found in all ages.

While sojourning in this Wisconsin sanitarium, it was my good fortune to make the acquaintance of many very fine people.

In 1892 Mr. Grover Cleveland was elected to the presidency of the United States. Immediately after he and a Democratic government took office in Washington early in March, 1893, a commercial panic seized the country, all industries suffering. Our institution also felt the effects of the financial stringency to such an extent that we were obliged to curtail running expenses in different ways. When doing so, I became one of the many others whose services must needs be dispensed with.

Accordingly along towards the latter part of December I received a note from the high executioner, which gave me little concern, as I saw the clouds gathering and had made other provision already. It read: "Compelled to still further economize in the management of this institution, I will be obliged to dispense with your services on and after the first of the new year," etc., etc. However, matters so resolved them-

selves afterwards that I was able to stave off my departure for three months longer. This brought me into the early springtime, and it was my good luck to be able, at the expiration of that time, to step from one place into another, but in a different part of the country, without loss of a moment's needless time.

The experiences gone through during this highly important milestone marking my career were things worth remembering. They seemed to be of a twofold character. Aside from the sad occurrences, which were continually taking place within the walls of the hospital through the sufferings and despair of its patients, without the confines I found many pleasing pastimes. Such institutions are usually located on sanitary sites, carefully landscaped and artistically beautified. With rare taste, all of these things were embodied in this magnificent sanitarium. It was amid these pleasing environments I happily spent my days. With the ladies I should play lawn croquet; with the girls I was invited to swing in the hammocks; also take them boating, fishing and carriage driving. These were amusements not to be wilfully slighted by anyone; but on the contrary appreciated by everybody. Rarely indeed does it befall ordinary mortals to enjoy such a measure of charming enjoyments. I was lucky.

The inner workings of such sacred and secret places would test the cleverness of the most close-mouthed, and the christianity of all.

In Another Role

The spring of 1894 found me in a small town in the northern part of the state of Minnesota, acting in the capacity of private secretary to a large landowner by nationality English. Banks at this time were suspending payments and closing their doors, owing to

the hard times prevailing. Courts were daily appointing receivers to take over and straighten out as best they could the apparently worthless assets of these defunct banking institutions.

My new employer held one of these receiverships, and as I was his confidential man it naturally came to pass that I got an insight into the ways, means and methods employed in handling these trust funds. But it is not my intention here to minutely go into such details. However, I may venture a few opportune criticisms in this connection.

Almost throughout the United States this rather distressful condition prevailed. Many honest bankers were compelled to resort, as a last desperate measure, to dishonest dealings, faintly hoping that they would be able to finally pull through.

Others again took quick advantage of the loudly-heralded hard times and financial stringency to shut up already bankrupt enterprises, and clear out, nobody knowing whither. But many honorable men valiantly stood their ground and weathered the financial storm, when all seemed lost.

The "busting" up of banks, and breaking down of many other fiduciary institutions of various kinds were causes for many heartaches to the depositors, and others having their moneys lodged or invested in such business propositions. But when the courts took hold, appointing as receivers and assignees judicial wrecks of the bench fraternity; who in turn named others of the same professional kind as their legal assistants, what earthly show did the poor depositors or investors have to get back any substantial portion of their scant savings, for usually the victims most interested came from the ranks of the hard earners? By the time the receivers and their attorneys received all they figured

their straightening-out services were worth, there was mighty little left for those most concerned.

But these unfortunates were let down easy. Courts and receivers did their work with great legal skill and due deliberation. So, ere there was a final accounting, the patience of the poor was worn out. It all looked like an endurance test. Or possibly, though unlikely, many had their past losses recouped. In all human probability, the great majority of the losers had their misfortunes forgotten altogether, or swamped in the depths of still deeper woes and domestic anxieties.

Moreover it would be both thoughtless and inconsiderate for the adjudicators to reopen seemingly healed financial wounds, by even small payments from time to time. This some of the less scrupulous did. The more unscrupulous conjured up fancied expenses, which largely added to their own already swollen perquisites, depriving the rightful owners of all.

These were doleful days. In fact they so strenuously tried and tested the good-nature and long-suffering of the American people, as to stamp them the most patient of all humankind. That they withstood it good-humoredly has always been one of the uncleared mysteries to the writer. Painful indeed have been their financial experiences in many ways, and ere I conclude the portion of this book devoted to "The Yankees" my readers will admit that I have waded through a lot of it.

The gentleman with whom I was now associated having large landed interests in the counties of Todd and Morris, located in the northern part of the state of Minnesota, my office duties were varied. They were still more diversified by reason of the fact that he also owned a valuable string of fast racing horses. The land handling required the drawing of deeds, mortgages,

chattel mortgages, and many other official instruments of a documentary kind incident to the selling and buying of a real estate business. Then the correspondence involved the entering of race horses at the different race tracks, tracing each animal's pedigree, writing unspellable names of dams and sires, all somewhat brainracking.

Socially, my stay in the small town of Long Prairie (Todd County) was very agreeable. It afforded many ruralistic experiences, and marked another stepping stone in my ebbing career.

But I grew discontented and yearned for a larger field to exert my developing capabilities. I got it.

The summer of 1894 was a distressing one for many reasons. From a national viewpoint, the country seemed in the throes of financial disorder. The party in power at Washington seemed helplessly incapable of handling the affairs of the country, and the people's confidence naturally slipped away from the government.

Things kept drifting from bad to worse, until industrial stagnation and commercial chaos got such an impetus that it seemed well nigh impossible to stem the tide of continued disaster. Work was not to be had, and the unemployed, mob-like, marched through the streets of the large cities, unable to find either work or bread. Soup houses were started by the civic authorities, and in conjunction with the many charitable organizations which such untoward conditions brought into being, did a good work towards alleviating the pangs of hunger suffered by the workless portion of the population.

It was amid such unfortunate tribulations I threw up my job in Long Prairie, took a six weeks' holiday in eastern Canada, of which I have made mention before, and, returning to the city of Minneapolis late in

the fall of 1894, I got busy in seeking another opening. Whether there was idleness in store for others or not, it seemed as if there were to be none for me.

It was, therefore, a part of my program to start in with a grain and commission firm in the Chamber of Commerce (Minneapolis), not permanently, but until such time as I ferreted out a more suitable and remunerative position. This sort of way is not a bad plan, for I have often noticed that it is much easier to get a position when you are already employed than if you were loafing around idle.

Being now ensconced in a new and different enterprise, I adapted myself accordingly. For the benefit of the entire globe, I will here state that Minneapolis, Minnesota, United States, America, is the largest primary grain market in the world. Further, let me add that the Chamber of Commerce in that city does the most extensive business in grain handling, flour milling, foodstuffs marketing, and exchange excitement of any other like enterprise in the world, where the interests of the farmer and his accessory, the commission man, blend together to their mutual advantage. Very true, there may be other noisy stock exchanges far more boisterously exciting.

Brawn grows the grain and brain does the rest. Either one without the other would be valueless and ineffectual. Jointly they make a workable team, which fetches additional dollars and profits into the private exchequers of both. Working in harmony, they are a unity for profitable commercial intercourse not to be underestimated. Divided, the farmer is hopelessly apt to get the worst of it from the irresponsible parties he must of necessity deal with.

In common with all other big enterprises sprinkling the country over, the business depression reached the large Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce. Conse-

quently I knew a day of reckoning was fast approaching, so I sought to be independent. Thus I kept my eyes ajar, with a view of securing another opening.

It being my usual custom to drop into the grain office every Sunday morning for the purpose of reading the Sunday morning papers and scanning the advertising columns, I suddenly lit upon a want ad. one Sabbath morning which seemed suitable. Sitting down to my typewriting machine, I rattled off an answer about as follows: "Answering enclosed advertisement, will say, call and I'll figure with you." Tripping around to the newspaper office, I deposited my application in the usual way. That was all. This was Sunday morning.

Early Monday forenoon a messenger arrived at the office looking for me. It was the secretary of the Minneapolis Commercial Club, who had inserted the adlet. We came to terms, and I started in the very next morning. My usefulness consisted of shorthand and typewriting for the time being. I knew I gave satisfaction, although the position was a very precise one, for a few days after my installment the secretary dictated a letter to me, addressed to the president of the club, in which he took pains to say that he was pleased to announce that he had at last, after diligent search and a good deal of newspaper advertising, secured the services of a competent stenographer, and would now be able to get his desk cleaned up of the accumulations of business correspondence compelled to lie there owing to the incompetency of the many stenographers he had lately hired and fired.

This was complimentary to me, but it was not the first time I had been thus complimented. In fact, the selfsame troubles were experienced by my two previous employers.

I mention this with a view of reaching young men

who may be laboring under the erroneous impression that they are proficient, when they barely know the rudiments, and in reality are sufferers from bigheadedness.

Going to still greater lengths, I would say that the day has come when business men of the country should take a hand in the educational department of the public weal. Theoretical people having captured the control of the public school machinery of the United States, a feminized generation of youngsters, deeply, dyed in the nonsensical prodigies of fads and fancies, is the result.

Business men are, therefore, obliged to put up with a very inferior quality of help, owing to their inability to get competent workers, a dearth of same being the logical outcome of the present educational system.

Above all nations in the world, American youth should never be indulgently entrusted to the feminizing influences of female school teachers for training, even from their earliest youth. Sturdy and stern schoolmasters should be in the educational saddle, and, whip in hand, endowed with full discretionary powers regarding corporal punishment. Until these things are again in vogue, all employers of office help might just as well make up their minds to make the most of the unsatisfactory educational conditions now prevailing, which is producing a small run of sissy boys and mollycoddles, wholly unfit to grapple with the large twentieth century problems now confronting a mighty people. This day and age are loudly calling for men who are the true embodiment of capable manliness.

My own trouble along this line began to make its appearance about this time. It so happened that I had to secure other stenographic services, and searching inquiry revealed the fact that the efficiency I

sought was not forthcoming. The indifferent could not be tolerated.

I was now, as I might say, in the swim. Brought into close business contact with the ablest and brainiest men Yankeeland could boast of, I could not fail to profit commercially and intellectually by such good fortune. Minneapolis could always boast of a larger percentage of big men in proportion to its population than any other large center in the wide republic. The men who built up and carried on the vast enterprises of this wonderful northwestern metropolis were principally empire builders who had given a good account of themselves elsewhere before they came to this magic city, situated so majestically upon the banks of the Mississippi, to do still greater works. It was from a population of some three hundred thousand people of this aggressive character that the Commercial Club recruited its one thousand members.

Our club was instrumental in putting on many entertaining features for the benefit of incoming country cousins, as well as for the diversion of Minneapolitans themselves, for nothing was ever considered too good for our citizens. Some of the outdoor performances would consist of street parades, made up of fancy floats representing large establishments, bands of music, military and civic exhibitions, spectacular pageants, and comic acting of a mirth-provoking nature. The people of the Flour City (this is another name Minneapolis is known by, owing to the fact that it is the largest flour milling center in the world) never let an opportunity of disporting themselves pass without doing themselves and their city a full measure of justice. Great things are at all times expected of these peculiarly ambitious people, and they invariably arise to the occasion.

During the years 1895-6-7 I was very closely asso-

ciated, in an official capacity, with the Commercial Club and The Fall Festivities Association. Once we had made application to that honorable body known as the common council of the city for an appropriation of one thousand dollars to help defray the expenses of several public men who were expected to take part in the approaching festivities. The celebrations were largely of a public nature, and the request was a reasonable one. Thus it was only fair that the financial help sought should be forthcoming from the city's treasury. In the council chamber, while that body was in session, a motion was duly made regarding the funds asked, but it was lost and the money refused.

Scornfully shaking my head, I left the city hall. But matters did not end there. Next day the chairman of the ways and means committee came to the office with a grievous complaint regarding my conduct in the council the evening previous. However, as I happened to be the only occupant of the office at the time he called, I smoothed things over, we had a drink (the average alderman never refuses a treat), and he went away satisfied that his lacerated feelings would recuperate.

Yes, nearly all American citizens know very well that aldermen hardly refuse anything. So well established is this fact that they have to be watched more or less from time to time, fearing that they would be caught lifting funds belonging to the city, boodling, or otherwise acting corruptly. The fact of the matter is, I have known aldermen, attached to the city of Minneapolis, detached therefrom and sent, by due process of law, to the penitentiary for indefinite periods, although the sentences imposed made their terms of imprisonment definite enough. But corrupting influences without the prison walls brought such political pressure on the pardoning powers as to make

the untimely unlocking of prison doors possible for these public malefactors. To such an extent is this evil carried on in the United States that it now seems as if the law and punishment were made and provided for the poor and friendless only.

Men who try to do things in the United States find obstacles thrown in their business pathway everywhere. People who are capable of accomplishing very little themselves are the first to obstruct the efforts of the more able. If this cannot be done by fair means in an open fight, these despicable obstructors resort to foul means in the dark. It is, therefore, very natural that men who have climbed to the topmost rung of the commercial ladder, having experienced no encouragement from any source on the climb upwards, but on the contrary encountered apparently impossible obstructions, should assume an air of soulless indifference to the wants and woes of the hinderers, even going so far as to look down upon them with contempt. Good and capable men are not the kind to permit their plans and schemes to be thwarted; but instead will ride roughshod over every obstacle thrown in their way, going so far even as to set the laws of the land at naught.

All of these things have been brought very near to me in the small sphere it has been my fortune to operate. Brought into touch with men of limitless business ability, I tried to drink draughts from the same enterprising brooks. During my business relations with the Commercial Club and Fall Festivities Association in the years named I took an active part in the public and semi-public doings in the city of Minneapolis. While thus engaged I enjoyed the confidence and good will of the officers and gentlemen with whom I was principally co-operating.

At the inception of any public undertaking planned

AMERICAN "HOBOS."



STOLEN COMFORT

CAUGHT SLEEPING UNDER THE GOODS.

and designed for the general good of the entire citizenship a few of the leading men of the city would, in addition to laying out the plan and scope desired, have to educate the bulk of the people up to a full realization of the importance to them of lending a hand. This once accomplished, all would readily fall in line, get their shoulders to the wheel, vigorously pushing and boosting.

It is only necessary to point out to the average American mind where there is something "in it" for them and all will be well. But master minds are never found wanting in any part of the United States, and in this respect Minneapolis takes a foremost stand. Such profound confidence have the people at large in the good business sense and sound judgment of the city's most prominent captains of industry that they cease to look sidewise at the projects favored and fostered by them, and once enlightened as to their plan and scope, spit on their hands, taking hold with a working will.

From the accursed affliction of knockers and wet-blanketers no part of American soil is free. These pests are numerously scattered everywhere. Various are the guises they assume. There is the rabid reformer, who is, in his own narrow imagination, so miraculously endowed by nature as to see danger and dire disaster in all things pertaining to the body politic. Then there are the selfish, greedy, begrudging human particles of society, who try to get into deep water but, being bad swimmers, keep paddling along the shore in shallow water, occasionally trying to sink the deep-water swimmers by devious means and divers meanness. When they fail to keep up with the chase themselves, they treacherously cling to those making a victorious race. If shaken off, as they usually are, they try other schemes still more despicable.

Prompted by my semi-public experiences in Minneapolis, I have thus given vent to my wrought-up feelings. For three years I was so intimately associated with the advance guard of this growing northwestern city, both the good and the bad were bared before me. In all such instances we will find the worthless out-number and outweigh the genuine ten to one.

There is no doubt but that I took an aggressive attitude myself, thereby bringing down upon me well-filled phials of wrath, often seemingly needless. My motives were impugned, often openly and oftener darkly. On each and every occasion, however, I went to the proper parties, explained to them the provocative circumstances, and had no difficulty at any time in satisfactorily straightening things out.

One time it would be something seemingly wrong that was brought before the meeting of the board of directors, when a reprimand of a cautionary character would be voted on, carried and duly spread, with important solemnity, upon the pages of the minutes, all of which would transpire without a hearing in self-defense.

But this would not occur because of any hankering members of the board might have for doing me, or anybody else that might happen to be occupying the same position, an injury, their main object being to transact business with all due formality, and this must needs be done if even only one lawyer is a member of the body, for these professional gentlemen are adepts in law construction and living up thereto. An additional consideration might lie in the fact that a sop must be thrown to some real fire eater happening also to be a member, and whose imaginary keen perception saw things in a far more sanguinary light than his fellow-members.

Well I remember how one year during the fall carni-

val the city authorities gave permission for the erection of official grandstands on the side streets crossing the main thoroughfare, on which the parades were to take place. The parties getting the concession so blunderingly managed the stand proposition that little profit was left for themselves or the carnival association, who was to get a substantial percentage of the gross takings.

The following year, profiting by the inexperienced methods adopted by the concessionaires the year previous, I personally supervised the same privileges in such a manner as to make them a substantial financial success to all concerned. For doing so I was severely brought to task. It was another case, if you do or if you don't you'll get h—— anyway.

Inadvertently hearing underbreath whisperings going on regarding my officious activities in matters pertaining to the great carnival, and noticing that the members of the association were practically ignoring me, I went to them direct and cheerfully sought the cause. I was promptly informed by the president that there were rumors circulated about the city to the effect that I had used my inside knowledge of what was going on to further my personal interests; that I had used others for a stoolpigeon and had in many other ways acted as a go-between, from all of which I was deriving great gain. This was reprehensible conduct that could not be connived at by the directorate, when carried on by any person in the employ of the carnival association, and the committee, therefore, wished to discountenance it.

Very attentively, indeed, I listened to the grist of complaints, after which I frankly assured the worthy gentlemen that they were hopelessly in error. It being brought to their minds that all concessions were let by carefully advertised tender, and that there were no

bidders, owing to the eminent danger of bad weather at that particular season of the year, in such event a substantial loss would ensue, and that having come to the rescue, giving the organization the percentage asked and yielding to their every other wish regarding decorations and seating capacity of stands, at the same time taking the most desperate chances with the weather probabilities, I had performed a most desirable service towards the welfare of the enterprise. Thus instead of being the target for undeserved criticism, I was entitled to the thanks and gratitude of the officials in charge. Clouds were cleared, and my integrity was vindicated.

But no matter how disagreeable different phases of business life may appear at times, there are always signs of pleasing things hovering about on the commercial horizon. Invariably the one will more than counterbalance the other.

Such an occasion arose, in a very unexpected manner, when some friends and myself were having an accounting. We were sitting in one of the secluded winerooms of a fashionable clubhouse, carefully analyzing some financial reports placed before us. Having passed upon the statements submitted, I, being treasurer, drew a check for the amount accruing to one of my associates, covering his share of the profits of our speculations. As the already signed check lay untaken on the table we were sitting at, we had a Manhattan cocktail. As one drink generally borrows another, we had two. Immediately thereafter my intellect became a wee bit more animated and I at once grasped the thought that a mistake had been made. Reaching over, I again took up the check, as it still lay there, and tore it into fragments. My friend watched the proceeding, remarking that it was very queer if a couple of whiskeys could make me do that. But I hastily hurried to

explain that I had written it out for entirely too much.

Closer scrutiny of the figures at hand bore me out, a new check was signed, and everybody departed well satisfied.

Drinking is a habit that I have never let interfere with business obligations; nor would I permit business to deprive me of the manly privilege of taking a moderate drink whenever I felt like doing so. Nearly every man I ever had business relations with was moderate in his habits in all other respects as well as in the use of intoxicants. I claim that such men are much more agreeable to deal with than the one-ideaed genius, who imagines he smells badness and distraction in everything everywhere, that does not happen to be in absolute accord with his private views. Men of affairs who guide and control big undertakings are in the great majority of cases abundantly able to control their own habits and manner of life. Men who can't are unreliable in whatever way you wish to take them. This latter type of human character is so few and far between that it is useless to waste much consideration on them; nor is it done except by specialists, who devote their valueless time worrying over such human ills.

However hard it may be at times to get along smoothly with large-calibered men of renowned ability for the putting through of business undertakings of much magnitude, it is a great deal more difficult to do so with small fry individuals, little in their nature and narrow in their general makeup. So far in my career I had the good luck of not being compelled to rub up, to any appreciable extent, against them. The men with whom I co-labored while engaged in semi-public usefulness when identified with the Minneapolis Commercial Club were the shrewdest and most cleancut body of city builders obtainable anywhere in America. In

so complimenting them I am performing a simple act of well-earned courtesy, which I again reiterate.

The latter part of the year 1897 discovered me in the service of a big brewing company. I had severed my connection with the good men who represented the dry goods business and many other manufacturing, retailing and wholesaling activities incident to the whirl of busy city life. It is undoubtedly men engaged in these avocations who are, in season and out of season, constantly advertising their city, as well as vigorously pushing their respective wares and lines of commerce.

In the wet goods world, which might be considered a separate and distinct line of traffic to all others, there is not that necessary energetic push needful in order to draw trade and provide markets as all other industries seem to have imposed upon them. The men employed in the more substantial merchandising sharpen their intellects and key up their business faculties to the straining point in order to build up and retain as large a share of the public's patronage as possible, each firm outmaneuvering and outbidding its competitors. Thus we have bargain days and cheap sales, fire sales, clearance and many other sales to capture and attract the feminine bargain seeker, who goes forth determined to make a dollar do two dollars' worth of domestic usefulness. We therefore have not only expert sellers, but in addition alert buyers, both of which tend to draw out all possible commercial cleverness they find each other capable of.

But it would be a mild injustice to the womenfolk to say that they were the only ones anxious to take full advantage of cheap buying and swollen values for their dollars. Men are equally guilty, although not having the same opportunities for studying them out and following them up. Being the breadwinners, their time is spent in more needful occupations, leaving to

their trusted mothers, wives and sisters the full responsibility of attending to these buying domestic details. Well they might do so, for of all nationalities none can be found more eager to take full advantage of every dollar-saving device than American womanhood. Nor does it seem that the poorer classes have a monopoly on these things. Not so, to all intents and purposes, the well-to-do, yes, and even the real rich, greedily grasp all such available means of spreading their money.

I have thus shown that the people on both sides of the bargain counter work together to their mutual aid in mental development along the arts of buying and selling. Woman against woman and wit against wit are the principal ingredients brought into play in these combinations. All day long it is a battle between feminine buying and selling combatants.

Owners and managers of large emporiums, where miscellaneous goods are on display, recognize the strenuous endeavors urgently put forth by the seller and buyer, the one determined to do the best she can for the house, while the other is just as pronounced in her determination to get all she can for herself. Shortened hours of daily labor is one of the results.

With the manufacturer and vender of wet goods a far different condition of things present themselves. The trade is handled by men, and the patrons are also men. Buying and selling are altogether unlike other lines of trading. In all other lines, or nearly all, the merchandising is strictly between the two parties concerned—the seller and buyer. But in the handling and selling of spirituous liquor a third party unceremoniously inserts itself.

This uninvited party is the United States government. With it all manufacturers, wholesalers, retailers, and even consumers, have to reckon. Certain laws

are made and provided by the national government, for revenue reasons, that must be rigidly lived up to. These laws are prescribed for financial purposes, and laws of that nature can never be evaded. Were they placed on the statute books for moral decency in America, little trouble would be experienced in getting around them. For financial considerations, never.

Then there are municipal financial obligations. These are also money-getting laws and ordinances, which cannot well be evaded. In addition to all of these there are county commissioners, who look after the imaginary abuses of the rural districts in each county, where town and city police regulations do not reach.

It is indeed marvelous how all these argus-eyed protectors of the people's peace and morality smell danger and disaster to the public good whenever a liquor vender happens to unwisely overstep the myriads of laws enacted for his liquor-handling guidance. That these laws are legion in both the United States and Canada is abundantly amplified by me before this. Indeed, they are, a great many of them, so senseless and man-made that it is almost a physical impossibility for even the most scrupulously respectful wine merchant to live within them and carry on his duly licensed business.

Liquor laws, as put upon the statute books by the congress of the United States for the proper control of the traffic are fairly sensible and statesmanlike. But the supplementary regulations conjured up by local authorities, here and there in effect in different communities, are as freakish and silly as green law-making men can concoct, no matter what motives prompted their enactment. In every sphere of human endeavor there are a varied assortment of motives; but when dealing with the liquor traffic there is one that counts above all others, and that is the financial.

When the liquor industry of the United States is under discussion it is well for the disputants not to lose sight of that fact, in order to be impartial in their judgment.

Truthfully, I must say that for these nine long years, in which I have worked with drinking men and collaborated with wage-earning drinkers, I have seen far less drunkenness than in many other walks in life that it has been my privilege to be associated with.

My co-workers were, in the large majority, foreign born. They worked as men. They drank as men, and they conducted themselves as men.

With an ardent desire to give everybody their just due, I willingly say all of this for my co-workers in this great American industry.

Graft getters generally use their fleeting official authority as a leverage to make manufacturers of and dealers in liquor financially "cough up."

This they accomplish through adverse legislation at all times. In a country where the "undesirables" of Christendom find a ready refuge and where morality and virtue cannot possibly be as yet very deeply rooted, it would be folly to suppose that all of these measures are put forth for nothing more amiable than a profound desire for good.

To me it has always appeared as if the liquor laws sent forth by the imperial parliament (London) for the universal government of the liquor traffic throughout the British Isles is far preferable to the American system. In any event, the British way prevents abuses from creeping in which are unquestionably inimical to honesty and incorrupt practices, in controlling this rather troublesome traffic.

These continuous conflicts are perpetually going on between the local authorities and liquor traders. The former class looms up as willing wolves to financially feast and prey upon the half-harried dealers in spirit-

uous liquids they feel called upon to tyrannize over and exercise their officiousness upon. If these should happen to be temperance cranks, they push their cause accordingly; or, of the grasping grafter kind, matters are still worse. In any event, it might be safely said that the American liquor captain of industry finds himself badly wedged in between the horns of an unenviable dilemma.

With all of these handicaps, persecutions and prosecutions continually harassing the brewers and distillers of the United States, for their mutual protection they have been compelled to organize themselves into aggressive and defensive bodies. They have also to keep themselves well advised regarding adverse measures continually cropping up for their further embarrassment. To defeat or render them harmless, they exercise the keenest shrewdness. If their ends cannot be gained by fair play, more substantial efforts must be resorted to; and in the great American republic the most effective fighting weapons known to twentieth century enterprise are the almighty dollar in the hands of mighty men. This method for obtaining certain ends is all-powerful.

An old saying has it that where there is much smoke there must be some fire. Likewise, in the liquor traffic, where there are lots of money there will be found some smoldering. Yes, there can be at all times discovered something simmering regarding the so-called liquor evil in the republic.

The grafter desirous of "bleeding" the brewer, or shaking down the distiller, will work his devilish tricks in dark and devious ways. He is usually a clever swindler, and he knows that he is dealing with a shrewd foemen. When he finds his newest measures, for the correction of apparent abuses fruitlessly coming to naught, or being squashed by other means, and

without his aid, he becomes maddened enough to seek spite.

He therefore brings to the help of his designing schemes all the theoretical reformers, a simple-minded class of well-meaning folk, who are ever ready to walk in without knowing or caring where they are going, what for, or how they are going to crawl out. Thus we see these reformers continuously made the catspaw of a most despicably intriguing tribe of grafters.

Manufacturers of liquor much prefer seeing their clientele keeping high and dry upon the broad way of sobriety, with an absolute freedom from all sorts of intemperance, yet indulging in the manly art of taking a little, as St. Paul said, "for the stomach's sake," whenever they choose.

Brewing companies and liquor dispensers of every variety have been drawn more into the vortex of trades unionism than any other recognized business in the industrial world. In this way they have generously shared their profits with their men.

One day the boss, a German-American of large, athletic build, came into the office, swinging his mighty arms as determinedly as ever a professor bent upon gymnastic exercise for the development of his muscular makeup swung Indian clubs, scoldingly delivered the following, to me, important utterances: "It's just as well for you to pull out now as any other time. You don't seem to be able to manage them drivers. They are walking all over you, and all of us, for that matter. So you can resign the first of the month." I listened attentively. When he had done, I also broke out to the effect that I wasn't asking anybody to tell me how I managed my department. I knew only too well myself that no man could manage it better. Moreover, I reminded him of the fact that I had been doing it for nearly six years, and was it possible it took him

all that time to find out my incompetency? However, I assured him that it suited me quite well to drop out, but that I would not do so under fire, as that would be an acknowledgment of my inability to satisfactorily fill the place I held down so long.

As it is never one of the unsolved problems for good men to get together and settle their difficulties satisfactorily to themselves, we adjusted ours, and a couple of months later, for the time being, at least, I severed by connection with the brewing company as unconcerned as if I were in the employ of the concern but for six hours instead of six years.

Nor was I foolish enough to imagine that the entire business would miserably collapse the moment it lost my invaluable services.

Neither did the management deem my usefulness so indispensable as to entertain doubts and fears regarding the foolhardiness of separating itself from me. On the contrary, we were satisfied all around, they continuing to do business in the usual way, while I immediately began to carry on activities elsewhere.

Some ignoramuses and other simple geniuses ruefully imagine that the very instant they are no longer associated with an enterprise its finish is within sight. Into the bargain, it not infrequently happens that the very least cog in the wheel imagines itself the all-important one. Upshots of this character get their quietus when least expected.

In this day and generation no man is so indissolubly identified with any undertaking, no matter how much of a magnate he may be, or how gigantic in proportions the enterprise may assume, as to be wholly indispensable to its continued usefulness to the betterment of mankind.

The very instant one of these great organizers step down and out another is ready to step up and in. Pos-

sibly he has been in training for such a contingency; or he may be accidentally discovered when just needed. Which or whether it matters little. Suffice to say that when it comes to commercial Napoleons, America is ever ready to supply the demand.

Far beyond the Rocky Mountains was to be the scene of my next wild and weird work. I was slated to enter a new field, wholly different to anything heretofore undertaken by me. Thrilling events were scheduled to follow fast and furious upon the heels of one another for the next couple of years. They were not of my planning, but gradually unfolded themselves after I once got started. But having been tried and tested so often, no legitimate business, no matter what its magnitude might be, would make me flinch for a minute, after I got my first bearings thereon.

Every large city in the United States has its quota of mining men. These may be divided and subdivided into many different and questionable species. The first is the genuine prospector, who has "packed" his way into the mineral-bearing zone and, by accident or otherwise, located a property which was duly developed by tunnel or shaft until it became a dividend-paying mine. Such a man can be chalked down as a mining man of strenuous ability, and in his class are found mighty few. He takes charge in person. He is always found at the mouth of his tunnelwork or brink of his shaft. Very minutely he looks out for the care and welfare of his good luck himself, intrusting nobody until at least his mine is far removed from the realm of speculation and uncertainty.

Close figuring and economical handling while his property is in its incipient stages of development are absolute requisites in the management of such properties, by reason of the fact that a horde of sharks are at all times willing to swoop down and take undue

advantage of the so-called tenderfoot who has been so lucky in all their dealings with him.

The sudden strike of ore in paying quantities entices otherwise honest men to do things of commercial dishonesty, because discovering ore is the same as finding money, and they become encouraged accordingly. It therefore behooves the lucky mine owner to be at all times suspiciously alert.

There is another class of well-meaning gullibles, who imagine they are miners without ever having been closer than a thousand miles to the property they are financially interested in. Through rosy printed matter and gaudy advertising material, they have literally read themselves into the idiotic belief that they cannot miss a big thing. Accordingly they put their spared savings, yes, and much of their unspared funds, into it, and I have personally known men of maturity to borrow money from their equally gullible but trusting neighbors to also foolishly throw into such investments. They lost their money. In addition to that, they inveigled their relatives, friends and neighbors into the fool thing also, thus financially skinning them into the bargain. However, they afterwards soothed their financially shattered feelings with the insinuation that they took a gambler's chance.

They did nothing of the kind. There was absolutely no chancework about it. From the moment they went in it was a dead certainty they would lose their money. This was but a natural and logical outcome, for they were in the hands of promoters as gullible as themselves.

In such cases gullibles affiliate with gullibles more gullible than themselves. In a majority of these instances they were well-meaning folk, but so exceedingly anxious to wax wealthy at once that they went into get-rich-quick schemes with such supreme sim-

plicity as to blindly lose sight of the most ordinary rules of business discernment. They, childlike, fed themselves with the fancy that the mining industry was altogether different from all other commercial enterprises, a grievously mistaken notion indeed. On the contrary, that particular field of professional endeavor requires a most stringent training, years of geological study and practical labor. Mining is a profession in itself affording vast scope. Men who engage successfully in it find ample outlet for their intellectual cleverness and business capacity.

There is yet another class of mining men. They never mine nor never intend to mine for mineral. They do their mining in large, well-ventilated, neatly carpeted offices, luxuriously equipped with mining implements, such as typewriting machines, lithographing machinery and printing presses. For your inspection they will exhibit a beautiful showcase containing rich specimens of gold and other ores, which would make the mouth of any prospective investor water. They will also give you as a return for your money, gaudily lithographed in colored work, stock certificates, which at all times serve as receipts, as the lucky possessors put them away so carefully, because of their artistic grandeur, that neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, and thieves do not care to break through and steal. In fact, they are jealously guarded as souvenirs. With these smelted and unsmelted samples of ore from their own properties, ably backed up by their advertising paraphernalia and oily-tongued mining fakirs, the sucker-citizen is soon financially mined and undermined.

That the United States has offered a most inviting field for such exploitation is a foregone conclusion, and it is not in the least sense an exaggeration to assert that within the bounds of the great republic two-

thirds of its population have been euchred out of some portion of their money in some way, through some of the flim-flam games played against them, none of which have occupied a more important place than the silly search for mineral wealth by gullible people.

Nor are the poor, with meager means, the only ones thus fooled. Moneyed men of large business caliber in other lines of industry have also fallen a ready prey to this insatiable greed for gold. With a reckless disregard for adherence to well-established practices governing commercial procedure everywhere, they have entered this gainful pursuit in the most haphazard manner. But the entry did not reach far. Money was lost in office rent, clerk hire, salaried officials, traveling expenses, stationery and printing and divers other ways of spending easy-got funds far away from the ore-mining prospects.

Dividends were even paid out of stock sales, thereby linking together an endless chain for the purpose of keeping up the interest and roping in the increasingly incautious suckers farther and farther.

For many years I had been a close observer of all this gullibility in Minneapolis, a city peculiarly humiliated by the operations and peculations of these mining and other fakirs. Minneapolitans had "bit" on everything that came their way, recklessly regardless of merit or outcome. The town seemed to be the sucker center of the entire nation. To such an extent was this noticeable that I have often ventured the remark myself that if I had a whole trainload of gold bricks I'd market them all in Minneapolis. Failing therein, I would consider it useless to try elsewhere. A fool's paradise, indeed.

Through no particular offhandedness of mine, I appeared to acquire the reputation of being in the possession of ready money.

That was all-sufficient to bring me under the notice of parties having mining stock and many other uncertain securities for sale. I was, therefore, invited upon many an occasion to meet enterprising promoters and stock brokers.

Civilly I made these appointments, and courteously I was received, dined and wine, beered and beef-steaked most hospitably. Verbally, by telephone, messenger service and mail these ambitious men kept after me. Being so charmingly entertained, I could not rudely shake them off, nor are they to be so easily shook off. Once getting an opening, they pertinaciously cling to a prospective purchaser, like an occidental land agent to an oriental capitalist. A money transaction without value received is worth far more effort than with, a realization these gentry fully appreciate.

At last I seemed landed. A gentleman with whom I had in previous years many pleasant business relations became a promoter, and having done so, he lost no time in tendering me the most flattering inducements to become associated with them. Giving the considerations submitted careful thought, I finally agreed to join in.

The mining property lay in the faraway state of Washington, about a hundred miles north of Spokane city and thirty miles south of the British Columbia portion of the international boundary line. My friends had taken a three-year lease of an old shut-down property from some Chicago millionaires, who had been duped by purchase and jilted by after expenditures in unwise developing management, until their losses reached a very considerable figure and necessitated their drop out. They were estimable gentlemen and deserved better fortune, but in their case, as well as in the cases of thousands of lesser investing lights, due

business precaution was not taken, financial loss resulting.

In a Mining Camp

Receiving free transportation to the works and a stipulated salary while away upon my tour of investigation, I started on my trip west. I realized it was a new experience, and one pregnant with far-reaching possibilities. I was, therefore, determined to make the most of any and all opportunities arising out of this, to me, rather important step in my money-making business career.

Traveling through the state of Minnesota, with its prosperous looking farm houses, creeks, small lakes and sheltering groves of light growth of timber, giving the country a lawn-like and old country aspect; North Dakota, level and ocean-like with its vast grain fields; Montana, one of the largest states in the Union, with its mining, ranching and cattle raising industries, sloping up and down the sides of the Rocky Mountains, the great backbone of the American continent; Idaho, with its hills, hollows and canyons, and finally into the state of Washington, where my mining capabilities were destined to be put to a severe test.

Changing cars at Spokane, having traveled on the main line to that point, I continued my journey north on a branch railway until I reached the town of Colville, Stevens county. Arriving there we (for there were several in the party) went to a modest boarding house for dinner. The day was dark and drizzly and our little party experienced not a few disheartening features of the day's program ere we reached the hill, where operations were already begun. Our livery teams had a hard time of it climbing upgrade in the deep and tough mud for a distance of over eight miles.

At last we reached the camp. Most of us had never

seen one of the same kind before. Nor did **any** of us ever traverse such an uneven, broken country. Mountains, valleys, ravines and deep gulches were noticed on every side as far as the eye could cover. Many ranchers were already settled in that fertile, though uneven, country, and were carrying on a crude sort of farming industry. Strange as it may seem, it is the "bench" lands on the mountain sides in this part of the world that are the most desirable.

That night we slept in the camp, which **was** a new innovation for us all. We were astir quite early next morning, and with much interest saw the miners at work, traveled through the various long, opaque tunnels, also climbed down the ladderways into the unworked old shafts, half filled with water, more moisture continuously oozing in from all sides.

This old mining property had quite an interesting history. Accidentally discovered by two Irish-Canadians who had left Canada and settled in the western states, when out prospecting for mineral, as the ore was protruding above the grass roots, these men made a lucky strike. They mined more than a quarter of a million dollars' worth of the rich silver-lead pocket deposits, which all at once treacherously gave out, then sold the property to other parties, who in turn "salted" and disposed of it to the Chicago men heretofore mentioned.

Like many other soldiers of fortune, the Kearney brothers could not stand prosperity and keep a steady equilibrium. They spent their money faster than it came in, despite the fact that they had a money-making mine. They were poor men. Suddenly and unexpectedly they waxed wealthy. While in obscurity they were useful citizens. When in wealth they became dangerous, for it is hard to arm a foolish man in a more death-dealing way to himself, if not to others,

than to place lots of money at his disposal. Many a man leads a useful life while barely able to meet his needs; but once enriched, unless possessing brains for ballast, his worthlessness begins to show itself. It was so in the instances named, and the lucky prospectors lost all through riotous living.

As men accustomed to the big things Chicagoans are capable of could not knuckle down to small things, the latest owners of the Old Dominion mining property were determined to start in the canyon and mine upwards, all mining in the past having been done downwards. A thousand feet of virgin ground, all mineralized, was available. But as it is a physical impossibility for the shrewdest of financiers to keep on spending a dollar for every twenty-five cents' worth of ore marketed, they were at last forced to give up and let go. Reluctantly they did this, for men with stamina, such as the builders of Chicago possess to an unusually high degree, know no such word as failure until things become altogether too desperate. It so unhappily happened that the present ease afforded such an issue.

Cutting loose from my tenderfoot friends in the East, I began to look into things pertaining to the mining property at close range in an analytical way to suit myself, uninfluenced by outside interference or prompting, taking as my working adviser a grizzly old veteran miner of thirty-one years underground practical experience in rock reading, by the name of Owen McCarthy, an Irish-American.

Mac. took me around and tersely taught me all the intricacies of the mining profession from the practical side. For the theoretical, as practiced by the office tenderfoot in the East, I had no use, and always held it in contempt. McCarthy assured me that if I got the management of the property, and made him my working foreman, we would make the property pay big

from the very first day we took hold. These rosy possibilities were backed up by sound arguments, and everything that Mac. said and did seemed exceedingly plausible and convincing.

With this end in view, I returned to the home office and very soon got busy laying my future plans. At first the officers of the company contemptuously smiled at my suggestions. They seemed to have profound confidence in the management they had already installed. I knew they were mistaken and that it was only a matter of a short time until it would come to grief. I was right. That is just what happened, and even much sooner than any of us anticipated. A young mineral student, son to the president of the old company, was in charge. He being a western lad, imagined that eastern capitalists had money to burn, and began burning it in a most reckless and unbusinesslike fashion.

A telegraphic wail came from him one day, demanding immediate remittances to pay the men off on the hill, who were making trouble in camp. Men engaged on western works, such as mining or marble properties, being up against the practical side, know a great deal more than the capitalists in the East carrying on operations. Thus, when the men know only too well that the work started is going to be an absolute failure they take no risk in getting their money, whether the same is for labor or supplies, and angrily demand it when the parties paying out are least able to do so.

Figuring by a course of imbecile reasoning that the property will begin fetching returns almost at once, they have not financially coaled up to meet possible contingencies. Thus too often it has come to pass that eastern promoters have summarily skipped out, leaving in the lurch unpaid employees, as well as many other financial obligations. Such operators are usually of

the irresponsible kind, and not worth legal proceedings. In addition to that, they hail from other states, and when law machinery is set in motion bringing them to time, it is very cumbersome, as laws in each state differ. All this average workmen know, and clamor accordingly.

The mine management I had determined upon superseding was cornered. Ere it was operating six weeks it was in dire financial strait. It had shipped a carload of ore to the smelter, but as the mine assayer's report and the smelter's returns were so far apart, an immediate settlement seemed impossible. The money was needed at once, but business sagacity prompted a slow settlement in order to avoid needless sacrifice.

Advancing the company sufficient funds to tide them over present difficulties, I got the appointment of business manager. Fully credentialed to take over the entire control of the property, I again started west, providing myself with a ticket on the North Coast Limited, one of America's crack trains, which runs between St. Paul-Minneapolis, in Minnesota, and Portland, state of Oregon. This train belongs to the Northern Pacific railway system. Some forty hours continuous travel brought the train to Spokane, where I stepped off. Without delay I proceeded to the mining camp, and there began doing things.

Calling at the cookhouse I put up a notice to the effect that all hands should report at the mine office that day at noon. Then I proceeded to pay off and discharge the youthful manager, who had already brought disaster on the company by reason of his inexperience. This particular part of my program was decidedly distasteful, as he was the son of a one-time millionaire, who was president of the old company and extremely anxious that his young son should be retained upon the payroll of the new company. But

I gave him no quarter. He got his cheek in spite of his pleadings, and took his final departure down the hill.

Owen McCarthy, the ore-smelling veteran miner, I at once placed in charge as working foreman, instructing him to the effect that he was to have full charge of everything under the ground, while I would look after the company's affairs above the ground. Under this joint arrangement we expected to proceed with the works.

As requested, the men came one by one to the mine office. With Mac. I selected the best and most experienced men. Those who did not understand the formation of silver-lead rock, the grangers and sheep herders (these were Mac's epithets for green miners) were paid off and let go. Thus, with a carefully selected working force of miners and muckers, and with our operating expenses needfully pruned down, we began taking out ores. Within a very short time we were shipping to the smelter minimum carloads of rich ore. Our smelter remittances for these shipments varied from eight hundred and fifty dollars up to twenty-five hundred dollars, per twenty-ton shipment. Had it not been for the low quotations on silver in those cheap days, which was something like forty-eight or fifty cents per ounce, we would have fared much better.

Having reorganized affairs at the mine, and putting things there on a business footing, I went to the smelter, with a view of effecting a satisfactory settlement regarding the carload of ore hung up there. This plant was located on Puget Sound, near the town of Tacoma, on the western edge of the state of Washington. My task in making an amicable settlement was not an easy one, as there were too many interested. For my own company I was anxious to get all that could possibly be squeezed out of the smelting com-

pany. Then there was the defunct mining company, who were to get a twenty per cent royalty. Being in bad graces with the president of that company on account of the high-handed manner in which I discharged his son at the mine, I well surmised that no matter what settlement I obtained, it would be unsatisfactory to him, and be attributed to my greenness as a mining man. My supposition proved correct, as later developments showed.

But I cared for none of these things. After due deliberation and study of the ways and methods employed by the smelting company for sorting and assaying ores, I made a settlement perfectly satisfactory to myself.

Trouble now began. There being a discrepancy of several hundred dollars between the figures of the mine assayer and the smelter returns, the old company loudly demanded their royalty on the larger figures. Of course, I was blamed, from one end of the country to the other, for being such a greenhorn in mining matters. I was even accused of being drunk, an accusation of the most accursed and cowardly kind. Letters passed between the different parties interested, some of which were mailed to me, betokening their confidence in me. However, I paid the royalty on the smelting company's figures, for which I received a receipt on account for the amount paid, and threats of legal proceedings for the balance, or an annulment of the lease, which was signed for three years, with options for further extensions. None of these things frightened me.

A double moiety of trouble resulted over the settlement of the next ore shipment. A larger discrepancy than ever existed between the mine assayer's figures and the smelting company's.

Taking the bit in my teeth, I positively refused to

take part in the thankless job of wringing more money out of the smelting concern this time. Instead, I insisted upon the old experienced president, who did so much howling over the settlement obtained before, to go in person and bring the smelter people to time, my company paying eighty per cent of his expenses, while twenty per cent came out of his own company's royalties. He peremptorily refused to accept such an offer, making the counter suggestion that we send to Tacoma a mineralogist under the same conditions.

I agreed.

I further gave him the privilege of naming the man, which he did.

We were lucky in securing the services of a combination man. He was both a mineralogist and geologist. His instructions were to sort and assay our ore shipment, which by telegraph was ordered held, as returns were unsatisfactory, and our terms with him were ten dollars and expenses for one day, or fifteen dollars and expenses for two days.

Our professional friend went to Tacoma as per agreement. He performed the professional duties required of him. He also returned in about twelve days and submitted a bill accordingly. What were his experiences and the cause of his long delay? What kind of a report did he fetch with him? To me that was the all-important part.

Well, he sorted and assayed our ore, and figured out what it should come to, using the latest market quotations on silver and lead. The smelting company resorted and reassayed the ore, in order to be sure that no mistake was made on their part. What was the result? Both our man and the smelting company showed by their latest figures that the smelting company had paid our company entirely too much in the draft sent us on their first assay. I had got the money,

and would make no refund. Our mineralogist had been unavoidably delayed by a dirt slide on the line in the Cascade mountains, rendering railroad traffic impossible, for which inconvenience there was no legal redress. All this mulct the company's pocket about eighty-five dollars, and upon me the getting of the best terms available devolved.

By this time I was proving to ~~all~~ concerned that I was not as much of a mining greenhorn as they first supposed.

Several other carload lots of ore were shipped, and settlements were made in accordance with my own best business judgment, brooking no interference from any source.

Up on the side of the mineral mountain ten thousand feet above sea level, with the comradeship of Owen McCarthy, the miners and muckers, the anxiety of mining and searching for ores, all of which was enhanced by the mountainous settings, deep canyons and precipitous gulches, being fresh from city life, I got in a rather thrilling time. Indeed, I might add that indoor life was not a bit less exciting than the outdoor, which meant underground as well as overland scenes.

McCarthy was a rock reader. He was also a natural born miner. In his eagerness to make a showing, he could be found both night and day creeping, with a lighted candle in one hand and prospecting pick in the other, through blind and half caved-in old tunnels, crawling and climbing about in the shafts and excavations in diligent quest of new ore deposits, and in many other ways probing and prodding the virgin ground. He was also a scarred old fighter, having received gunshot wounds and knife thrusts without number during the riotous times he got in before the far West became law abiding, and while both life and property were insecure. How he would recount the good old

times when every man was his own protector, and when the man who could shoot faster and aim straighter than the others got the benefit of the law, such as it was, first. Pierced by bullets and cut with knives, McCarthy furnished living evidence of the strenuous times encountered by the prospector and fortune seeker in the illimitable West before it was organized into states, counties and municipalities. In those days labor troubles and strikes aggravated the wildness of the West still more.

When whisky-maddened McCarthy would just as soon shoot as eat. So one night I awoke to find him training one of his large-calibered revolvers (he owned seven of these weapons altogether) upon us. Up in the lonesomeness of our hillside home, where we were all alone, no human being nearer than the bunkhouse to witness a tragedy, I single-handed fought him off and dissuaded him from such tragic idiocy. A deputy sheriff had served him with official papers that day, requiring his appearance in court for some trivial misdoing. Mac. said he would go down and shoot the whole town up ere he would submit to such tricks. He said he held his own when the country was savage, and that he wasn't going to lie down now and let people walk all over him when the country was civilized, having both priests and ministers. Being a sufferer from circular insanity, which made him maniacal at times, I had serious trouble in controlling and pacifying him during these spells.

Upon another occasion I was driving up to the mine, accompanied by some eastern capitalists, when we met Mac. going townwards on horseback. Girded with a leather belt well studded with bullets and pistols, the old foreman jumped off the horse and rushed at the liveryman, revolver in hand, in order to take his life for some fancied grievance. Quickly I stepped

between them, and with some energy overpowered McCarthy, throwing him down in the deep snow.

Men of affairs will readily recognize that unpleasantnesses, samples of which I have here enumerated, are often encountered in the daily routine of transacting business, and have for policy sake to be borne with, as part of the price paid for the services of capable and competent men. I found myself helplessly cornered in that way when submitting to the wiles and whims of Owen McCarthy. Periodically he was so crazy that not a man amongst the miners would come up to the office bedroom and bunk with us. None of them had any admiration for a madman.

From the very first day McCarthy and myself took hold we put the property upon a paying basis. We were thus getting along swimmingly, when it occurred to the home office that possibly McCarthy could carry on mine matters all alone, and that they would use the writer elsewhere. I did not relish their schemes, and did not fall in line with them. So, instead of keeping on with them, I took my departure on a prolonged trip to the old country the latter part of October, 1903.

Reaching Chicago in the month of May, 1904, I was met by appointment by the president of the company, who was exceedingly desirous of sending me back to the mining property, for the double purpose of straightening out the snarl things had got into there during my absence and to continue mining operations indefinitely, or until the expiration of the present lease. Delaying only long enough to spend a week at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, held at St. Louis that year, I hastened westward.

On again reaching the old works I found affairs there in a most unfortunate state of disorganization.

Owen McCarthy had gone, no one knew whither, and a new and worthless miner had been placed in charge. No mineral was in sight, and expenses were keeping on, with nothing to meet the bills. Eastern men had promised funds, but they were slow in coming to a decision. However, fresh financial sinews of war finally did arrive, and I began development work with the utmost caution.

About this time disturbing miners were driven out of the mining portions of the state of Colorado by the then governor, and went swarming over the country seeking work in the other mining regions of the country. Several of these men we hired in Spokane, and before I got very far with them I was inclined to the belief that the Colorado executive did his state valiant service in getting rid of them. One day the foreman gave two of these fellows their time checks and fired them off the hill. I was not there to give them their pay checks, but they ran across me down town late the same evening. Threatening that they would throw me out of the state of Washington, the same way as the governor of Colorado had thrown themselves, only with more violence, unless I paid them at once, I paid them quick enough to make their useless brains swim, and told them to keep going. They went.

Between runaway horses, legal proceedings and black eyes from furious miners who were afraid their wages were not forthcoming, my time on the mineral property that summer was not a path of roses.

I positively refused to pay practical miners, who engaged with the company under the agreement that they were willing to wait for ore returns for their pay. Being experienced men, they unhesitatingly worked on the ore beds available, claiming that the richness of the ore mined insured them payment in full. But

they were mistaken. The most clever amongst them made a miscalculation. The ore had lain in the water for years, and thereby had its values bleached out. These fellows, with all their practical knowledge regarding mining, did not realize this and were duped accordingly. Nor did I feel morally responsible for their wages. I felt as if men getting good wages in a business they claimed to thoroughly understand might shoulder some slight risk, as well as the poor eastern tenderfoot who had already been mulct again and again out of his cash.

Out of pocket several thousand dollars of sunken funds myself, I did not sympathize as feelingly with the men who wielded the hammer and drill as deeply as they expected I might. They had to take pot luck with all others and they appeared willing. They had fought with knives on the hill and chased each other with whisky bottles. Therefore, through the mismanagement of men wholly incapable of successfully conducting any line of business, things came to a crisis. Seeing the inevitable coming, I took my departure, just as hundreds of eastern promoters had vacated the western country before me. I was not to blame, for with the financing of the old property I never had anything to do, and would not become associated with it under such circumstances. Any and all bills for wages and supplies I personally contracted for were promptly paid, and I, therefore, left the mining camp with a clean slate and a clear conscience.

In the city of Spokane I had a business appointment with the president of the company at his home, he being a resident of that town. My interview with him was an important one, as I was anxious to have a promissory note calling for some thousands of dollars settled in full forthwith. We arranged to meet at his lawyer's

office at two o'clock p. m. Going there at the hour named, I met him coming out with a small journal under his arm. Upon inquiring where he was off to, I received the rather curt reply that he didn't care to have anything more to do with me for the present.

Further inquiry elicited the rather startling information that he was going to take me into court for criminal prosecution. At this I smiled broadly. Blandly asking for further light on the source of the trouble, he assured me that himself and his lawyer had just discovered that I had mutilated the company's books. The book he carried under his arm had a leaf extracted from it. Taking the little ledger from him, we both entered his lawyer's office. That learned gentleman lost no time in questioning me regarding the unwisdom of erasing or mutilating other people's property. At their childish simplicity I could hardly fail to be amused. Speedily I took the account book, which had an index alphabetically arranged along its margin, and turning to both index and page, showed them that a leaf had been extracted slick and clean, and that the page contained my personal account, which had been balanced up. But the lawyer assured me that it was their purpose to see the contents of that missing page before we went farther. Both legally and technically I was guilty of a criminal offense in attempting to change or alter one of the company's books. Briefly I explained to their joint satisfaction that when I became their manager I was instructed verbally and by letter that all correspondence, accounting and data pertaining to the mine should be promptly forwarded to the home office by me, where the official books of the company would be kept and all accounting done there by the secretary of the company, according to the requirements of the company's

organization and by-laws. The book in question was my individual property, having provided myself with it for my own convenience at the mine office. Therefore, any leaves extracted therefrom were torn out by myself, and for which I had no apologies to offer.

They looked at each other for an instant, when the attorney broke silence by saying that the explanation was accepted and that we would go on with the business for which we met. So we proceeded, the writer in triplicate drawing up all amendments to previous agreements. Interest on the note was paid for a year back and a year in advance, the note was indefinitely extended and we all departed good friends.

As it would take a very large volume to contain all my sad mining experiences, I will not further dilate on them here. Undoubtedly they afforded a chapter in my career worth recounting.

During the long and dreary winter of 1902-3 Owen McCarthy and myself spent many a queer night on the mountainside. Occasionally the old man would have lucid moments, and at such times would entertain me with tales of his early adventures in the mineral zone. Several properties had been discovered by him, out of which he had made quite a few fortunes. But miners are not savers, and what came easily went easily.

Incomplete indeed would any sketch of mining camp life be were reference wholly omitted regarding miners, tales and songs. One in particular that McCarthy took doleful pleasure in singing is worth repeating here, for the reason that it seemed to suit his own checkered career in the mining country. Often the poor old fellow's eyes moistened with tears as he sang it over and over again for my enjoyment and his own reminiscences. It is as follows:

“The Days of '49.”

Here stands before you old Tom Moore,
The relics of bygone days;
They call me now a bummer sure,
But what care I for praise;
For my heart is full of the days of yore,
And oft I do repine
For the days of old, and the days of gold,
And the days of '49.

There was old Lame Jes, the hard old cuss,
Who never would repent,
He never missed a single meal,
Nor never put up a cent.
But poor old Jes, like all the rest,
To death he did recline,
And in his bloom went up the flume,
In the days of '49.

There was New York Jake, the butcher boy,
Who was fond of getting tight;
And whenever Jake got on a spree
He was spoiling for a fight.
One night he ran against a knife
In the hands of old Bob Kline,
And over Jake we held a wake
In the days of '49.

There was Monte Pete—I will ne'er forget—
And the luck that he always had!
He'd deal for you both night and day,
And as long as you had a sead.
One night a pistol it went off;
It was his last layout, in fine,
For it got Pete sure right dead in the door,
In the days of '49.

There was Rack-and-sack Bill who could **outroar**
A buffalo bull, you bet!
He'd roar all day and roar all night,
And I guess he's roaring yet.
One night he fell in a prospect hole;
It was a roaring bad design,
And in that hole Bill roared out his soul,
In the days of '49.

Of all the comrades I had then,
Not one remains to toast.
I'm left alone in my misery,
Like some poor wandering ghost.
The people all laugh at me,
And they call me a traveling sign;
Saying, "There goes Tom Moore, a bummer sure,
Of the days of '49."

(Taken in shorthand while being sung by the old miner in the mining camp and duly transcribed by the author of this book.)

I whittled away over two years in my busy efforts in the mining country, and traveling abroad, during which time I thoroughly exploited the great western states of Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, California. While making railway passages back and forth upon western trains, many queer and pleasing incidents occurred. For the benefit of the stay-at-homes I might mention a few of them.

Before beginning a journey there is always the small preliminary of buying a ticket, or securing some sort of deadhead transportation, the latter, of course, being always considered by the average American citizen the most desirable; and this for two reasons, firstly because it saves that much more for other needful

comforts, and secondly because it gives the traveler an air of importance indicating a stand-in with the railway officials, for such perquisites are not usually given without due consideration by these soulless corporations. It is a case of where a chicken is thrown out to fetch back a turkey.

Even when going through the little function of buying your ticket, it is often necessary to be wideawake. The ticket agent generally sizes up his prospective purchaser and acts accordingly—always in the interests of his company, which is but pardonable. He will vouchsafe but scant information about second class tickets, or excursion rates, if he imagines the traveler good for everything first-class, which includes parlor cars, observation, sleeping and dining cars, in addition to the smoker and day-coach, both of which go with the ordinary locomotion. Of course the intelligent and well-traveled individual permits no promptings from over-zealous ticket sellers; and I adopted the same plan, knowing full-well my personal requirements. Suggestions from such sources I never brook.

A person out in the world of travel 365 days each year must necessarily take careful count of his dollars and cents; yes, and pounds, shillings, pence and half-pence, getting full value for each expenditure no matter how trifling. But with the one day out-for-a-time fellow it is altogether different. He can afford to be lavish with his funds, consoling himself with the thought that it is only one day in the year. Therefore he can all day long treat his friends, foes and porters in a manner remindful of a money king.

Millionaires, and many others, whose worldly possessions do not soar up in the millions, recognize the importance of economy while traveling, thus causing those seeking and expecting generous gratuities con-

sternation and dismay by their apparent penuriousness. But these grumblers should bear in mind that his lordship, or the millionaire, run across many others also wistfully watching for flattering donations.

For the double purpose of pleasure and business I made a round-trip run from Minneapolis to San Francisco one parching midsummer. Some three months were consumed while making this journey. The thoughtful ticket seller not being able to sell me a through sleeping car ticket at the time I booked, I took chances in getting a berth assignment at bedtime each night. This plan only involved me in the expense of the night rate and the uncertainty of having an unoccupied berth available; whereas the other method meant a like expense for both night and day, with possibly a slight reduction for the wholesale berth engagement.

The first night out I had no difficulty, berths being numerously unoccupied. Upon getting up in the morning I made the acquaintance of a fascinating French-Canadian young lady, making the long train journey from Montreal, Canada, to Seattle, state of Washington. Courteously she informed me that her berth was engaged for the entire trip. She further invited me to share its daytime occupation.

With that end in view I moved my things across the aisle of the car, and planked myself down alongside her in the seat. Just at this crucial moment the parlor car conductor accosted me, saying that as I only had a night berth I should move out to the day coach. His invitation I scornfully refused, with the accompanying explanation that I was in the seat occupied as the invited guest of the young lady, and would hold my ground until she ordered me hence. Reference to his car diagram, with a quick glance at the berth number, convinced him that there was noth-

ing more to say, and kept going. Ere Mr. Conductor departed I took pains to good-naturedly admonish him to the effect that it is at all times wise to be discreet in handling passengers, for there was always the possibility that there might be just as clever men amongst the travelling public on trains as train hands.

But the boys are ever obliging, and no matter what may be the provocation I invariably let them off easy. Without question, American train crews are far above the average in intelligence among the unskilled workers in that country, if they are so classed.

Trains on long trips, and particularly in the mountainous regions, scarcely ever run on scheduled time. Frequently, therefore, on coast-to-coast trains it is nothing unusual to be several hours behind time, and in many instances whole days late. Upon one such occasion imagine my amazement, when applying to the sleeping car conductor for a berth for the night I was told by him that he could not assign me one until we crossed the Missouri river, for at that point the night rate went into effect. As it was then bed hour, and we were running five hours behind time, I promptly informed him that I didn't give a d—— about the geographical location of the train, as it was in the retiring hour I was concerned. I got the berth at once.

Sometimes trains are not as far behind time as a passenger thinks. The trouble is with his watch. From ocean to ocean going west we gain three hours. All timepieces must, therefore, be pushed back at intervals, else there is confusion. We have eastern time, central, mountain, and Pacific time. It is vice versa traveling east.

The table d'hôte service on some of these western trains is very luxurious and moderately priced. For one dollar, and a small tip to the obliging waiter, a hungry traveler can partake of the regular dinner,

consisting of many courses, plentifully supplied, and deftly served. He need make no haste, and can pleasantly keep on negotiating palatable viands while the monster of a locomotive keeps on devouring space to the extent of a couple of hundred miles, if he so chooses.

There are other means of getting refreshments also. Countrified travelers provide themselves with a varied assortment of food in large lunch baskets before starting, and willing porters furnish them with a supply of boiling water to use in the making of tea or coffee. But they will not do so a second time unless tipped the first time.

Then there are the lunch counters, closely annexed to the stations on the companies' right-of-way, and operated somewhat under their supervision. As these convenient refreshments are approached, a brakeman usually passes through the train audibly crying out, "five minutes for refreshments at the next stop."

Other means of moistening people's parched tongues in summer weather are also available. Small houses, with the word "SALOON" conspicuously lettered across their fronts, present temptations to the boys to jump off and run up while their trains halt on sidings to let other trains pass. In these mountain places beer prices vary. The regulation five cent glass, schooner or stein, are unknown.

Upon one particularly roasting hot day I entered a small saloon, but big bar, where the more fleet-footed male passengers had outrun me and were already belly-ing the bar with their foaming glasses of small size. As I entered I loudly called out to the bartender, "What are you charging a glass for beer today?" "Only fifteen cents." was the prompt response. Simultaneously there was a clanging of glasses, many unmentionable ejaculations, and a clatter of footsteps

in a mad rush for the train. Almost to a man they refused to pay the exorbitant price. They had come from eastern points, where the 5-cent bootlegs and 32-ounce glasses were in vogue.

But I have been still more fortunate in acquiring liquid refreshments. Generously inclined fellow-passengers have often passed me their hip-pocket flasks; and once, while crossing the broad state of Montana, two benevolent young ladies took me out into the coach vestibule and there secretly treated me from a choice bottle of "Canadian Club," Canada's best distilled product.

Journeying by rail across the state of Washington on one of my trips, I had the pleasure of meeting with the Protestant Episcopal bishop of the diocese in which Spokane city is situated. The Right Reverend gentleman and myself enjoyed a very pleasant trip together both socially and conversationally. Referring to the numerous peaks of mountains so noticeable in that state, all of which were honeycombed by the festive prospector, who sunk shafts and drove tunnels, piercing the mountain sides high up in diligent search for mineral wealth, I differed with the reverend gentleman, he claiming that if a rich ore deposit was discovered in one mountain neighboring hills were also likely to be enriched in like manner with the hidden treasure, and particularly if located within the mineral-bearing belt.

I took issue with him on this way of looking at it, insisting that Divine Providence never dispensed gifts in that manner. Instead large treasures were placed here and there, often a long distance apart for man's benefit, he being compelled to industriously search for them.

Reasoning along this line I argued that should a robber board the train and compel the passengers to

hold up their hands for the purpose of robbing them, if he found a million dollars in the pockets of the first man searched, who happened to be a millionaire, would he be so foolish as to imagine every traveler aboard to be a millionaire also? I fancied not. No train robber would be so gullible.

Therefore, I considered it a senseless task for men to range the hillsides in eager search for mineral deposits because some lucky individual stubbed his foot against a find when least expecting to be so providentially favored. In nearly all these mineral-bearing western and northwestern states it seems hazardous to be out walking after dark, for the simple reason that prospect holes are so numerous an unacquainted pedestrian might tumble headlong into one. It is a recognized fact that for each dollar extracted ten have been foolishly expended in vain efforts seeking wealth in the earth.

While it was my fortune or misfortune to be fortune-hunting in the West, I visited and took in all the large cities on the Pacific slope. Seattle, the largest and most important city in the state of Washington, I considered the New York of the West. Its fine harbor facilities, hilly location, and sturdy citizens are all interesting to the eastern or foreign traveller.

Tacoma is another rather romantic town in the same state that will be heard from among the family of large American cities in time to come. Its principal industry at the present time seems to be a large smelting plant, mention of which I have made before.

Portland, in the state of Oregon, is a notoriously rich and beautiful city. It is situated on the Columbia River, and both town and river combined form an entrancing combination worth the pains taken by any traveler who makes a visitation.

From Portland we proceed by rail over 770 miles

southward, passing over the famous railway incline known as Mount Shasta, in the state of California. But before reaching this noted mountain scenery, the traveler has had the pleasure of seeing one of the richest and most fertile stretches of land in the world. It is the fruitful Willamette Valley. At the foot of Mount Shasta the train stops and everybody aboard vacates the cars, for the purpose of drinking from the well of natural sodawater, copiously flowing out of the mountain side. A nice well, and a supply of long-handled dippers, provided by the thoughtful railway company, are brought into requisition, so that the thirst of the most parched passenger becomes quickly slaked, and all aboard once more the journey is resumed. Some passengers more enterprising than the rest don't appear to be so easily satisfied. Accordingly they provide themselves with bottles, cans, jars, and various other utensils, to be utilized in carrying with them a more abundant supply of the free and refreshing liquid. However, they have had their hopes rudely dissipated by the discovery later on that the sodawater provided by nature was only intended for present use, and will not keep any noticeable length of time. It must be partaken of fresh from mother earth, as it loses its bubbling and fizzing properties almost at once. This peculiar production is considered one of the supernatural mysteries. To me, at least, it was very interesting.

Passing through the city of Sacramento, the capital of the state of California, the second largest state in the American union, and one particularly noted for its flowers, fruits, farming products, and mineral wealth, we soon reach the town of Oakland, where we are ferried across to San Francisco. This city, of Golden Gate notoriety, thrilled me with delight. Its gaiety, its wine-drinking proclivities, beautiful loca-

tion, fine looking citizens of both sexes, its femininity more nearly approaching the old country standard for good looks than any other American or Canadian city I had hitherto visited, largely owing to the temperate climate prevailing there, and to the fact that in times goneby before transcontinental lines of railway provided speedy communication between the East and West, none but the most rugged and healthy reached that land of fruits and flowers, its famous Chinatown, a portion of the city set apart for the Chinese citizens, all of which convinced me that San Francisco was the Paris of America. Under these circumstances no calamity has ever taken place which caused me such a thrill of horror and regret as when the Golden Gate city was ruined by an earthquake and devastated by fire.

Wrecked and ruined though she was, yet the spirit and energy of her people remained unbroken and undaunted, and a grander and greater city will in due time magically appear, not of the mirage-like type, but one solidly and proudly setting forth the boundless enterprise of this distinguished and good-looking portion of the great American nation.

Some 430 miles farther south the city of Los Angeles is located, the second largest and most important center in the exceedingly long and comparatively narrow state of California.

Returning once more to the city of Minneapolis, where I had spent so many years, and from which I had absented myself for more than two whole years, I took a swipe at politics. Without the interference of any committee deputation, or delegation, interviewing me, or petitioning me to become their candidate, I entered the political arena on my own hook. My purpose was not so much to get elected with a view of holding public office, as to defeat a grist of young law.

yers, who had from time to time monopolized practically every minor elective office within the gift of the people of the state of Minnesota, and particularly the legislative memberships in my district, which were four for the lower house and two for the upper, known as the State Senate. So abusive had all this become, that it seemed as if the law department of the state university had annexed the law-making halls of the state capitol. These glib-tongued raw law recruits, right out of the class rooms, experienced little difficulty in getting themselves elected, as there are at all times a sufficient number of voters easily enough hoodwinked to carry the balance of power. A large mass of silly and unenforceable laws are the logical outcome, which the people of nearly all the states, as well as Canada, are now beginning to feel burdensome.

Realizing all this, I opened a knocking campaign upon the professional monopoly. My political efforts were not two-edged. So, while I succeeded in defeating seven out of eight young lawyer-candidates, I did not get elected myself. This outcome caused me no heart-throbbing anxiety, and, considering my work done, I retired from the field of seeking political preferment. Unto this day my work has borne fruit, the voters have awakened to a realization of the fact that it is unsafe to bestow upon any one profession all available political honors, and with lawyers, as well as all others, they must be satisfied with their pro rata share.

Having thus accomplished my political ends, I dropped out of public view, and again re-associated myself with the old firm I had previously served six years, continuing with the company for the next three years.

During this period of settled down routine city life, I reflected a good deal on the foolishness of American

“suckerdom.” For years I had been variously baited by “sucker” promoters with a view of landing me as a financial fish in their slippery schemes. But I had withstood their tempting offers and flattering proposals. Now that I had given a couple of years in the unlimited field of speculation and uncertainty myself, with rather indifferent success, in spite of my slow and painstaking watchout not to be caught napping, carefully nailing down, screwing down, and bolting down everything, so to speak, and still did not accomplish any great wonders, what could be expected of the eastern simpleton, who blindly placed his few dollars in the hands of parties still worse, to be used in projects they were all wholly ignorant of?

Western dugouts, water-filled shafts, caved-in tunnels, open cuts, sand-sifted piles of earth, prospecting holes; unspouting oil wells, uncapped pipe lines; unworked marble quarries; unused and rust-eaten machinery; mountainy office buildings; bunkhouses; cookhouses; cleared, graded, ironed, but neglected, roadbeds, including innumerable other evidences of wasted moneys, all of which mutely remind the westerner of easterners’ gullibility in the realm of foolish speculation.

Men with small savings, and capitalists with large amounts alike fell victims. Working girls, as well as fashionable dames, sunk and lost their funds. Immature boys, patterned after the staid and mature manhood, in getting rid of their wee bank accounts. But investors high up in the world of finance could well afford to lose without feeling their losses, or letting it leak out that they ran against a foolish investment. That is exactly what happens. They are wisely able to keep their financial troubles smothered up. Not so with the small fry loser. He has not the commercial training that teaches to keep your troubles and worries

to yourself. He, therefore, blabs it all out only to be laughed at.

A Series of Serious "Sucker" Stories

A CLERGYMAN'S FATE

Happening to be in the office of a mining stock-broker upon one occasion, a clergyman entered. He was rather elderly and of a rustic appearance. At once he broke into an animated conversation with the broker, saying in substance that he had a small country charge, for which pastorate he received but a very meagre monthly stipend, and as he was now growing old he desired to leave something to his young family. He had given all investments careful and prayerful thought, and was now convinced that the best legacy he could leave his children was some good mining stock. So he had come all the way from his country home to call at the numerous mining offices in the city, for the purpose of selecting the stock he considered safest and best. Unfortunately he did not have much money and would be able to make but a very small payment down. The rest should be paid upon the installment plan.

To all this the affable stock-seller acquiesced. He minutely explained to his reverend customer the safety and prospective dividend-paying qualities of each stock handled. Of course, he proclaimed aloud that he would have nothing whatever to do with mining stock that wasn't giltedged. Brokers, being human like all other specimens of mankind, invariably endeavor to market the stock lists, out of the sale of which they get the largest commissions, first, and if customers fail to bite on these others are produced, so that the most fastidious and careful buyer can be suited. It was so in the present case. Mr. A——

had to submit all, with a running lecture regarding the value and prospects of each.

At last a deal was made. The man of cloth got what he wanted. He even bought more than he first intended, the stock looked so good to him. This prevented him from making his first payment in full. Accordingly the obliging broker, who did not claim to be a professing Christian, excused the payment of a "V," saying, "Consider that a subscription to the good cause you represent."

Obligatory papers being duly signed, the honest and well-meaning preacher departed. Scarcely had his heels cleared the doorway, when a half-smothered uncomplimentary exclamation by the broker "let the cat out of the bag." He also swore to the effect that the old son of Belial should have known better than to delay him so long before closing the deal.

These were palmy days for stockbrokers in both American and Canadian cities, towns and villages, all backed up by a country clientele of very juicy proportions.

FEMININE FOOLISHNESS

While making one of my periodical visits to Toronto, Canada, I was putting up at the private home of some very estimable young ladies. Some time prior to my call these girls had fallen into the hands of a very gullible stock-seller, who unfortunately unloaded upon them an assortment of mining shares, purporting to represent very flattering properties in the semi-unexplored region known as Muskoka. So jubilant were they over their prospective mineral finds that they actually tried to inoculate some of their enthusiasm into the writer, with a view of getting me to be a shareholder too; but to no avail.

Some years afterwards, when I made another visi-

tation to the same house, I found them in quite a different mood. Ere that time they had become fully convinced that their investments were bad ones, and that it was just as well to say goodbye to their money. Like thousands of others they had been beguiled by some guileless well-wisher, and the result was loss to them and humiliation to the imagined friend, who was the cause of their foolishness. My good advice was also spurned.

In a rather fashionable family hotel in the city of Minneapolis quite a large number of rather prominent school teachers, salesladies, stenographers and a variety of other businesswomen were staying. To my knowledge, nearly all of these inexperienced speculators were drawn into a marble quarry proposition out in the West, of which neither they nor the officers of the so-called marble company, who were none others than a galaxy of city saloonkeepers, butchers, meat-dealers and grocymen, knew but precious little, the upshot being a clear and clean financial loss.

Speaking with one of the largest investors, who happened to be somewhat of a friend, and was also the most heavily interested financially in the marble quarry stock of the feminine bevy, she frankly told me how the promoter succeeded in getting from the girls their spare cash.

It appears he first, with his newly married bride, became guests at the boardinghouse. The luxurious raiment in which his young wife disported herself, and the way in which he showered love and affection upon her, so ingratiated this wily bridegroom into the good graces of all the unmarried in the family circle; that they reasoned it would be impossible for such a charming couple to cheat anyone, and thus imbued with such girl-like confidence they cheerfully risked their earnings. That they awakened in due time to a

realization that all is not gold that glitters is my sorrowful tale to unfold, and these are not the only instances coming under my observation, where femininity were befooled by object lessons, such as the one herein referred to.

It cannot be gainsaid but that women are now taking a very prominent part in the active affairs of America; but it can be denied that they have yet attained that high commercial training and shrewdness men have reached. Therefore, it is my plea that the man who would wrongfully and maliciously defraud trusting womanhood out of her property, or despoil her affections, is a cheating unchivalrous human carrion of an exceedingly low order. But here the admission must be made that at times men are not wholly to be blamed, and some very aggravated cases have come to my notice where women were the worse of the two. However, in the great majority of cases, the sterner sex are the sinners.

Women, by reason of their partially unsexed aggressiveness in the cold-blooded business world, must, from now on, be prepared to endure less courtesy from men than of yore.

PROFESSIONAL DUPES

I saw a very despicable trick perpetrated by one professional man (it would be a misnomer to call him a gentleman) on another occupying the same suite of offices in the prosecution of their profession, which was that of medical men. They were doctors.

One of these men had a brother, who had entered the field of stock jobbing. His natural tendencies being that of a crook, he unscrupulously fleeced everybody. Knowing that his brother's professional partner possessed idle funds, he planned to artfully separate him

from his savings. In carrying out his scheme, it became necessary to use the brother.

Giving him a decoy certificate, representing a good many thousands of one cent shares in his new mine, which was fast being developed into a dividend-paying plum, the doctor hastened to his office, and there behind closed doors confidentially revealed to his professional partner his good luck. Almost breathlessly he recounted the new "strikes," assays, and flattering prospects. He held aloft his just-acquired stock certificate, proving that he had been let in "on the ground floor." Casually he advised his colleague to get in too. Through his brother, who was the whole thing, he might privately and secretly get a limited amount of stock on similar terms, as the shares had already advanced considerably in price.

So well did the scheme work that our capitalistic friend unhesitatingly turned over at one fell swoop five hundred dollars. He got in on the ground floor all right, and is there still, or up in the air. Soon thereafter the partnership dissolved, and with his crooked brother the decoy doctor moved to another faraway city, having financially flayed their most trusting and abiding friends. Seldom indeed is a more shabby scheme for the wrongful possession of another man's money recorded, even in the United States, where all, not by a long shot, are morally decent and financially honorable.

OTHER UNFORTUNATES

Walking on the sidewalk townwards from business one evening, I met a couple of sign-painters. One of these men addressed me, with the news that the manager of the mine, in which he had been a stockholder for many years, had arrived in the city, bringing with him the latest intelligence pertaining to the

property. In addition he fetched along a gripful of rock and ore specimens, for the Minneapolis stockholders to see for themselves samples of the "new strike," and adjacent formation. Furthermore, he was abundantly supplied with formidable looking documents, giving full official particulars pertaining to tests, assays and values of each ore crumb. Taken as a whole, it was a grand layout, and just the kind to extort money from the pockets of the unwary.

Knowing that I was something of an experienced hand in the slippery art of mining, these men insisted on having me attend the stockholders' meeting to be held that same evening in the company's office. Owing to the fact that I was not interested, and no matter how good a case their western manager would make out I did not intend becoming so, I demurred the invitation. But this was unsatisfying to them, so I agreed to go.

It was an enthusiastic gathering. Silently I sat in the rear and politely listened. Having been assured by the oily-tongued westerner that the small item of twelve hundred dollars would at last put them all living on "easy street," they began to parcel out the balance of the unsold treasury stock between themselves, as they did not now wish to let strangers in after they had shouldered all risk so far. They were an innocent lot, and caused me much mirth.

At last I was introduced to the manager, who invited me to propound any questions I saw fit, and also to join in with them and help finance the property, now on the verge of being a great financial success. At first I positively refused to cut in, saying I came to listen and learn. But this would not satisfy them, so, yielding at last, I took the floor.

Pointedly I asked him how long he had been in the mining business? I now forget the number of years

he stated; but they were a great many. During all those years he had tried to develop nearly as many properties, none of which were ever put upon a paying footing. Money for development purposes was not forthcoming, railroad facilities were lacking, smelters too far away, and many other causes were assigned for the non-success of his mining undertakings.

Having gravely listened to his tale of ill-luck, I finally said: "After all these unfortunate experiences of yours, what particular wobble do you expect the wheel of fortune to make now that it has failed to make in the past that it will make ye all rich so suddenly?" At this thrust he backed up a few paces, saying that he didn't care to have anything more to do with me, as I was sarcastic. The stockholders present smiled a smile pregnant with meaning, and clung more firmly to their moneybags, the wisdom of which was proven in due course of time.

The sign-painter had decided to protect his previous holdings in this visionary mining company with additional drafts from his earnings; but after my brief parley with the manager determined upon keeping his money. Some years afterwards he again met me, treating me again and again, with the explanation that I saved him money, as he had all these years watched the tortuous fortunes of the "Overland" mining property and its ill-starred success, now being satisfied that his investment was a bad one.

Ambitious, but unwise, investors cannot succeed. A company organized by barbers, officered and financed by men employed at the same trade, should be satisfied to conduct a tonsorial business, haircutting, shaving, shampooing, and such incidentals, being in keeping with their professional training. Entering other fields, with their very limited commercial knowledge, is a very unsafe experiment. Likewise in the

ease of many other workaday classes, who are quite successful in their own chosen trades, but absolute failures when dabbling in undertakings out of their latitude.

As an illustration, I have singled for brief mention the artists named. This will suffice.

EASY MARK CAPTAINS OF INDUSTRY

Small fry lips are not the only ones that smack at the glittering prospects of imprudent money speculations. Captains of industry, and men of pronounced business capacity, often fall helpless victims.

Once I knew a coterie of Minneapolis Chamber of Commerce members to get the mining fever. One of their number was delegated to visit a certain silver prospect in one of the western states. Of course it was carefully "salted" for his special benefit. He was enamored with the magnificent showing. His report was most encouraging. He became a heavy stockholder. So did many others. Time went on, money for working the hole was raised; also more and more, but with indifferent results. In fact nothing substantial resulted, except dismay and alarm.

Laughing at their perplexity upon one occasion, I said: "What connection has the grain and commission business in Minneapolis with the mining industry in the West? They have nothing in common. On the contrary it takes double the skill and training to successfully operate a mining property than it does to manipulate grain mart. Therefore, what a nice quiet place the Chamber would be if you all went west to run the mining camp on the ground, and do your grain and brokerage business here from that end!"

Of course I was laughed at. But the suggestion was just as sensible as the endeavor to manage a mining property in the West from the East. These men deserved a better fate. It is their class that invariably accomplish big things. They are the mainstay of the community in which they live and do business. However, they, as well as the small fry, at times lose their discretion.

OTHER HIGH UP MINING MAGNATES

On one of the upper floors of the Monadnock building located at the corner of Dearborn street and Jackson boulevard, city of Chicago, are to be seen the names of several gentlemen nicely lettered upon the door to their office. The high-upness of their office perspectiveness is not a whit loftier than their towering loftiness in the business world. These gentlemen have been associated with many big things pertaining to their great city's progress. They have also honors conferred upon them by governmental authorities in the nation's capitol, Washington. The splendid achievement of the World's Fair, held in Chicago in the early nineties, was largely attributable to these high-class citizens of the Windy City.

The management of their father's estate was their most important business. As the capabilities of clever men cannot be circumscribed, they deviated and launched forth into other large undertakings, among which might be mentioned mining in the western states. They, too, notwithstanding their brilliant ancestry, and thorough college and commercial training, met with failure and loss in the mining enterprises they engaged.

This intelligence may tend to cheer up lesser financial lights, who have been unfortunate in their outlays.

OIL VICTIMS

Sitting in a large armchair in a fashionable Minneapolis clubhouse, reading, one evening I overheard a whispering conversation carried on nearby. Several clubmen took part. As they became more and more animated, less attention was paid to privacy. As this particular club drew its membership from the most representative businessmen of the city, I was more than surprised at what I heard.

It seems they had invested in supposed oil wells away in the oil-producing regions, possibly in the states of Texas or California. The farther off such fields are, oftentimes the more flattering they appear to some people. As usual, these men were getting glowing accounts from their properties. Many wells were spouting high into the air, while others again were being bored, or marked out for boring. To make things yet more complicated and hard to understand, the field manager was loudly calling for more funds to carry on the work. With glittering reports coming by one mail concerning the flow and available markets for the oil, and a wail for more money the next, seemed quite an inconsistent way of operating a business to these men.

Having borne this sort of thing for a long time, it became galling at last. Hence they decided to do something on their own account. Getting an expense account together, they singled out one of their own men to go quietly to the oil fields, and there secretly investigate the real state of affairs.

It was this report the clubmen were analyzing. It was what might be termed, using street slang, a "corker." Instead of having several wells spouting torrentially numberless barrells of refined and merchantable oil daily, all capped down because of a

dearth of pipelines and low market quotations, there were only a couple of so-called wells sparingly trickling out about a half-barrel of non-commercial tarry liquid, that could by no contortion of the imagination be termed oil.

These good and gullible capitalists reaped according as they had sowed. They went into something strange to their business life, and the result was obvious. The step they had taken last should have been the first preliminary.

Fake and Fraud

Gigantic fakes and frauds have from time to time befooled and defrauded a majority of American citizens. Tricksters, gamesters, and confidence conjurors of every known variety have fattened upon their extreme gullibility, and abroad as well as at home. From a London paper I have this moment clipped the following: "YANKEE VISITOR DONE BROWN." This visitor, by an old trick, got "DONE" out of ninety-nine pounds sterling.

Less than a year since a millionaire Yankee got duped out of twenty-five thousand dollars, by means of a goldbrick scheme, a hoary old cheat, in a Minneapolis hotel.

Usually no arrests follow. Guardians and sleuths of the law often seem immovable on such occasions. They imagine that men with so much money ought to have some brains. But quite often these two desirable human requisites are not found embodied in the same individual.

Few indeed have escaped with a whole financial skin. Swindling schemes of the professional gentry, who make such things their lifework, relentlessly and successfully fetches them with one game or another.

It has been said that the foreign-born alien is the easiest victimized. Such an assertion cannot be borne

out by facts. It is a slander upon the newcomer. The very reason that he is there tends to prove that he had ambition and aggressiveness sufficient to launch out into the world getting his eye-teeth somewhat cut in the traveling operation. Besides he is not surrounded by as many legal safeguards in the land of his nativity as rustic statesmanship has thrown around the American youngster, to prevent him from wrongdoing, and removing possible pitfalls. The foreigner, therefore, starts out with slight odds over his American neighbor, who never yet has been beyond the bounds of the farm, or circle in which he was born and brought up.

Thus I claim that the Yankee youth is the most susceptible to be taken in. This possibility is further heightened by reason of the fact that he is more eager to secure wealth without work than his foreign competitor. Accordingly he takes desperate chances. But in almost all cases he becomes victimized, through his natural inheritance of gullibility.

Elsewhere I have hinted in this work at the unquestioned fact that the foreign-born has nothing whatever to fear from wholesome competition with his American competitor, both possessing equal advantages. In the former I have always placed profound confidence, while at the latter I look sidewise with grave anxiety.

At the behests of American ecclesiastical influence, racehorse betting, and all other harmless forms of gambling propensities, have been removed by statute in different sections of the country, in order to protect irresponsible Yankee sports from themselves.

British governmental authorities have not thus far discovered the need of such drastic legal action. Because a horsey-inclined admirer wishes, after close study of the pedigree and previous performances of his favorite animal, to back his horseflesh judgment

with his money, it is his own manly concern, and should not, through the interference of any theoretical reformers, who are dazzled by the sights of sinfulness in nearly all things, be deprived of such opportunity.

Frequently have I stood and watched with much gratification the manliness displayed by the sporty Irish and English followers of the turf as they cheerfully put their money up, after careful study and size-up of the different animals on the racetrack. With card and pencil in hand friends compared notes, made observations and profited by each other's views.

At these manly "meets" I have witnessed husbands encouraging their wives to pick winners, young men their sweethearts, parents their children, and tipsters all who would them tip. After the winning, it was pleasant to see the suave and loud-heralding "bookie" pay up; also the complacent features of the winners, whose happiness was twofold, by reason of additional funds and sound judgment. Losers were also quite jubilant, as it is recognizable that sporting folk must be good losers, as well as good winners. In adversity they must not be wry-faced, no more than overjoyful in prosperity. Both aspects have their manly traits.

America, being no longer the much-boasted "land of liberty" as of yore, the people themselves having voted their old-time liberties away, these foreign traits of character cannot be developed henceforward to the same extent upon Yankee soil as in foreign climes. We are, therefore, safe in assuming that, with such a host of safeguards thrown around Yankee youth by well-meaning theoretical influences, a continued "carnival of crime," in which out-Yankeed Yankees will play the most prominent part in ever-increasing numbers will not cease. Less legal restraint, and far more personal liberty, would unquestionably beget a more

sturdy generation of self-controlled and self-restraining young men, yes and women.

Yankees, Industrially

America has furnished the world with the most colossal commercial brains in the history of mankind.

Empire-builders, railway magnates, Napoleons of finance, merchant and manufacturing princes, and captains of industry abound everywhere. Each has left his mark indelibly upon the development of this wonderful go-ahead land.

Nothing seems to have been too gigantic or hazardous to undertake and bring to successful completion. During all my Yankee experiences I have discovered only one undertaking, which outclassed their skill, and baffled their ingenuity and cleverness. It is the impossible proposition of attempting to make one fast-moving train pass another going in the opposite direction upon a single pair of railway tracks.

Men are found capable of carving empires out of practically unexplored and unsurveyed regions. Others construct transcontinental railways with the ease of building a spur track. Money kings handle and employ millions of capital to the satisfaction of their moneyed colleagues. Men are not missing, who combine the navigation of rivers, lakes and oceans in connection with their overland traffic. Well trained mental giants create and carry on manufacturing and commercial enterprises with sagacity and far-seeing wisdom marvellous to behold.

Such men find themselves, and often without their seeking, directors of this great industry, trustees of other large concerns, in addition to the various self-created money-making activities they have nurtured into being. Limitless indeed is their plan and scope.

CAPTAIN OF INDUSTRY.



AMERICAN CITIZENS.

Railway control, banking and real-estate proprietorships seem good to them, and drop, like juicy plums, into their ownership.

Occasionally we notice one of these land philanthropists kindly donating a slice of recently acquired suburban land to his home city for public park purposes, which is readily and greedily accepted by the city's representatives. This public-spirited gratuity is heralded far and near by the public press. The aldermen quickly begin their expenditures, as such gifts are rarely made unconditionally. The new park is promptly improved, landscaped and ornamented by the public treasury.

But has the donor lost anything? Instead he has made a keen-visioned investment. The contiguous public improvement, supplemented by oceans of free newspaper advertisements, have so enhanced the value of the remainder of his land, which is quickly platted into building lots, fronting on the new park, that our public-spirited citizen finds himself overwhelmingly repaid for his worthy benefaction to the public.

Thus we see these far-sighted men making themselves millionaires, multi-millionaires and billionaires, by pure dent of their own business shrewdness, in being able to successfully manipulate the great mass of public, who are unidentified with anything, and incapable of becoming so, their principal asset in life being to sit around knocking and disparaging others, who are up and doing. As America is a land of brain and bluff it behooves every individual to make the most of his talents, no matter whether gifted by the former, or having cultivated the latter.

The builders of commonwealths find themselves not only handicapped by adverse natural and climatic conditions, but in addition thereto a lot of man-made (not

statesman) laws and repugnant regulations, oftentimes galling to his commercial instincts.

Railway magnates are still more to be pitied. Their lines reaching across the different states compel them to labor under the disadvantages of the various state laws, as well as federal enactments, through which their tracks run.

Do they scrupulously operate their tracks and trains in accordance with the laws, both state and national, laid down for their governance?

Impossible!

Why?

The laws are mainly made by small men; while the industrial enterprises of the republic are in the hands of big men, whose wonderful capabilities overflow all statute boundaries.

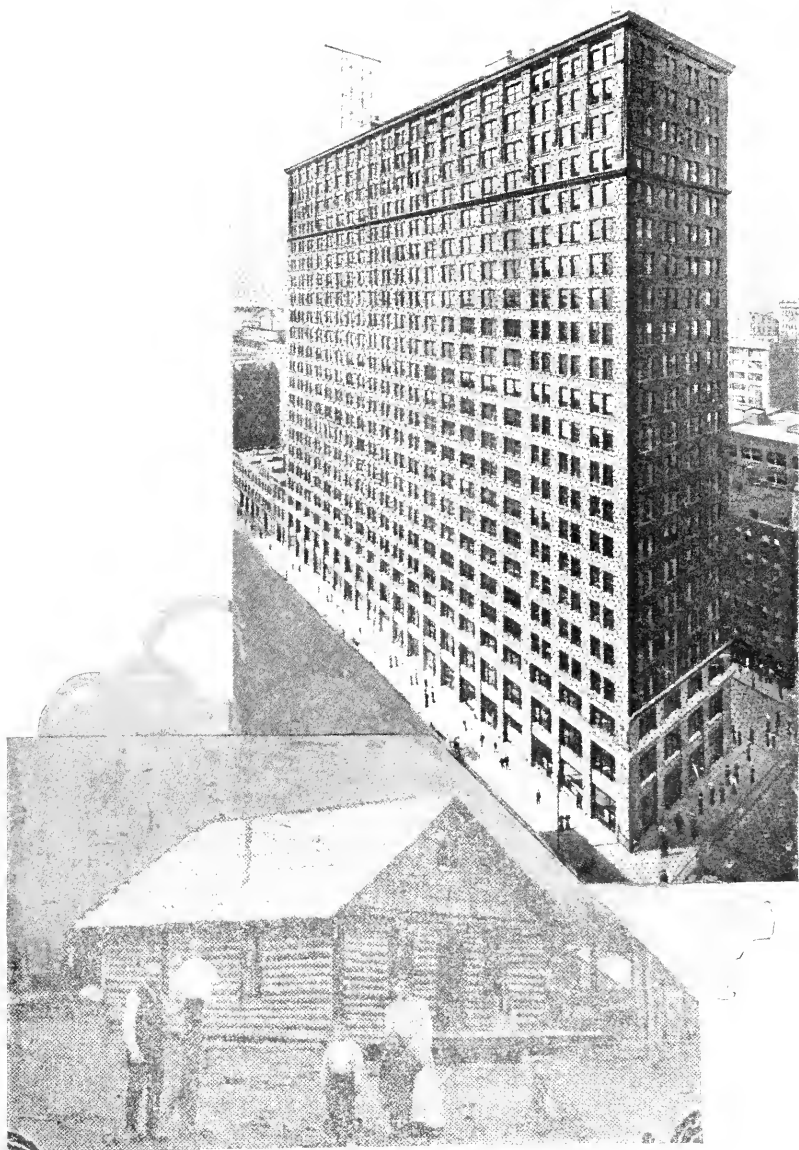
Remedy:

Reverse and revolutionize present conditions.

Have the big men make the laws of the land, and let the small men control the industrial activities of the country. When this exchange has been made there will be no need of statute infringements. Law enforcement will be easily executed, and all cause for unenforcement will be eternally removed. Public friction arising from this source has proven very annoying to the people in the past, as well as detrimental to prosperity. Big men will enact big measures, within the circle of which little men will be abundantly able to negotiate all the commercial enterprise they can command without overstepping statute limitations.

Commercial giants and political pigmies having changed their parts in the economy of the great republic a new era will have dawned upon it.

Chicago is the most American of all Yankee cities or centers of civilization. In it we find the highest type of American citizenship. Within its boundaries there



AMERICAN CITIES.

are human (mentally speaking) skyscrapers, as well as skyscraping buildings.

Chicagoans' capacity for the performance of almost superhuman things appears nearly incredible.

Fortunately it has within its precincts a sufficient number of staid and conservative foreigners, whose votes cannot be swayed and swung by oily-tongued political radicals for the carrying out of this absurdity or that, principally the product of restless reformers; but instead are thrown solidly into the balance for sound and rational measures, much on the sensible order of the countries these voters hail from. These naturalized Americans, unlike their Yankee-born brethren, dislike trying experiments, preferring to pass on along the tried and proven pathways. Accordingly politicians can make but little hand of these painstaking voting citizens.

The great New World republic has its full share—and more—of small people; or what a comedian in a Chicago theater aptly termed “Horse-and-chicken” folk. Once I was at this playhouse when I heard, and remembered, the above simile. Stepping to the front of the stage, a comedian started to deliver himself in this-wise :

“Say, folks, the other day I started out with a lot of horses and chickens. Wherever I met a man boss of his own house I gave him a horse, and wherever the woman was the boss I gave them a chicken. Well, do you know, I gave away about two hundred chickens before I got a chance to give away a horse. Calling at one house I enquired where the man of the house was. ‘In the barn.’ ‘Who is the boss of the house?’ ‘I want to give you to understand that my husband is the boss of his own house. Say, here is John now; he’ll talk to you. John, who is the boss of this house?’ ‘Stranger, I’ll give you to understand that I’m the boss

of my own house.' 'Oh, says I in my own mind, there goes one of my horses now. Well, John, seeing that you are the boss of your own house you can have your choice of them two horses out there, that black or that white.' 'Well, stranger, I guess I'll take that black.' 'John,' said his wife, walking into the room. John followed. He then came back and said, 'I guess I'll change that and take that white horse.' 'No you don't, a chicken is what you'll get.' "

Thus we have it throughout the country. Men imagine they are the masters, but when it comes to the scratch they find out otherwise. The masterful American woman controls the men, and when the worm turns, they go into the divorce court and cut loose.

When a woman has an able provider, she has confidence in him and does not care to dictate. On the other hand, if her spouse proves himself to be a helpless vacillater, thereby bringing want and misery to their lot, she is fearful of dire consequences, and adopts the natural course of lending advice, and by so doing avoid further painful failures.

Yankees Politically

Scarcely less important is the political enterprise of the United States than the commercial.

That the country is not noted for its mighty marvels of mental political giants can be best proven by a private letter written by President Theodore Roosevelt.

Vice-President Roosevelt succeeded to the presidency upon the lamentable death of President William McKinley. Mr. McKinley had been elected and re-elected ere he was overtaken by the assassin's bullet. He, therefore, had ample time to select the very best men available throughout the land to fill his cabinet. Thus Mr. Roosevelt took hold of the highest office in

the gift of the American people, supported by the best men his predecessor could collect together during his several years occupancy. Stepping into the office with the formal declaration to the public that the policies of Mr. McKinley would be "unbrokenly" carried out, he did so.

As the letter given would indicate, President Roosevelt found places in the public service, either at home or abroad, for special friends and relatives, all of which was quite natural.

Accordingly he sent the precious pair abroad, Mr. Bellamy duly appointed and credentialed by the Washington government as ambassador to foreign courts, while Mrs. Bellamy became a self-appointed ambassadress to the Vatican, for the double purpose of creating a certain American archbishop a cardinal, by the aid of the Pope, and much to the annoyance of other ambitious American archbishops seeking similar "red hats;" also to the chagrin of the Washington government, which was in imminent danger of being drawn into the feminine intrigue.

Women, religion and diplomacy being an explosive mixture, an explosion occurred in due time. But it was the president who exploded and exploited the Bellamy pair. Promptly, and without preface, he summarily dismissed from their posts, and from the diplomatic service altogether this trouble making international couple.

Dismayed and disgruntled, they returned to the United States, where explanations were attempted, among which was the giving out of the following private letter, which is self-explanatory, and which shows pretty well President Roosevelt's size-up of the men bequeathed him by the late president as cabinet officials:

“Executive Mansion, Washington,
Oct. 4.

“My dear Maria :

“You need never be afraid of writing me or of asking anything. If it is in my power to grant it, I shall do so. If, for any reasons, I cannot, I shall tell you so frankly. Personal reasons can never exist when I do not do anything you say.

“Bellamy was right about its being needless to write me in order to keep him in mind. I think of both of you all the time, and have gone over several times possible plans. First, as to the cabinet. It is very unlikely now that I shall change any member of the present cabinet. You have probably seen that I have asked them all to stay. The secretary of war, Root, is one of the very strongest men before the people in our whole party. His Canton speech was the most effective delivered in the campaign last year. His advice is invaluable, not merely in reference to his department, but in reference to all branches of the service. As for his department, it is at the present time the most important in the entire government. It would be a public calamity to have him leave the cabinet now and I use the words PUBLIC CALAMITY advisedly. He is a sick man, a condition which gives me great uneasiness, not because there is the fear of his death, but lest he may have to give up his work here. If he went out, I should have to consider nothing whatever but the question of getting the best man the entire country afforded to do the work necessary to be done. It may be that after carefully looking over the matter I should conclude that Bellamy was the man for the purpose.

“It may be that I should have to conclude that some one else, of whom I have no thought at present, would be the best man, and if so I should be in honor

bound to take him and not to consult any personal preference of mine in a matter so vital to the country. I do not believe that Secretary Long intends to leave the navy. In this department I am sure without further thought that Bellamy would be admirable; but in filling any vacancy in the cabinet I would have to take note of all kinds of considerations. I should count Bellamy's religion in his favor for a cabinet place. Other things being equal, I should like to have a Catholic in the cabinet. I am sure that in the navy department he would do exceedingly well as secretary. I do not know whether geographically he would be the right man. For instance, I should like much to get a Pacific slope man into the cabinet and particularly in the navy department, and I do not wish to leave New England unrepresented. At present I see no Pacific slope man who would be competent to fill the position. Moreover, if possible I should like to get one or more members of the cabinet who are in close touch with the people, carrying weight when they explain the policies, purposes and acts of my administration.

"This is the one point at which the present cabinet is not as strong as it should be. I do not believe that a finer, abler, more high-minded body of public servants was ever got together around a president, but there is not one of them, with the possible exception of Root (who is so busy that he can hardly ever speak), who can appear before the country with the prestige of a great political leader to explain and champion my administration. If I could at any time fill this want I should most ardently desire to do so.

"In other words, for a cabinet place the man should, if possible, be not only eminently fit for the administration of his department, but also if possible a party leader of weight, and, furthermore, it is rarely that one can fill a cabinet position with reference only

to itself—all surrounding conditions must be taken into account.

“Now, after foreign affairs, my inquiries speedily develop the fact that a Catholic just at present would not be a man whom it would be wise to send to Germany. For wholly different reasons it would be wise to send him to Italy. I had not thought of or known either these facts when I advocated Bellamy’s going to Italy. As soon as I made inquiry to the effect both here and abroad of the appointment to Germany and Italy I found what the facts were. In no other case would the question of Catholicism cause any serious trouble; but I have not the slightest idea whether any man intends at present to leave his position.

“Of Porter, in France, I hear nothing but the strongest praise. He seems to have done peculiarly well. It would be an injustice of a flagrant kind to turn him out at the present time. It is, of course, always possible that I may make a shift, and if in doing so France should become vacant I should offer it to Bellamy at once, unless it happened that I was able to offer him a cabinet position, but as things are just at this time, I do not see the likelihood of such a condition arising. I have written with minutest detail, for I want you to understand exactly how the things now stand.

“Faithfully yours,

“Theodore Roosevelt.”

Maria got a long letter, in which the “finer, abler” public men of the United States from “New England” to the “Pacific slope” got quite a raking over.

But ambitious Archbishop Ireland, of Saint Paul, Minnesota, still remains an unannointed cardinal. Moreover, there are upwards of a hundred million Yankees who are wholly indifferent as to whether or

not he ever does, regardless of the efforts of these troublesome cardinal-makers.

There are *fifty* states and *fifty-one* duly elected legislative bodies in the United States.

Under these conditions there can be little chance of escape from the blighting effects of senseless and freakish laws, and where the dearth of able statesmen is so apparent.

Laws are put on the statute books impossible of enforcement. Here I may mention three striking instances of endeavors to enforce obedience to law, with the results obtained in each case. The three instances I have singled out have to do with national, state and city affairs.

In the year 1907 President Roosevelt's "big stick" hobby was law enforcement, going so far as to start a legal crusade against certain law-breaking trusts and monopolies. A financial panic ensued of great and grave proportions.

When a brainy railway magnate in St. Paul, Minnesota, tried to merge two competitive paralleling lines of railroad, running more than half way across the continent, the then governor of that state interposed an objection by invoking the state law prohibiting such merging. A great shout of enthusiasm went up, and the aggressive governor was re-elected with a far greater plurality than when first elected.

However, as the men controlling the railroad systems were superior in brains and resources to the governing authorities of the state, the same ends were attained by getting around the law and avoiding conflict therewith. Personally I was assured that such was the case by one of the high-up officials of one of the interested companies.

The reason for all this is clear. When the government employs an attorney-general, it generally gets

a cheap man in good political party standing. When a corporation needs counsel it looks up and obtains a high-priced legal light, totally disregarding the salary sought.

The city of Minneapolis, also in Minnesota, furnished a most doleful tale concerning the political foolishness of honest efforts to enforce unpopular farmer-made laws.

A religiously inclined home-bred, through a fluke on the part of a bare plurality of the voters, got elected mayor. At the behests of intermeddling ecclesiastical gentlemen, religious societies, professional reformers and theoretical busybodies, this goody-goody, churchy-churchy mayor began making radical changes in the government of the city, his battlecry being law enforcement.

Being a one-ideaed man, he singled out the liquor traffic, and the laws pertaining thereto, for persecution and prosecution. Saloonkeepers were relentlessly pursued for the most trivial offences. All through this man's two-year term as mayor he continued his crusade against certain so-called abuses, which loomed up mountain-like before his civic vision. So helpless were himself and his advisers to control law-breakers that a carnival of crime reigned, such as the city had never witnessed before. Murderers went uncaught, in spite of the fact that such crimes were more numerous than ever all through his regime.

When the time came for the reform mayor to announce his intentions regarding further designs upon the mayoralty office, at the urgent petitioning of theorists, like himself, he again became a candidate. His peculiar type of political workers got busy to secure his re-election. These consisted of pulpit orators, reformers and Christian folk of every class and creed. The regular party organization was scorned, and

badged women, labeled with streamers as purity workers, took charge of the polling booths, for the purpose of influencing and buttonholing the men. Their arguments were that the reform movement must be maintained, as anything else would be reactionary. The mayor being a great campaigner, and possessing unlimited funds for electioneering expenses, great things were expected of him.

When he first took office my own advice to him was to conduct the city's affairs in such a broad-minded manner as to make it unnecessary to have much explanations to offer during the brief period usually devoted to campaigners before election day. Just a case of summing up his two years stewardship.

He took the opposite course and got his reward. When the fateful day arrived, the voters weighed him in the balances and found him ridiculously wanting. It was like driving a two-inch plug into a four-inch hole—he simply fell through, far too small for the public office he filled and further aspired to. His law enforcement mascot brought both himself and friends such disaster as that neither he nor they have ever been heard from politically since.

Of such small men the country is abundantly supplied, and when the votes are counted, alas! the sad scene.

The city administration, just prior to this reform one, was just the opposite. The previous mayor inaugurated a "wide open" policy. This tended to attract blackguards and confidence men to the city to such an extent as to compel the grand jury to take action, which it did indicting the mayor, chief of detectives, superintendent of police and many other lesser city hall employees. After long-drawn-out legal fights in the courts, some were sent to the penitentiary, while

the mayor himself escaped through technical loopholes after being jury convicted.

Later when the reform forces came into power, a well organized party of traveling evangelists swooped down upon the city, with evangelizing vigor. Religious meetings were held in large downtown drinking dens; street parades, with accompanying gospel hymn singing in the direction of the various theaters, where the gospel was preached to theatergoers without the necessity of leaving their opera seats, formed a part of the religious revival.

Thus it was for several years that Minneapolis was in the grasp of one extreme or another. A siege of toil and turmoil unceasingly prevailed for a prolonged period of time. Liberal-minded people would hold sway for a time. Then the narrow-minded would get things their way; and no more convincing evidence could be adduced of the smallness and weakness of administrators than the way in which some of them permit their policies to be shaped by small-souled reformers, who eke out their precarious livelihood by making others imagine that molehills are mountains in the moral atmosphere. Men of such small-bore calibre are usually short-lived politically, while big men wear longer, and go on gaining larger victories.

It may be interesting to take a peep at the dismal legislative absurdities now in prospect for Americans.

Freakish laws are already in vogue in many parts of the "mossbacky" and backward portions of the continent.

In some states and provinces it is considered morally criminal for a thirsty man to step up to an "open bar" and slake his thirst by the use of a moderate amount of intoxicants, vinous or fermented liquors. Prohibition prevails, brought on by the votes of the easily

led youthful Yankee. In other parts it is statute-breaking to roll, buy or smoke, a cigarette.

Let us imagine a traveler starts out on a transcontinental railroad journey. Before doing so he has packed and provided a large luncheon basket. In it he has placed meat, liquors, cigarettes, and by way of pastime a deck of playing cards. The first state the train enters happens to be in the hands of vegetarians, who have made laws against the use of dead animals for dieting purposes. Accordingly an inspector inspects your lunch basket, removes your meat, takes you off the train and prosecutes you. This is only one of the possibilities yet.

Another state is about to be entered. On doing so, the traveler's lunch basket is again examined, and what is apt to follow I give by quoting a clipping from an American paper, which is as follows: "The new constitution works as follows in Oklahoma: 'Mike' King pulled a bottle of whiskey from his pocket and took a drink while riding on a passenger train between Enid and Medford. The Grant county sheriff was on the train and arrested King for transporting whiskey from one place to another inside the state. King was fined \$50 and sent to jail."

Further I would add another cutting by way of bolstering up my contention, viz: "There are Democratic States in which it is a crime to have wine in the house, even for sacramental purposes; Democratic States in which it is a crime to offer a guest a glass of wine; Democratic States in which it is a crime to travel with a spoonful of alcohol in one's gripsack and Democratic States in which it is a crime to give away a cigarette." This has no political significance, although it is a well-known fact that the Democratic States of the Union are acknowledged to be the most backward. However, the Republican states are fast following

upon the heels of the others in efforts to become backward along law-making lines also.

Meanwhile the train has tapped another state, which has enacted laws against anything that savors of gambling. So if a few jolly good fellows are amusing themselves with the deck of cards, pennies being the stakes, they are arrested and haled into court, fined or confined. Another state may have laws bearing upon the shape and cut of your wearing apparel, lest any male should appear attired in anything approaching feminine costume. So that by the time the cross-continent journey is completed, it is within the pale of possibility that a tourist can be legally deprived of both his grub and clothes, finding himself within prison walls into the bargain, particularly if traveling in the Democratic section of the country.

Where this law-making mania will end is very problematical. Ignorance and rusticity being so prevalent make a guess decidedly hazardous.

To the over-enthusiastic Yankee, who would try to make out that all Yankees are born clever beyond comprehension, I would offer a word. Just throw an analytical glance over the vast number of boys and young men you have known and been brought into contact with since your boyhood days, and reckon up how many of the number have really become famous in the world of enterprise, along lines of commerce, statecraft, invention, professions, etc., etc. When you have done so, you will be more than surprised at the meagerness of the sum total, and the mediocre drift of the bulk of your vast circle of acquaintances.

Even the financial kings of the United States are found lacking in real hard sense in many respects. Corroborative of this assertion, nothing could be more conclusively convincing of mental and financial weakness on the part of a money king than when he barter-

off his daughter, her name, her religion and his millions, for the acquirement of a title, with a foreign nobleman thrown in. He does not care for her. He does not want her. It is the money going with her is the attraction. For fascinating femininity it is absolutely unnecessary for any matrimonial candidate to cross the Atlantic westward, no matter what his tastes pertaining to humanity may be, in quest of a "better half."

Therefore, when an indulgent millionaire parent yields to the desires of his daughter to the extent of permitting her to invest in a despising foreigner as a matrimonial catch, they both deserve all that follows, which is invariably a tale of heartrending woe, misery and abuse, finally trying conclusions in the separation or divorce courts.

My experiences in the homeland have conveyed to me beyond all possible doubt that the American millionairess stands mighty low in the estimation of ordinary mortals there. Henceforward may both girls and parents in the United States take warning by the fates of the unfortunates gone before, and select their husbands from the untitled men in their own circle, and upon their own common level at home. By so doing the would-be duchesses, countesses and lady this and lady that may peradventure miss many a heartache in their matrimonial lives now so commonly the outcome when matrimonially mixed-up with the foreign fortune-hunters.

In America can be frequently heard epithets, such as imbeciles and idiots, applied to the scions of the foreign nobility. To these ill-advised vulgarities I have never given countenance. With them I altogether differ, and on the contrary give the peerage great credit. If these noblemen do not acquire or build up great fortunes themselves, to the same extent as self-

made Yankees, they, at least, pass on from one generation to another, intact and improved, the vast estates and responsibilities resting upon them during their life tenure and occupancy. Even such feats are worthy of honorable mention in this age of fast living and vast possibilities for modern money outlays.

No one has ever been heard on American soil proclaiming to the world that the self-made millionaire was either an imbecile or idiot. Therefore, how much sillier it must appear to all when such men deliberately palm off their daughters, with all the millions that can be scraped together, upon unappreciative men, who take fiendish delight in sending them home again when tired of the novelty of matrimony. In all this there is food for reflection to all of those contemplating such steps in the future.

Continuing my political comment, I would briefly refer to the presidential election of 1896. That year the voting masses of the United States, led by Mr. William Jennings Bryan, a comparatively new star in the political firmament, became all wrought up over the silver question. Men knowing nothing whatever concerning finance, vigorously undertook to expound the silver issue all through the electioneering period. Sidewalks were blocked with curbstone orators, loudly telling all they knew, and more, about the new fangled campaign cry. That there should have been such a large vote cast for the fallacy reflected no credit upon such a large number of American voters.

The national election of 1900 also proclaimed to the thinking world the gullibility of millions of Americans. The Democratic party, again led by Mr. Bryan, in my estimation, had neither a platform nor principles. They waited to see what the Republicans stood for, and then took hold of the opposite end. It was a party of anti this, and anti that, to such an extent that the comic

papers and cartoonists righteously pictured them "Aunties." Old womanish indeed were their party principles, and their audacity in expecting to capture a majority of intelligent American voters remains a national byword to the present day.

But all the candidates, who foolishly identified themselves with this negative and backward-moving party, whether running for national, state, county or municipal preferment, went down together to defeat and disaster.

Even fire-eating members of the houses of congress and senate (Washington), who wasted the legislative time of these important bodies in floor harangues re the British-Boer war, questions, with which the United States government had no concern, were wiped off of the political map just as quickly as the voters could get at them, and much to the intense gratification of the sensible majority.

This sort of international intermeddling has never yet been smoothly swallowed by the American citizen, except in rare cases where his country has substantially profited financially or commercially by such interference. Even then fruitful recompense must be well in sight, and far removed from the possibility of uncertainty before the prudent Yankee takes enthusiastically to the contemplated move.

To the Irish-American politician, and his American sympathizers, who imagine themselves the self-appointed guardians over the political destinies of the home Irish, I would intimate that your guardianship is not needed. The people of Ireland are abundantly able to watch out for their own political welfare. If your foolishness continues to urge you to pay over your hard-earned dollars to those people, whose rank and file are, in the main, thankless, it is your precious privilege to do so. If you will take the pains to travel

amongst them, you will find a haughty and dignified people. You will discover that even though you have heard all through your lifetime sad tales of their dire distress, poverty and destitution, that you are not going to buy up the whole island for a few dollars. But on the contrary you will learn that money disappears in Ireland faster than in America. Many a much-traveled tourist told me that they could get more "Roast Joint" in an American saloon for a half-dime, with a glass of beer thrown in, than they could get at home for a half-crown and no liquid refreshment.

You will also find the Irish a sport-loving people, willing at any moment to drop their daily avocations, no matter how important, to attend a horse race, regatta and other athletic and outdoor sports, regardless of consequences. You will also notice that the people are sleepyheads, going to bed early at night and getting up late in the day. It will be further discernible that a goodly portion of their time is wasted in religious attendance on secular days of the week, in addition to the large number of civic and church holidays they enjoy.

All of these easy-going things are denied the average Irish-American, who usually is not found amongst the ranks of the extremely wealthy element of American society or even moderately well off. They are far too busy working at their daily grind, earning money to send to their unappreciative brethren abroad.

Let the homefolks run their own show. Concentrate your efforts at home. Try and elect one of your race and religion to the presidency of the United States, neither of which you have been thus far able to accomplish. True, there was a fac simile of the late President McKinley's ancestral Irish home in the Irish village section of the St. Louis World's Fair held in 1904. But that was far-fetched. We should have something more

down to date, and in the acquisition there will be ample scope for a united pull together, without dabbling in political affairs beyond the Atlantic.

In my honest opinion ecclesiastical influence is not advancing progressiveness in the Emerald Isle. Too many are seeking easy berths via the cloth. The predominant church there is getting more closely knitted together than ever. This is largely resulting from the fact that English-speaking Americans, of the Roman Catholic persuasion, are now practically drawing their supply of clergy from the "Island of Saints." Many Irish people are also joining American religious orders of both sexes. No matter whether an humble Irish family have a boy priested at home or abroad, the tendency will be to cement the various members of that family more firmly than ever to the institutions with which he, or she, are identified. If Americans were to step into the modest dwellings in Ireland, from which many of their pastors originated, some surprises might follow.

In matters of religion it takes more than one generation to change the Irish character. The teaching that has been impounded into them ever since the evangelizing days of Saint Patrick, cannot be obliterated or outrooted in a hurry. We, therefore, find that wherever Catholics, be they men or women, become matrimonially united to the adherents of other religious denominations, the Irish refuse to relinquish one particle of their faith or religion when making the contract. It will fall to the lot of the other parties to yield every point, if not fully embrace the tenets of Catholicity in its entirety. This pronounced conviction is admirable.

In my estimation, should a home rule measure of government be granted Ireland, it would be all-important to have a clause inserted in the bill to the effect that no clergyman should enter the legislative

halls in his ministerial garb. His presence would be conspicuously prejudicial to a fair debating of the question at issue. Few debaters would care to utter a word on behalf of the point they wished to make, unless conscious of the fact that they had the approving smile of the clergy present.

Recent observation made firsthand in Ireland, during the British general elections, held in the early part of the current year, taught me much concerning the inconsistencies of American contributors to the Irish parliamentary fund.

In the United States political and ecclesiastical usages are strictly divorced. Clergymen in the republic are often found opening political proceedings with prayer, and closing with benedictions. Clergymen as presiding officers rarely ever.

How different in the Emerald Isle! There it is the clergy everywhere. No matter what the unofficial gathering may be, it is practically owned and controlled by clerical influence. It is upon the archbishop, bishop, parish priest, or curate, the obligation of acting as chairman, or some other form of presiding official, devolves.

That these trained and educated citizens make eminently well qualified and acceptable leaders are acknowledged facts. That the system tends to make the layman a helpless nonentity is equally true. Therefore, from a purely educational and progressive viewpoint, the system should be changed, thus debarring the clergy from taking the official part they now enjoy in all political conferences, and placing the Irish layman upon the same footing as his American compatriot. Funds from friends abroad should be forwarded on these conditions. In that way Ireland would the more quickly shake off a yoke, that is now, as in France, fast becoming so burdensome and top-heavy

as to insure its eventual fall by its own weight. Many of the church's most humble followers, at the present time, are beginning to take an awakening interest in this outcome, and it would be the veriest sort of clap-trap to even insinuate that the Catholic church in Ireland has not long since reached the zenith of its churchly prestige, with rumbling indications of lesser enthusiasm henceforward.

In the attainment of this desirable condition, returning Yankees are playing a vitally important part. A further hastening process should not be lost sight of. It is the inclination on the part of the Irish people, who are fast attaining both light and learning, to more carefully scrutinize the family records of those entering the priesthood. In olden times it was the deep conviction among the bulk of the Irish people that no man could claim holy orders, save those fortunate enough to descend from morally immaculate forefathers, who possessed blameless individual records themselves. From this exalted pinnacle of character and adaptation, it seems to be the general impression, relaxation has taken place of late years. It is not a good omen, and is pregnant with religious revolutionary seed in the recognized "Island of Saints."

Owing to America's intense interest in Ireland I have thus moralized.

Yankees, Military and Marine

The military and marine departments of the United States government are quite important.

It is not my intention to indulge in any statistical delving regarding their development, but hastily pass on, giving my readers a brief sketch of the warlike happenings, as they have appeared to me, and the national results obtained therefrom.

In revolutionary days, when the thirteen original states sought their independence from England, conditions were altogether different to those of modern times. Then it were practically old country forces arrayed against one another—the sturdy and pioneering colonists not having yet time to become Americanized. But the hard work gone through while the country was being transformed from a wilderness into suitable human habitations produced a rugged and muscular colonial soldiery to such an extent as to render an equal number of tenderfoot military from the British Isles an unequal match. Accordingly the war waged was favorable to the sturdy colonist, used to hardships, inured to the climate, understanding the country and the way to get over it.

In later years the republic was convulsed by a civil war lasting several years, which wrought bloody havoc throughout the country. This warring conflict was carried on by peasant soldiery, of strong physique and countrified constitutions. As a grizzly old fighting veteran once remarked to me, the civil war volunteers did not travel to the various battlefields, aboard and asleep in Pullman palace sleeping cars, but got there as best they could walking, ahorse, or as unticketed passengers aboard fireless and uncomfortable freight cars whenever and wherever possible; all of which unavoidable hardships helped to harden their manhood, and bring out their best fighting qualities, the military results following being great.

These men were further entrained in the art of warfare by the various campaigns fought against scalping and treacherous Indians, ere they were finally driven back to their allotted reservations.

How different during the more recent engagements incident to the Spanish-American-Philippine trouble! These warlike operations were carried on during my

own residence in the states. I was thus afforded an opportunity of keeping in touch with passing events at close range.

When the exigencies of a series of untoward events practically forced war upon us, the war department was found wholly unprepared. The populace was loudly clamoring for war, while a certain element in the country, known as peace-at-any-price, or little Americans, were equally loud in their protestations against war. Handled just right was the former class when a wittily inclined politician reminded them that "shooting off their mouths" cost nothing, while matters pertaining to actual war were quite different. Moreover, later on when a war tax was placed upon the people at large, the business man, who was obliged to affix revenue stamps upon all official cheques and documents, the poor man compelled to pay just double revenue upon his beer, the war spirit gradually subsided and quite naturally the nation became less enthusiastic over the outlook.

People historically educated abroad, and acquainted with English history, knew very well that the pending conflict could be only a one-sided affair.

Ever since the destruction of the Spanish Armada, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and in English waters, Spain was a decadent country; or as Lord Salisbury once aptly said, belonged to the class of decaying nations. That sixteen millions of ignorant and backward people, who had already spent their energy in warfare with their own dependencies (Cuba and the Philippine Islands) and faraway from their base of supplies, should be expected to show up to any advantage against eighty millions of enlightened and far advanced people of the world's latest and greatest republic, was simply an undebatable question. To imagine so was inconceivable folly.

It was going to be a contest between one of the most backward of Roman Catholic kingdoms in the old world, and the most forward of Protestant new world republics. From the dire disasters that befell the former, being forcibly wiped off the face of the earth as a naval power, while the latter passed through the ordeal almost unscathed, it would tempt the most skeptical into believing that a superhuman power had intervened. No ships, and few men, suffered loss on the American side.

The untoward and unlooked-for occurrences leading up to these wars were many. With the blowing up of the battleship *Maine* in the harbor of Havana, a war-like crisis speedily arose. This was a terrible and dastardly calamity, fruitful with far-reaching effects of international importance. Marines to the number of two hundred and fifty-eight were summarily hurled into eternity. War ensued.

All through the Spain-Cuban wars, the American busybody press, and governmental trouble-seekers in congress and senate (Washington), sought to have the authorities interfere, going so far as to demand that the United States government compel, by force of arms, if necessary, the Spanish government to withdraw its troops and give the Cubans their independence. These unofficial and semi-official utterances were, of course, watched by the Madrid (Spain) war authorities, naturally creating a resenting sentiment throughout that country. So later on, when the Washington government sent the warship *Maine* to Havana, the Spaniards met it unwelcomely. A pilot guided the ship to her anchorage, which happened to be right over a blowing-up trap. Soon it was touched off, and the catastrophe, as stated, took place.

Captain Sigsbee was ashore at the time, fortunately saving his life. Whether this was Providential, or by

design, I am unable to determine. At all events he escaped. Perhaps had he been aboard no explosion would have taken place just then.

Some years afterwards, when the captain was the guest of the Commercial Club of Minneapolis, a prominent semi-public organization of that city, in which I had the honor of holding a membership, I, with the rest of the clubmen, received a formal invitation to meet, and help entertain, the doughty captain. As Mr. Sigsbee did not come up to my standard of what a commander and protector of lives entrusted to his care ought to be, the invitation went unaccepted. At that time it was my personal impression that Captain Sigsbee should have been in closer touch with the existing temper and feelings of the Spanish people controlling Havana harbor, towards American jingoes, thereby exercising due precaution as to where his ship weighed anchor, and not permit himself to be so peacefully piloted to danger marks.

The war continued, and victory came so easily to American arms that the contest seemed decidedly unequal.

Five men were brought particularly into the limelight of public gaze at this time.

They were Commodores Sampson and Schley, Admiral George Dewey and Richmond Pearson Hobson, all of the navy; and M. Theodore Roosevelt, colonel of a self-organized regiment of Rough Riders, pertaining to the land forces.

The Commodores utterly destroyed the Spanish Santiago fleet in Cuban waters, where every ship lay battered, beached, wrecked and ruined, with practically no loss to themselves.

Sampson being away on a naval reconnoitering sail at the time the Spanish fleet was espied in the narrow channel, heading for open water, Commodore Schley

took command, and totally destroyed the enemy's fleet. Of this great event Commodore Sampson apprised his countrymen in a special Fourth of July message. Undoubtedly it was an agreeable Independence Day present, and particularly so when the total destruction was effected minus loss of either lives or property to Americans.

Later on an unseemly, unsoldierly and unseamanlike personal and newspaper controversy arose between the two fighters—Sampson and Schley—as to which should get the credit of the great victory. This ill-timed dispute was further augmented by the injection of the influence of the friends of the noted old seadogs, who should have considered that there was honor enough for both in the great naval feat, and thus drop the question at issue.

Mr. Hobson, with several other fearless volunteers, endeavored to obstruct the narrow channel, thereby bottling up the Spanish fleet, by sinking an old collier, named the *Merrimac*, for which valiant efforts he afterwards kissed the feminine freaks throughout the United States, thus bringing national contempt upon himself in the minds of all sensible folk by reason of his female folly, as well as on the fools osculated.

Admiral Dewey silenced the Manila land batteries, and sunk the antiquated Spanish warships in the bay, all of which was accomplished without noticeable loss to his command.

For this wonderful prowess, on his return to his native land, he was made the recipient of many honors and spectacular pageants. The animated and unthinking masses were going to make him a present of, at least, a million dollars, provided by public subscription, and make him president of the United States in addition. But when the nation sobered down, Mr. Dewey's gifts simmered into practical insignificance. How-

ever, he did get a secondhand house to live in, a Washington widow for a wife, and an ornamental sword by action of Congress, presented, I think, by the president of the United States in person. His residential present he re-presented to his newly acquired bride, and so great was the national uproar raised by the donors for this display of ingratitude, that the house was quickly re-deeded back to himself. This thoughtless and overt act made him an overthrown public idol, his presidential aspirations went a-glimmering, and Admiral George Dewey, the hero of Manila Bay gradually sank into oblivion, as far as the general public cared.

Of all the heroes brought to the surface by this international strife one remained, not only with an untarnished military escutcheon, but continued gaining more glittering honors both political and otherwise. I refer to Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, who with sustained admiration has kept himself before the gaze of the great American admiring people.

Since his bloody days upon the battlefield he has been elected governor of the great state of New York, vice-president and president of the United States successively. As time passes he continues to grow in favor and gain in the love and affection of his countrymen, to whom he has given at all times a "square deal," and whose interests he has never betrayed. Therefore, ex-President Theodore Roosevelt stands out most conspicuously, when comparisons with many other eminent men are fairly made.

Those composing the rank and file of the private soldiery did very well, and on the part they played during the war I shall refrain from making much comment.

However, I will briefly refer to one regiment. It was the noted Thirteenth Minnesota. The members of this

regiment returned to their state from the Philippine Islands, leaving their work incomplete. President McKinley came from Washington to Minneapolis to receive and welcome the boys. In the parades and proceedings attendant on their arrival I took no interest, explaining that had they stayed and finished their work in the Islands, put down the Filipino rebellion, and then returned marching triumphantly victorious, carrying their banners aloft, I would be one of the first to vociferously exult over their victories.

But as politics play an important part in the general civil and political life of the great republic, questions military and marine are not as apt to swim along as smoothly when a Republican president occupies the White House at the central seat of national government; and Democratic state executives are in control of the various states as governors. The policies are out of joint and inharmonious for which both parties stand.

Therefore, unsympathetic aid is given in the raising and training of troops, in some cases, by state officials, as upon them the responsibility of furnishing volunteers to the national war department falls.

With all due respect for military and marine warriors of the United States, I will freely and frankly admit that Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, of British fame, approach my ideal of military men more than any others. Also the British nation's way of recompensing and honoring its brave warriors.

Mark the contrast. When Lord Roberts returned to his own country, after subjugating the fighting Boers, his king showered further titles and honors upon him, while parliament appropriated 100,000 pounds sterling for the dignified upkeep of the titles conferred. In like manner did Lord Kitchener profit

by his monarch and parliamentary action to the substantial extent of 50,000 pounds sterling.

For several good and sufficient reasons the United States, although now considered a world power, may never reach the proportions of one very formidable against such great powers as Great Britain, or even Germany.

One of these is a very important reason. It is the fact that the republic is essentially an industrial, manufacturing and agricultural country. The thrifty Yankee don't take to a project very well unless he sees dollars in the outcome, and whoever heard of money being in an expensive and devastating war, as all wars are? Many other good reasons also cut a figure. Amongst them might be mentioned the undisputed fact that Yankee youth does not take kindly to the restraining discipline, which forms a part of military careers, as they consider it inconsistent with their extravagant views of so-called liberty.

Yet one other good reason might be cited tending to curtail the public's aspirations along the line of a high standard of military efficiency. It is the combination of ecclesiastical and moral influences, added to weak-kneed statesmanship, which has already deprived the American soldier of his club-canteen, that is apt to prove all-powerful.

Milk-and-water statesmanship should, above all countries and great nations, find no encouragement in the United States. From time to time the people are impulsively swung by rather irresponsible arguments, and at such times the restraining influences of strong statesmanship are wanted. With weak and vacillating state governments, dominated over, and dictated to by reformers and theorists, who are always on the job, steady and insistent statecraft are most urgently needed at the nation's hub.

Moreover the president, who is commander-in-chief of the United States army and navy, should be a man of stamina and stern qualities. Politics should be eschewed, theorists excluded, and little Americans reigned to the rear. When all of these things have been attained, the big giantess known as the young republic, will make as rapid strides along the lines of military and marine as she has been making all along in her industrial activities.

Yankees, Educationally

The public school system of the United States having in recent years surrendered its usefulness to the combined evils of fads, fancies and feminization, little now is expected of it by practical people, and that little is fully realized. The two first mentioned evils have been wholly turned over to the latter for execution.

Above all races, American youth should never be turned over to the tender mercies of feminine school-teachers, after children have reached years of discretion at any rate. Owing to their natural bent to assume an air of freedom, sturdy and correcting school-masters should wield the chastening rod. Strict enforcement of childish discipline, by a strenuous school-master, would help to speedily suppress the far-fetched idea now entertained by the youth of the land that it is their wont to conduct themselves at will, totally regardless of the requirements of their instructors. New ideas should not have left corporal punishment a dead letter. Instead it should be an important part of educational curriculum.

The present generation of American millionaires did not have the advantages—if such can be called advantages—of kindergartens and kindred childish edu-

educational facilities. But a high type of American citizen has been produced despite this shortcoming.

Nowadays everybody seems to be taken care of in some way or another relieving the young from all personal responsibility. From their mothers' arms, children are turned over to the wet nurse, or bottled along until able to walk, when taken in charge by kindergarten teachers, passed along to the feminine public school ma'am, thence on to the supervision of the police department, finally landing in the embraces of trades unionism, secret societies, or political organizations. In the latter case the voter is amply looked after by the sympathizing politician and office seeker for several days prior to election day, but totally forgotten the day after, and cold-shouldered into the bargain.

Women clubs and church activities take care of the tight-laced womenfolk, while the looser fragments of feminine society find pastime in the theatre, dance-halls, and such other places of amusement as may appeal to them. In the case of either set domestic life and family anxieties are things not to be tolerated by their intrusion into the daily routine life of modern femininity.

But the only unfortunates, who are wantonly obliged to carefully look out for their own interests are the poor millionaire businessmen. Rarely indeed have such men the benefits derived from even a moderately thorough common school education, not to mention the equipment of a mental nature furnished by graduation from colleges and universities. Their scholarships have been won in the stern schools of work-a-day adversities. Under these rather adverse conditions these able men have steadfastly carved their careers until the top-most rung of the mercantile ladder has been reached, thus refuting the oft-repeated proposals that modern

education is unfinished and inefficient without the many appendages now becoming so widely recognized.

When an ambitious young man applies for a position with a large business firm, he is not usually interrogated regarding his many school advantages, and the number of graduation exercises he has passed through, or the colleges in which his education was rounded off. Just the simple inquiry ascertaining his knowledge or adaptability pertaining to the particular business he seeks to be identified with fills the requirements. It is, therefore, easily assumed that much of the modern educational touches now listed as needful, turn out to be needless.

However, it is a well-founded fact that the possession of all these preliminary sources of knowledge is the more apt to help the owner into more readiness of adapting himself to the details of the business career just chosen. It is thus wise not to minimize, or decry, too excessively the practices of higher education, while the babyish portion might well be eliminated.

The United States public school system is the acknowledged national nursery of freedom, liberty and independence.

Permitted by disarmed and indulgent feminine tutors, the scholars now have their full fling.

Boys are taught from their earliest days that the presidency is some day within their grasp, and that foreign-born boys cannot compete with the home-bred for this prize.

Indeed it was quite a wise and safe provision drafters of the American Constitution made when inserting the clause that all presidential material must be born and begot upon Yankee soil. Had the omission been permitted, in all human probability, quite a very large proportion of our presidents would have been naturalized American citizens, instead of the homeborn.

But perhaps average foreigners, competent to occupy the presidential chair, would not appreciate the brand of liberty now ladled out to the country's chief executives. It cannot well be denied that these men are now literally obliged by certain public sentiment to live and move in a narrow and abstemious sphere. Thus they do not enjoy the same measure of liberty as the majority of European rulers.

For instance, temperance cranks throughout the land would want to see the nation's chief executive a teetotaler, so that they could hold up to all the prospective future presidents how non-tipping landed our present president in the White House. Many other forms of amusement, such as horse-racing, yachting, theatregoing, yes and even allowing manufacturers of fermented liquors to use their names as part of their trade-marks, which is permissible in Great Britain and other European countries, must not be tolerated by the narrow-gauged reform workers in the United States. Our presidents must taboo all these things, for the sake of the moral welfare of the nation.

Thus we discover a narrowness hedging in America's elected rulers, which should be considered un-American, and is highly at variance with the usage accorded succession monarchs abroad. When the much-vaunted land of liberty will, by public consent, curtail its presidents' personal freedom, how are the bulk of its inhabitants to escape, is the mooted problem?

In the eyes of the easily worried, all these precautions must be taken in the interests of budding boyhood, when public school training seems wholly inadequate to produce self-controlled young manhood.

Let us look at American liberty as others see it. In a recent London interview, a noted playwright, upon being invited to make a tour of America said: "For instance they are ignorant of the fact that liberty does

not exist there." Further he added, "I could be arrested the moment I landed on the charges of inciting the women of America to immorality by my good looks," and so forth. These outside utterances are not pleasant to contemplate by growing generations. But unfortunately they are unassailable.

Professors of business colleges, bookkeeping and commercial training academies, and many other like educational institutions, profess to teach and qualify young students for a large money-earning capacity in the mercantile world. Their advertisements are catchy and gaudy, and all of these wonders are to be worked for a mere bagatelle in the way of tuition fees. More astounding still can their philanthropy be considered when we imagine the poor professor plodding along himself with a meagre income, while his well-taught pupils are collaring such flattering emoluments as the result of his cleverness.

Professorships and theory go hand-in-hand.

Practical knowledge, aided by the auxiliary known as cold-blooded business experience, make a winning twin-team in this age of commercial strife.

Youthful police surveillance, prohibiting the tossing of pennies for keeps, pitching buttons, playing marbles for ownership, all of which juvenile forms of gambling are now legally forbidden, under juvenile court penalties, in various sections of the great American republic, make a pitying spectacle. These absurdities, supplemented by curfew ordinances, cannot and will not develop proper manhood, as the present generation of American youth evidence.

To bring out the best manly qualities attainable, we must retrace our steps to the sensible ways and methods applied by our sturdy forefathers. Instead of letting the public schoolmaster recede out of sight,

he must again supersede the dainty and lenient feminine, who has usurped his prerogatives. Then, being again enthroned, these despotic male teachers must valiantly wield the scourge with outstretched hand and sensible discretion. Then, and not until then, will the foundations be laid for the bringing up of men able and willing to fill the shoes of their sires.

Parents in the meanwhile must again shoulder cares and anxieties incident to the proper rearing of their kids and kind. Instead of relying upon the policeman's whistle to run them homeward at eight or nine o'clock at night, they should be parentally controlled all through both day and night. It would be only wisdom-like to keep youngsters, yet possessing unthickened skulls, from playing bareheaded in the hot midsummer sun, thus avoiding all possibility of having a brainy boy become soft-brained, or addle-brained; also a brainless boy from growing still worse.

With these few contrasts and criticisms, I will leave the future of the American boy with his parents, guardians, public school authorities, high-up educators in the arts and letters, government officials, and eagerly watch for a more manly citizenship than the country can at present boast of. When this ideal condition is finally attained, the days of the millionaire, multi-millionaire and billionaire are at an end, and in their places will be a more proportionate number of moderately wealthy, the industry of the republic being more evenly captured and distributed among its progressive citizenship.

Spectacled babyhood, mouthfuls of artificial teeth in boyhood, and baldheads in early manhood are not convincing proofs of a healthily constituted race. On the contrary they are serious evidences of degeneracy, and indicative of brainstorms and general uselessness.

Yankees, Religiously

As commerce, politics and education produce mighty men in their respective lines in the vast republic, so does religion. The country, therefore, has had from time to time men, representing different religious denominations, of worldwide renown.

Where can an individual be discovered, so ignorant and unread in any corner of the earth where Christian civilization, no matter how gleamless, has penetrated, that has not heard about such men as Moody and Sankey, Henry Ward Beecher, T. DeWitt Talmage, all noted Americans, whose fame was not circumscribed by the extensive boundaries of their own wide country? The influences of these famous Christian men were boundless and overflowed until covering the entire face of the Christian world. Even before their time—their earthly days being almost concurrent—America did not suffer from want of pioneering gospel carriers. The pugilistic preacher. Peter Cartwright, and such men as his stamp, did wonders in carrying the word into fastnesses and treacherous forests. These great Christian leaders have at all times inspired my most profound respect. No worshiping temples were ever designed by man to accommodate the crowds eagerly wishing to sit and listen to their gospel messages.

With estimable clergymen and evangelists it is not my province to indulge in unchristian criticisms. Such is far from my desire or intention. They have done a great work, and many people have derived temporal, as well as spiritual, consolation through their labors and teaching.

But America has also produced other types of ministerial mountebanks, whose pulpit magnetism is ever lacking in drawing qualities. Resourceful and sensational though they may appear for a time in attracting

people to their churches, having no great ability, their usefulness as preachers of the gospel lapses. These men camp upon the trail of official authority, demanding the literal enforcement of impossible laws, thereby dragging with them into public obscurity those for the time being occupying places given them by the people's preferment. Neither the one class nor the other seem to be big enough to keep pace with a growing young nation, the one religiously and the other politically. Vacant pulpits and empty pews are the rewards measured out to the one class, while vacated public office is the gift to the other.

Seldom indeed is it necessary, in the populous centers of the United States, for an able, broad-gauged, and liberal-minded preacher to deliver himself in an uncrowded church edifice.

Like many other important institutions, church and churchgoing have been commercialized to a very grave extent of late years, and what is still more deplorable there are no signs upon the christian horizon of an abatement perceptible. Many people now recognize that to be a true christian character does not necessarily imply that you must humbly get down on your praying knees, it will quite suffice to go generously down into your paying pockets. For various motives the latter mode of serving God has been brought conspicuously into vogue latterly. By some it is considered a new departure, and another way of adding to the all-important commerce of gain-getting.

America might well be termed the land of waves. Owing to the unstable tendencies of a majority of the people, these things are possible. Therefore, it is not surprising to find the country in the throes of religious excitement and reform periodically.

These so-called waves attain irresistible velocity at

intervals, by reason of the innumerable clergy available to keep them a-moving when once started.

Even some of the most prominent men in America seem to be devoid of pronounced convictions on any subject they become interested in, religious or not. They will change their religious mantle as readily as their political affiliations, or commercial connections, so lightly does it sit upon them. As the great bulk of the people, whether highup or low down in the country's counsels, know but little of their family genealogy, their religious convictions suffer in conformity with their other principles. That their fathers lived and died faithful adherents to one denomination or another carries little weight with them. We, therefore, find them buffeted about, trying one thing now and another later.

Are the churches so organized as to attract and hold luke-warm church attendance in this the early part of the twentieth century? It is exceedingly doubtful. Many things have been tried to compel the unchurched masses to enter and feel at home. Fetching young women have been put on welcoming committees, who with fascinating smiles warmly shake the hands of young and fleeting strangers, bid them welcome, and invite them to come again. In this way impressions have been wrongfully made upon unsuspecting young men to the effect that they have made conquests in the feminine field. Is this christian deception?

"No Collection" signs, and many similar devices have been unsuccessfully tried. Quite frequently small things count considerably in determining whether or not a person would attend church. For myself I have often felt annoyed at some featherweight preacher, cutting short the singing of a popular hymn by an enthusiastic congregation, by lopping off several verses, in order to get at talking the quicker himself,

but only succeeding in soothing many of his hearers to sleep.

Giddy, indifferent, non-contributing and drowsy congregations are some of the many drawbacks to modern pulpitism, and to which the clergy are brought face to face with.

It is indeed pleasant to contemplate that in every community throughout the land godly and christian men are ever found at their posts; and a goodly portion of the nation's citizenship are steadfastly clinging to their labor of love and christian charity, as well as to their churchwork. These people represent the solid and unswayable. They continue in the handed-down principles of their ancestry, and it is an indisputable fact that today in the world's grandest republic its greatest men are Godfearing men, whose christian professions are openly made.

These christian examples are found in every department of the big country's industrial, political and commercial activities, none having a monopoly, none neglected. The masses, minus profound principles, or deep conviction on any economical subject, will continue to be swayed and swung in wave-like fashion by evangelistic revivals, and fiery pulpit oratory, which beget non-staying qualities, not being sufficiently rooted to last beyond the passing hour.

As with all other industrial departments in the United States, the cause of religion is strenuously carried forward. This is done in various ways. In its working out Yankees are both energetic and resourceful. Many are the modern appliances brought into requisition to aid and propagate the work.

There are self-propelled gospel wagons for city use to carry the glad tidings into the slums, whose resorters refuse to go to the places appointed and equipped for gospel preaching and teaching. Such

items of the underworld are usually known as the unchurched masses. These wagons are fitted out with all needful and modern appliances. They are strung with wires and electric lighted. They have portable organs, a supply of hymnbooks, scores of folding chairs, to be conveniently set around the chosen spot, thereby enabling the tired worker to sit and rest while the hymns are being sung and the gospel preached.

This is a most meritorious work, and very often have I noticed large gatherings much interested and respectful. Men who would not take the trouble to enter a mission or other place of worship will gladly listen when brought face to face to gospel preaching. Volunteers furnish free singing.

There are also chapel cars, properly fitted out with church equipment. These are hauled out into the wilds, where new railroads are being constructed, the navvies, teamsters and all others engaged in that work being reached occasionally. This is also a work of extreme merit, and deserving of much praise. Only for such agencies for good, many men would absolutely lose sight of the fact that they were living in a christian country. But these reminders are spiritually beneficial and appreciated.

To the amazement of almost the rest of the civilized world, the American branch of the Anglo-Saxon race are continually resolving themselves into conferences and conventions of every conceivable kind, and the religious requirements of the country are not behind hand in this particular field of endeavor either. Church societies hold their regular city, state and national conventions annually. At these meetings all the heavyweight preachers and leaders are present.

Attending a great international Christian Endeavor convention upon one occasion, I was more than inspired by the magnificent sight. This was further

heightened by the appearance of the late Mr. Moody, who sang and played that beautiful hymn known as "Throw Out the Lifeline," at the conclusion of which he undertook to tell how he happened to compose it, as it was one of his own creation. Traveling as a passenger upon an ocean liner once, the cry went up, "Man overboard, throw out the lifeline." Here he got his cue, and at once took full advantage of it.

Young Men's Christian Associations, and Young Women's Christian Associations, are beautiful institutions and carry on a useful work. They own magnificent buildings, well adapted and fitted up to carry on the work designed for. With their educational departments, gymnasiums, lecture halls, reading and reception rooms, parlor games, sleeping apartments for members, swimming pools, calisthenics and many other equally desirable features are enjoyed. Even the passing stranger is made welcome, and often helped over thorny places far away from home and friends. Godliness and cleanliness, as well as mental and physical development, are the prominent and underlying principles upon which these noble institutions are founded. They are financed and governed by Godfearing men, who have little to gain and lots to lose, in a worldly sense, by these christian activities.

America is well studded with costly temples of worship. Often the casual passerby views with astonishment the outlays. He does not quite realize that hundreds of quiet-going prosperous men have unostentatiously contributed to their building and upkeep. Many men of that stamp make no loud-mouthed pretensions of professing christianity, but give of their substance in generous and large-hearted fashion. If their erection and maintenance were dependent upon the gratuities of the howling individual, who is so sin-

struck as to give liberally of his moans and groans, very few of the noble edifices would be reared high in the air.

As the New World never suffers a serious lack in having the right men in the right place when needed, and in workable numbers, the moral and religious welfare of the country are in the hands of capable men, who invariably temper their theories and theologies with sound sense, although at times there may appear to be a breaking away from the common sense, with brief incursions into the impracticable. When such things are attempted, their life is brief, and theorists are promptly halted in due course of time. Excursions into visionary realms of reform by many of the over-enthusiastic reformers never produce lasting results.

Much disquietude is felt throughout the backward portions of the United States, as well as in the Dominion of Canada, in liberal-minded circles, at seasons of the year when the various religious bodies hold their annual assemblies and conferences. These fears are well grounded, for the brethren in convention assembled are never tired of passing new resolutions condemning this and demanding that, all of which rusticated and weak-kneed statesmanship, such as these self-governing communities alone can produce, take cognizance of, and eventually embody into statutes of some impossible kind.

The Presbyterian general assemblies, and Wesleyan Methodist conferences are usually leaders in these movements, but closely followed by nearly all others.

In old lands such theoretical manipulators of men and measures receive little attention from law-making bodies and governmental authorities. Thus discouraged, they devote all their energies to churchly matters.

Yankee Social Life

Even within my own brief memory Yankee social life and usages have undergone radical changes.

These are largely attributable to the unfortunate unsociable relation the sexes bear one towards the other.

Boys and men having become far more effeminate than their fathers and forefathers; and girls and women having discarded nearly all their girlish and womanly traits, in order to put on mannish airs, a strange condition of social usages resulted. Under these rather unhappy circumstances, the men, who admire complete femininity, have, to an extent, lost interest in the fair sex; while women, who invariably admire manliness in the sterner sex, find little attraction in them nowadays. It is, therefore, nothing unusual to see the ladies congregating together at church, theatres, and many other public and semi-public places; while the men are likewise assembled by themselves.

The Yankee girl is in a class all by herself. This is acknowledged by all, both at home and abroad. She swings her arms from the shoulder, and with a toss of her head wishes to proclaim to the world that she is independent. Whether or not that sort of independence, usually bragged of, is of the most fetching variety is another unsettled question.

To do the Yankee girl justice, while at the same time not increase her already misconception regarding herself, her intelligence and importance, is a proposition hard to tackle and difficult to handle.

She has her allotted share of natural intelligence and sprightliness. At an early age she imagines that she can outdo nature in making herself fascinatingly beautiful and attractive. Accordingly she uses all the arts known to modern femininity, regardless of whether

the requirements are paints or powders or both. In lacing herself into shape she is an adept. She is desirous that from the ground up her form and figure must needs be faultless. In this respect her French sister has but little odds. But her eye for beauty does not quite reach far enough. Her touches lack artistic and feminine finish. Otherwise no Yankee girl, no matter whether young or advanced, would think of ornamenting a scrawny and discolored neck and throat with an immaculately white and stiff linen collar. The contrast is far too severe to prove attractive. This particular article of wear should be speedily abandoned by the womanhood of America, no matter whether in their homeland or traveling abroad. It is an unlovable appendage that should never have shown itself.

The Yankee girl is also whimsical. She will accept courtesies from a gentleman friend one evening, and pass him unnoticed on the sidewalk next day. She possibly imagines that he spent all his spare cash upon her the evening previous, and she is in quest of some sport whose funds are as yet unspent. In these modern times men do not seem quite as anxious to dance attendance upon the fair ones as in former. Opportunities, therefore, for slack dealing by the girls to the boys are not as abundant as of yore. Many other things in modern life serve to attract the young men of the twentieth century that were wholly unknown to those existing in times goneby. Owing to the tendencies prevailing in current times for the sexes to segregate themselves from one another, with little acquaintance and less formality, marriages hastily take place. Thus the divorce courts form a ready rendezvous for many unhappy and unmatched couples.

It is indeed hard to decide which of the two evils is replete with the more dire misfortune. I refer to the

hasty and unthinking matrimonial adventures of the Yankee girl, which will assuredly find its termination in the divorce and separation court; or the youthfully made, and long-drawn-out engagements of old country girls. Both systems are equally bad, and should not be tolerated by discerning parents. Slow but sure should be the motto in the first case, as haste ends disastrously. Haste has also hurtled the long-engaged girl in the same connection. Her immature and early engagement has possibly hindered her from securing as good matrimonial material as if she had to patiently wait until she brought a staid and settled judgment to bear on the selection of a man, instead of picking out, with girlish eyes, boyish fascinations.

Wonderment has often been expressed at the proneness of Yankee young ladies to elope with their father's liveried coachmen, or others beneath their moneyed standing. Aristocratic tastes in all things are not acquired with sudden riches.

Supposedly highup Yankee society is a negligible quantity. Every city, or large populous center, has its "400" of one kind or another.

There are in every town and city folk who did the pioneer work and grew prosperously. Dollars, marriages, intermarriages and other relationships foster an exclusive set, and into which it is sometimes hard for strangers to break. But in the vast majority of Yankee instances dollars-and-cents comprise the password. Family parties are given and friends and relations are invited. Neighbors of the same dollar standing might also find themselves honored guests.

New rich often seek to make themselves unwarranted important. They possess fancy equipages, and many other things that may be acquired with wealth, which only tend to make them ridiculous. You will

find folk owning luxurious and fast-running automobiles, whose fathers and grandfathers didn't own the spades and shovels they performed their day's labor with. Putting such people astride dangerous vehicular conveyances, life, property, and themselves, are not secure, and withal cause the street authorities much annoyance and grave fear for the public safety.

People of this stamp often think of taking a trip abroad. But as one must be educated up to a point where travel can be enjoyed, as well as entering into any other new undertaking, a start is rarely ever made. Long before plans have been matured for their final departure, their going and prospective itinerary are outlined again and again in the "Personal and Social" columns of the daily press. Then something or another turns up and there is no trip or tour at all made.

But instances can be cited of supposedly well-to-do folk, having heralded their departure long and loud, and didn't go, finally retire into the back parts of their homes, closely drew the curtains in front, and in this retreat carried out the ruse of a make-believe world tour, their friends and neighbors laboring under the impression that they were gone abroad.

Comments and criticisms heard in foreign lands, while living and traveling there, have long since convinced me that the prevailing opinion among those peoples regarding Yankees is that they are unnecessarily self-conceited, artificial, superficial and unstable.

Readily do they acknowledge the supremacy of Americans in many, very many, ways. Socially at least they are considered serious misfits. Color is further added to these rather uncharitable views by the readiness with which the brainiest and cleverest Yankee self-made millionaires barter off their daughters and dollars to the effete and financially "broke"

nobility of the old country, as none others but those so unhappily circumstanced could be found to carry off the American feminine matrimonial prizes.

Old world social eminence, and new world plebeian asininity will not smoothly and permanently commingle. No matter how cemented together by Yankee craft and American gold, the despicable results are always the same—the ambitious Yankee title-hunters get their well-earned desserts. For a brief period these foreign princesses enjoy their well-bought titles; but, alas! how humiliating to themselves; their parents; their families; their relatives; their youthful acquaintances, and possible home suitors; yea, and the nation to which they originally belonged, when again driven home and reduced to the common level of their unpedigreed ancestry!

Contrast and Criticism

The Irish people have the name of being superstitious. Possibly such accusation may have been true to an extent in times goneby. But there are absolutely no traces of the kind now. On the contrary, the people are generally farther removed from silliness of that variety than supposedly advanced and educated Americans. How about the Yankee superstition attached to “Friday” the “13th,” of each month, horseshoe luck, rice-throwing, and many other strictly Yankee superstitions?

No artistic artist, nor the most amateurish dauber, ever yet thought of increasing the beauty of a flower once nature had finished it. Neither is it necessary for an Irish girl to supplement nature’s handicraft by either paint brush, or powdering chamois. Providence turned out a completed work; therefore, anything sup-

plementary would be superfluous. What is better still, the recipients of such good gifts are perfectly satisfied with the blessings bestowed, and do not concern themselves much about the widely-advertised possibilities of modern toilet preparations. This cannot be said, in many instances, where other nationalities are involved, even though nature has also been bountiful to them.

Ireland generously gave its race and religion to America, and that country has wonderfully profited by that little country's generosity. At one time the emigrant ship brought out the Emerald Isle's best boyhood, manhood, girlhood and womanhood; but fortunately for the homeland, and unfortunately for the new land, the terrible drain has almost ceased. Ireland's human contribution to America is now lacking in quantity, but made up in quality. Home-ordained clergy, as well as lay representatives of various religious orders, are daily exercising their Christianizing influences on the land of their religious adoption.

The woes of foreigners in America are often extremely pitiable. Wonderful as that great and resourceful land is, it does not supply everything. For instance, I have heard of a German-American naturalized citizen boarding an ocean liner bound for Germany, in order to get a stein of malt-and-hops beer, claiming the American product to be manufactured out of chemicals. I have also heard of an Irish-American who crossed the Atlantic for the purpose of getting a good mess of Irish bacon and cabbage cooked over a turf fire.

Americans abroad find similar troubles. Some un-Irish folk go so far as to say that they consider Ireland's renowned hospitality over-estimated. They do not stop to consider that the Irish folk are a modest

people, who will not readily share their humble fare unless they are first confident that it will be appreciated by those receiving it.

Moreover a game of give and take has been played between the two countries. At times of dire necessity in Ireland it has been substantially helped by the "Land of the free, and the home of the brave." When destitution devastated the tight little isle, and its congested inhabitants suffered more or less from the pangs of famine, great and generous America came to the rescue. When the wily Irish politician needed financial aid to push his political ambitions Yankee shekels showered copiously into his never-to-be-satisfied satchel. When priests, and other clergymen, at home were distressed by having unfinished chapels and churches on their hands they invaded easy-giving Yankees in quest of the needful, and never went away empty-handed.

A sort of unofficial reciprocity policy has existed from earliest times between the now greatest nation in the world, and the one aspiring to be great far beyond what its geographical measurements would permit. Whether right or wrong in so aspiring, the big-hearted American republic has also sympathized with Ireland's pardonable aspirations. It realizes that what it lacks in extent it makes up in energy; and where it falls short in numbers it responds in aggressiveness.

For the further welfare of Ireland it is not necessary for Irish-Americans to worry over-officiously. The men at home have accomplished much in rectifying wrongs and righting domestic affairs there; while many things tinged with abuse needs attention at home in America. Grappling with these apparently unsatisfactory problems with determination will tend to draw off the

keenness now so prevalent amongst the Irish-American wellwishers from the home brethren, thereby giving them a chance to walk, along national lines, without steadying or guardianship. Henceforward no more babying along is necessary. This I wish to impress upon Ireland's friends and foes alike. Consider this again repeated.

In all parts of America the Irishman, or Irish-American, is in active demand for official usefulness. Wherever uniforms, lace and badges are wont to be worn, these men are pressed into action for their more dignified display. Metropolitan police forces; bank messengers; floor walkers for commercial emporiums; liveried door-tenders, and in many similar places, where muscular stateliness and good appearance are requisite, these men are found almost to the exclusion of all others. Irishmen are not only physically superior, but in addition they are supple and athletic. We thus find them upholding a high standard of sports and pastimes, whether of an official or unofficial character. Therefore, in all the different capacities the sons of the Green Isle acquit themselves like men.

Irishmen abroad henceforward may well withdraw their moral and financial support from their brethren at home. This will enable them to devote their entire time to the affairs of the land of their adoption. It is indeed silly for Irish-Americans to waste their time and money upon the home friends. Easy times all the while seems to be theirs to enjoy. Holidays of a civic and religious nature are frequent. Chapel attendance, and religious duties consume much more of their time than should be permissible; and far more than the Irish-American can indulge in. Home rule is not necessary; and it is very doubtful if the large measure of self-government allowed Canadians, as well

as the American states, is an unmixed blessing. In new countries far-sighted statesmanship is a scarce article, so the least law-making by unstatesmanlike lawgivers we have the better off the colony is.

I am a house of lords admirer, and any act that passes that sensible and responsible body of statesmen suits me, and I have no difficulty in living, in a law-abiding way, thereunder. During the general election in the British Isles, held in the forepart of 1910, I was there, and all through the campaign the lords were made the butt of much ridicule.

Canada, a country having lost its best asset—the youthful brain and brawn of one million and a quarter of its native born sons and daughters—has a very doleful tale of woe to relate, as well as a grandmotherly condition of colonial affairs into the bargain. The empire-builders, public men, and governmental measures, all so helpless in stemming the tide for the last twenty-five years, deserve little credit. From the Straits of Belle Isle, on either side of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and all along both sides of the St. Lawrence river, and across the continent for more than 3,000 miles, this vast geographical empire scatters its wee sprinkling of inhabitants, all-told not more than 6,000,000. Indeed the narrow men and measures that succeeded in squeezing out this vast army of worthy Canadian sons are blamable. The land of their nativity furnished them with ample scope for their talents, it being a country of unlimited resources ripe for development. If, under all the repressive restrictions, religious reform and coercion, Canada has been renowned for, it populously and prosperously forged to the front rank in the list of new countries, there would have been some tangible excuse for the further continuance of all this colonial narrowness with emphasis. But, alas! just the opposite has been the melancholy result, con-

sequently even now there should be a let-up, and more tolerant measures adopted.

It is not remarkable that there should be such a large number of small-bore reformers and morality workers, as many, very many of them eke out a scant living by such agitation. But that they should wield such great influence over little statesmen is one of the mysteries. These remarks are applicable to similar situations in the United States.

For the pushing foreign emigrant Canada has been the same to the United States as purgatory to heaven, according to the doctrine of some religious teaching. After spending some time in Canada, the cash-chaser suddenly discovers that he is in the right church but the wrong pew, and passes over the line accordingly. Why, I have met people in Canada that would go farther for five cents (two pence half penny) than even poor folk in the British Isles would go for a shilling (twenty-five cents).

Two of the most important words in the vocabulary of Canadians and Yankees in modern life today are "Reform" and "Graft." Canadians consider reform a mighty issue. Yankees deem graft an all-powerful thing. They both, in their respective usages, mean mighty things. Nobody of much prominence cares enough about either to properly define it. In a grandmotherly way a vast majority of Canadians howl about "Reform." It must be applied to somebody or something incessantly. Likewise in the United States, "Graft" means much.

Indeed it is hard to determine whether too much self-government, as exemplified in Canada by ten parliaments; or no self-governing parliamentary bodies at all in Ireland, is the most responsible for the notable exodus of both countries to America's greatest re-

public. In Ireland youth had but limited scope in a crowded country. But no congestion existed in Canada, and furthermore the country was pregnant with the possibilities of an unscratched continent.

Ireland and Canada go hand-in-hand in one particular. When a few surplus thousands are available they are put into either a Catholic chapel or Protestant church, respectively. These outlays per edifice employ only a couple of priests or preachers, as the case may be, while similar outlays along industrial lines would produce labor-employing factories, needful in both countries, which would afford employment to hundreds of needy men. But outside manufacturers are fully satisfied with the methods at present obtaining in both these unfortunate lands.

From a narrow colonial viewpoint, Canada's most important unsettled question is the liquor habit. To my mind this should not be.

Let me say for these good people's edification that I have temperately tipped in the public houses of Great Britain and Ireland, the saloons of the United States, the taverns of Canada the barless cafes of France, the German winter gardens, and I have been treated most courteously by all. Never yet have any proprietors or bartenders forced their goods upon me.

Boldly have I entered their places, used freely and frequently their telephones, newspapers, washrooms, lavatories, toilet rooms without even encountering a frown or sour look, because I passed through without spending an iota.

The so-called abuses of this traffic in both Canada and the United States have been magnified far beyond their importance by money-getting reformers, who have a price for each reform.

It used to be the policy of both these rather unstable governments to keep liquor away from within reach of

the Indian, but of late they have changed these policies. It is the white man's time to be put on the "Indian" list now, seeing that he is being compelled to shoulder the "Red Man's" burden, by keeping fermented beverages from himself.

Instances are on record, where murderers and horse stealers have escaped just punishment for their wrongdoing, while violators of the liquor laws for minor offences have been severely dealt with by narrow-minded and prejudiced judges and ruralistic juries.

This particular traffic has always bred more than its share of silly cranks, and has furnished a fruitful field for the perpetual agitator. It is therefore quite natural that silliness and crankism should be reflected in the nature and multiplicity of the liquor laws. That the trade thus carrying on its legal business is often accused of law infringement is not surprising but a logical outcome.

In both Canada and the United States the custom prevails not to permit liquors wherever large assemblages of people are apt to be outside of the regular licensed limits. It is quite different in the British Isles. Tents temporarily erected in all places where sporting events are scheduled are allowed and encouraged. People are given every opportunity to disport themselves, and to conduct themselves as well. However, if they fail in self-government, and overstep the bounds of good conduct, they are promptly taken in hand by the law's powerful arm, and if one officer fails to check and control, a million will. But men when given liberty don't usually abuse it.

In my many visitations to the old land, where I have carefully observed their ways and methods of life, I must admit that gentlemanly behavior everywhere was the positive rule.

Some untraveled Americans and Canadians imagine that there are few things to be admired abroad. This impression is a very foolish one.

For instance, railway passenger traffic. The old country methods far excel the American. Aided by depressed tracks, which bring the coach on a level with the platform, thereby permitting travelers to board their carriages on the level, entering innumerable doors along the entire length of the train is far preferable to the American style. To begin with in America, a traveler has first to buy a long and treacherous ticket, to be signed and countersigned, stamped here, there and everywhere, punched in the margin and elsewhere several times, all of which consumes a wearying lot of time. Then boarding the train, where you often out of breath encounter three or four barbarous steps, finally zig-zagging your way through a narrow aisle, filled with human feet, suitcases, grips and a variety of other obstructing packages proves very annoying.

Yankees and Canadians are continually telling the English and Irish people what Ireland ought to have in the way of self-government, etc. It is about time the Irish people at home resented all this needless interference. It has a bad effect on the people. The tendency is to reduce the Irish people to the level of serfdom. Now let me here say that the Irish people are not as childlike as outsiders imagine. They seem to be abundantly able to look out for their own interests, both of civil and religious importance. I have taken pains to reiterate this particular phase of Irish busybodyism.

In Scott, Saskatchewan, I once met an Irishman and Frenchman. The former was all the way from Ireland, while the latter was all the way from France. Much

to my surprise, I gleaned from their chummy conversation, carried on socially in the rotunda of the hotel, that an Irishman was once president of the French republic. This would indicate that the ubiquitous Son of Erin did not confine his political energies to any one great republic.

When obnoxious measures are propounded for passage in Canadian parliaments, if at all copied after Yankee bills of a similar nature, they are dubbed and taunted Yankee bills, and are accordingly un-British, and should have no place upon the pages of Canadian statute books. This unenvious rivalry between the two countries is really a good thing from one viewpoint at least. It sometimes saves the colony from having saddled upon it all the foolish laws enacted in the States in addition to the many foolish acts conjured up by its own superficial statesmanship.

Nearly everything is carried on of a civic nature in Canada by the suffrage of the people. As the colonists are easily led, they go to the polls and vote for impracticable absurdities.

All-conquering temperance fanatics, followed by the easily led, have at last practically accomplished their ends in depriving the liberal-minded of a chance to get liquors. This is done through local option laws, known throughout Canada and many unprogressive portions of the United States as inadequate cures for liquor-stricken fiends. Of such annoying and bad-blood-beggetting laws and enactments old country people know nothing, and care far less. They are narrow colonial performances that empire-like people would not tolerate. They take a bigger and broader national view of such things. As I have said before, old country voters cannot be led, by the theoretical preacher, or professional politician. In Canada backwoodsmen would

be found who would vote the barbershop out of existence, just as readily as an open bar, if given a chance. Their arguments against the tonsorial artists would be that the boys were wasting too much time and money in such shops. Let them learn to shave themselves, and let their mothers cut their hair.

But it is not alone at the frontier that rusticity is rampant. A metropolitan center, annexing a lot of suburbs, under conditions that permit the villagers to vote on city civil affairs, soon drags the citified folk down to the same level as those possessing village ideas. The villagers not being able to comprehend the tastes of a metropolitan people cannot be expected very easily to fall in line with those already having acquired such taste.

I have been foolhardy enough to openly and frankly say to Canadian farmers, that they were much on the order of field laborers. They toil and moil from early in the morning until late at night, with uncertain reward in sight. An unlimited number of daily hours is their working lot. I have broached this subject with a view of proving that the soil-tillers of Canada, and particularly those living in the province of Ontario, have been far too strenuous, in the clearing and up-building of their holdings and homesteads. This severe drudgery also helped to scare the boys off their fathers' farms, and drive them across the borderland. Parents did not begin to realize, until entirely too late, that their offspring were not made of the same mettle as themselves, and made no allowance whatever for the tenderness incident to a generation once removed from the pioneering stages. This was not an unmixed blessing, for they went across the border and prospered infinitely better than had they stayed at home.

The unmixable nature of Canada's population has

also helped to squeeze the people out of the country. The French-Canadian and English-speaking elements are very naturally at variance, and live unneighborly apart. A dual tongue, school system, religion, politics, do not tend to strengthen the bond of unity. Their style of life is different in many ways.

The political side taken by preachers in Canada generally wins. The side taken by the clergy in the United States invariably loses. In Ireland the side sanctioned by ecclesiastical authority is winner; but in the house of lords (England), when a division arises over parliamentary acts by the house of commons, that may savor of moral reform, the lords spiritual suffer defeat at the hands of the lords temporal.

Nowhere throughout white and civilized races will the bystander behold a finer looking lot of men, and a more beautiful bunch of women, than on Grafton street, Dublin, Ireland, which is the most fashionable thoroughfare in that noted city. This is in marked contrast to the rather indifferent aggregation noticed on Yonge street, the most important street in the city of Toronto, Ontario, Canada, another evidence of leaked-out manhood.

Shopshaped girls and intensified schoolma'ams do not make the most desirable matrimonial material. The former class have fallen into a cold and formal way of receiving people; while the latter class are so used to make their juvenile charges toe the mark, that it is difficult for them to understand that all others cannot be handled in the same manner.

Average American parents are afraid to let their youths get out of their sight for fear of falling into temptation. Old country fathers and mothers rather delight in seeing their sons and daughters brought into

contact with things tempting, which help to develop their manhood and womanhood by practicing resistance. Therefore, the foreigner can at all times be depended upon to hold his own with any Canadian or Yankee, born and brought up amid like environments.

It is said that the great American nation is yet in the formation stages. That is possible. But to make the large bulk of its people realize this is another problem. They imagine it the grandest and most complete already in the annals of history. In many respects it is. In many other ways it is not. Narrowness in views is one of its drawbacks. The late King Edward VII. did many things an American president dare not do. If I remember aright, the late King visited England's largest brewery at Burton-on-Trent, and by operating a system of levers brewed a vat of Bass's ale; which beverage was to be held untouched for twenty years, and then doled out, for advertising purposes, in small phials as the "King's Brew."

But royalty is not averse to lending its name to other manufacturers within the pale of their vast dominions for advertising enterprise. Thus we find many brands of goods, as well as of spirituous liquors, by permission, allowed to use the "To H. M." (his majesty) on their trademarks. These are liberties enjoyed by foreign princes and rulers denied American presidents. If one of them were to officially visit a large brewing plant, certain elements would raise a howl of horror that would shake the republic's foundations. Further mighty monarchs in the old land are known to be aggressive sportsmen, and enthusiastic exponents of horse racing, yachting and many other outdoor, as well as indoor games, which often savor of gambling tendencies, according to the American standard. Ere America has reached the zenith of empire-like usages, such

things must be condoned by a vast and increasing number of small-bore fault-finders, whose narrow vision magnifies manifold shady morality.

In some things pertaining to the growth of the country the United States government is woefully behind the pace set by many of its empire-building citizens. Musty old laws are still on the statute books for the guidance and control of Indians in parts where the tribe has long since been extinguished or driven back to the reservations allotted them. This governmental slowness in abandoning the enforcement of old-time Indian treaties, now occasionally work hardships upon the whites who have superseded the reds and live in ceded territory. Fortunately for Yankeeland, its greatest men have taken to the industrial life of the country, while the lesser lights bestow their talents on the political. We thus, at a glance, discover the reason why governmental machinery fails to keep abreast of the fast-changing requirements of a great and growing country.

Brain and bluff are two very important assets among Yankees. It is a sane and safe estimate to place the former at 10 per cent, and the latter at 90 per cent. We, therefore, have a few men in every community, heading every enterprise, while the great majority are mixed up in nothing of a seriously tangible nature. As a result money-getters abound.

The Yankee is a very restless human being. He grows tired of almost everything. First he possesses a well-furnished mansion, built to suit himself with recently acquired wealth. Next he must own carriages and swift-running automobiles. Finally he grows weary of all. He disposes of his house, discharges his servants, sacrifices his personal effects and moves into

hotels or apartments. Soon getting tired again he departs for foreign fields, there to get lost amongst the teeming millions; or keep himself before the public gaze by the lavish expenditure of Yankee dollars, a form of pastime the touring Yankee is condemnably reputed for abroad. What is more melancholy still, he gets tired of his wife and divorces her for the first fleeting fascinations of a newfound feminine friend. Panorama-like everything has passed before him, and, being unlike his more stable and home-loving English co-partner, he discards all.

A self-made man in the United States, who has gone through the toil, moil and turmoil, of accumulating a million in cold cash, is not the man for the sentimental to tamper and trifle with. In his money-getting efforts he has been too hardened to be easily dented. All through his cash career there were lots to hinder, none to help. Single-handed he fought his dollar-accumulating fight, placing himself in no mood to brood the self-sacrificing ideas others would now map out for him.

The almighty dollar wields far too potent an influence over American life to be healthful. One of the very worst evils resulting therefrom is the easy facility afforded those possessing unlimited funds to escape just punishment for wrongdoing. Through this channel many crime-stained criminals escape court clutches; which is in direct variance with legal proceedings against alleged offenders in older lands. American law technicalities are innumerable when dollars are available to unearth them. Of all these the rich get the full benefit, while the poor cannot so avail themselves.

It should be quite insulting to American men to hear voteless and prattling women proclaiming to the world, via the public press and rostrum, what they are going to do for the country through the agency of the ballot-

box. Controlling little Americans, and leading them like lambs, are further proofs of a decadent period in our fast-going existence.

Man's most modern accomplishments are embodied in the greatness of the wonderful city of Chicago. Here American genius, along every conceivable line, has reached its cleverest climax. Nothing, either physically or financially, seems to have been able to limit their architectural and commercial capacity. In this new-world London enterprise has run riot, bounded upward only by the firmament. A scale in all ways has been attained never before attempted. Therefore, I was not surprised when told by returned English tourists, at their own firesides, that they get more "hot joint" in Chicago, with a 5-cent glass of beer, than they could get at home for a half-crown outlay.

Old country ways and methods will never be joyfully received in America. No transplanted innovation from the old land is more detested by people in the new world than the classification of travelers on passenger trains. First, second, third or emigrant, accommodations are not acceptable in a land where the fundamental principles exist to an extent that one man is as good as another, although this rather hackneyed expression has long since fallen into disuse. In a country of Jack-is-as-good-as-his-master type, things of that sort should have been left where they first originated.

If the primary usefulness of the Irish-American Ancient Order of Hibernians, Knights of Columbus, Foresters and many other similar sympathetic societies, of both religious and secular hue, was to aid and assist the native Irish in the attainment of their aspirations, they might now conscientiously disband, as the boys at home are beginning to resent their interference. It

"Daughters of Ireland" who have not "Settled in the United States," Mr. President. See opp. page.



COUNTY CLARE GIRLS.

The Irish girl is gifted with face and feature,
Followed up by form and figure.
She's the Master's masterpiece in femininity,
And the world's wonder in virginity.

"Irish Femininity."

places them in the light of helplessness that really does not obtain. Only too well are they able to fight their own battles, either politically or pugilistically. The elements so helpful, and well-meaning in the States in the past can now concentrate their efforts in correcting existing abuses at home.

President W. H. Taft, in a Saint Patrick's day eulogy on the Irish, delivered in the city of Chicago, according to press reports, said:

"From 1820 until 1907, 18,000,000 foreigners settled in the United States, and of these 8,800,000 were from Ireland. . . . In all wars the Irish have been to the front. . . . The beauty and fascinating wit of the daughters of Ireland have ever been wreathed in story and poem." The president of the United States was right. The Irish colleen is all he said of her, with the bonnie Scotch lassie a close second.

To me, Mr. President, it has always been a profound mystery why the Irish girl should be so bewitchingly and providentially blessed with both "beauty" and "wit," while the femininity of many other nations are almost criminally neglected in bestowings of these human graces.

Convicted and confined murderers are never wreathed in flowers by Irish femininity. That despicable practice is left to the mawkish female fools of other nationalities.

If 6,000,000 loyal, royalty-loving, law-abiding Canadians can sport ten parliaments; surely the so-dubbed disloyal, royalty-despising, law-defying Irish, 4,250,000 strong ought to have five parliamentary bodies.

Well debated British laws are enacted for enforcement; while poorly debated Yankee laws cumber the statute books, impossible of enforcement.

NINE VOYAGES ACROSS THE ATLANTIC**VOYAGE 1**

Wednesday morning, June 17, 1885, was a memorable time in my youthful career. On that date I arrived at Queenstown, Ireland. Putting up at a modest lodging house for the night, unaccompanied by any friend or old acquaintance, but one of many others departing upon the same mission—that of fortune-hunting in America—I felt rather lonely.

Early in the morning of Thursday we boarded a tender, which conveyed a rather sobbing lot out to sea, where we boarded the Anchor liner, *City of Rome*, a first-class steamer in her day. Steerage passengers predominated, although there were many first cabin and intermediate passengers also aboard. In a couple of days our seasickness passed away, and the boys being of the mirth-provoking kind began to amuse themselves. A couple of cattle drovers impersonated Messrs. Moody and Sankey (two evangelists who were enjoying great distinction both at home and abroad at this time), and held mock meetings in the steerage dining saloon nightly. What purported to be choruses and refrains of Sankey selections were loudly sung, comic songs, and addresses on a variety of subjects, also formed a part of each evening's programme.

Sunday came and in the afternoon a deck preacher made his appearance. When he and a few followers tried to sing gospel songs, the Irish rowdy element aboard drowned them out by singing such songs as "Jenny, my own true loved one." The volunteer man of cloth was compelled to desist, much to the annoyance of his Protestant friends and followers. I am sorry to say that it is such intolerant performances in the past by the unthinking Irish that has produced prejudice against their church. But a more tolerant

age is with us, and it is now nothing unusual to see street preachers conducting services, unmolested, openly and publicly upon the business thoroughfares in Roman Catholic Ireland, yes and Catholic priests lecturing from Protestant pulpits.

We were not allowed to finish the voyage, however, without more stirring excitement and graver trouble. One afternoon in mid-Atlantic a stormy scene took place between about 150 firemen, begrimed with coal and smoke from the furnace rooms. With them they brought large baskets full of promiscuous provisions, which they rudely deposited upon the deck, with a strong protest to the effect that if they didn't get something better to eat the "bloody ship" could stay there. The officers in charge quickly remedied their grievances, and they went back to their coal-shovelling duties satisfied.

Reaching New York City, New York State, we landed in Castle Garden, where so many of those gone before also took refuge.

VOYAGE 2

In the early part of February, 1889, I happened to pass through Montreal, Canada, on my way to Portland, Maine, from which winter port I was going to sail to Londonderry via Halifax. Montreal was in gala attire, the carnival season being on, with an ice palace and the governor-general the principal attractions. This was my first introduction to a palace built solely of ice blocks. Nor did I ever hanker for similar sights since. Instead of intensifying the snow and ice crops of Canada, undertakings that would ameliorate the ice cold temperature of the Dominion would appeal more strongly to me. Raising large blocks of ice one above another, and cementing them with frozen water, and leveling them down again after their crowd-drawing

usefulness ceased, presented no particular attraction to me.

However, I sailed from the open port of an adjoining state, reaching Halifax next day, steaming out of this, one of the most capacious and noted harbors in the world, the next day.

This voyage was exceedingly dull and uninteresting. Nothing whatever worth mentioning transpired aboard on the passage over, save the usual festive seasick suffering.

Through an oversight, the steamship ticket agent routed me wrong. He booked me for Queenstown, while the ship went north via Moville to Liverpool. Noticing the error, I took the matter up with the purser, who informed me that I would be carried on to Liverpool, and returned to the southern Irish port by the next steamer. As I did not approve of this round-about way of reaching home, I got off with the rest of the Irish passengers. The ship was the *Circassian*, and the company were the Allan Line people, so on reaching their Londonderry offices, and explaining my dilemma, the company's representatives there courteously tendered me a railway ticket to Dublin and three shillings in cash. So pleased was I with this generous treatment, that I have never forgotten it, and made it a point thereafter to cross the Atlantic, whenever practicable, in their ships. Save one voyage, westbound, I have religiously kept this promise.

VOYAGE 3

One day in the forepart of March, 1889, I again sailed from the south of Ireland, boarding the *City of Chicago* (Inman Liner), once more bound for New York. Quite a large cabin passenger list ensured a lively time. Seasickness again played havoc with us. For long days and nights I suffered untold agonies from it. Help-

lessly I laid in my berth, unable to put anything down, but heaving everything up.

Along towards the finish, thrilling episodes daily transpired. But the night before landing capped the climax. The bar and smoking saloon habitués became hilarious, positively refusing to clear the deck and go to their bunks. In a hoof-sounding way they patrolled the deck until far into the early morning. It was a night's carouse. Storytelling, songs, short speeches, interspersed with the "cup that cheers," garnished the festivities. Seamen sleeping in apartments adjacent could snatch but little refreshing slumber. Thus the annoying, oiled and lubricated by fiery liquors, noise and confusion lasted until daylight.

Sunday forenoon we docked and landed. That day I spent in Brooklyn, where I availed myself of the opportunity of attending services in the evening at the Brooklyn Tabernacle, the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, one of America's foremost divinity doctors, being the preacher.

Well do I remember when in the course of his sermon he portrayed the difference between a real thief and a sneak thief, he invited all of those in the church, who were sneak thieves to "stand up," the same invitation being extended to the other kind. Carefully surveying the immense concourse of people present, and noticing none upon their feet, he expressed great satisfaction that no such people attended the Tabernacle.

Since that time I have heard this eminent divine preach and lecture frequently in various places and upon different occasions. Fully repaid was I indeed for the effort made to hear this eloquent man on this my second entry into America through its greatest gateway.

VOYAGE 4

For the next fifteen years I kept landward. At the expiration of that time business arrangements permitted me to look Atlanticward again. So I once more sailed from New York on the Allan-State steamship *Laurentian*, about the middle of October, 1903. The ship sailed for Glasgow, and my destination was Dublin.

This rather small vessel was slow, and our cabin party was also small. There were only thirteen of us. With such a meager passenger list, gathered from the four corners of the world, with lots of time to whittle away both funny and unmirthful situations arose. Men would gather in the smoke-room and swap barnyard and other stories. Others again would tempt fate by repairing in couples, with their deck chairs and steamer rugs, to quiet nooks on deck, weather permitting, or elsewhere when sea air was unpropitious. As for myself I enjoyed the enlivening society of a bonnie Scotch lassie, and in her pleasant company shortened the long voyage admirably.

A little Australian gentleman passenger aboard treated the ladies of his liking to snakebelt souvenirs, all the way from the antipodes, and some of these, ere the voyage was finished, created a lot of talk, in addition to some other unpleasant and unchivalrous doings.

In due time we were landed in Greenock, Scotland. From that town I took a coastwise steamboat to Dublin. How interesting the town seemed to me after a fifteen-year stayaway can illy be appreciated by those never having gone through similar experiences, where their native land was concerned.

VOYAGE 5

Along in the forepart of April, 1904, I boarded a small steamer in Dublin, ticketed to Glasgow, Scotland.

The distance being something more than a night's steaming, our boat reached the Clyde seaport early the next forenoon. Immediately thereafter I took a cab and drove to the ocean-going steamship *Mongolian*, Allan liner, scheduled to sail that evening for Moville, Halifax (Canada), and New York.

While waiting for the time to come when our vessel would push out, quite a scene was witnessed, and one the like of which I had never seen before, that is on British home soil. Up to that time I had considered such impromptu gatherings strictly American. But the more we travel the more we see and learn. This ovation partook of the nature of dock gospel meetings. Singing, praying and preaching were carried on in a most soul-stirring manner for over an hour before the ship shoved out from the wharf.

On this voyage a good time was in store for me. Six ladies and myself comprised the first-cabin list. Between second and third class there were over six hundred souls aboard. Taking the North Atlantic route—Moville to Halifax—icebergs, of a large and ship-destroying kind, occasionally interested the ladies.

Crossing the ocean on one of those slow-moving vessels, passengers are much more banged about than on the swift sailers. Accordingly their anatomy becomes more disturbed, and their stomachs more riled, all of which lends its quota to prolonging the usual siege of seasickness. On the slow ship big waves play more. Ere they push forward a savage-like whitecap, mountain high, will hit them full swing amidships, rolling the craft thus hit out of its way, shipping water on deck into the bargain.

Speedy steamships act differently. No one wave can get in a full whack at them. Steaming so fast, they have gone by. Waves can only touch them here and there, powerlessly spending themselves touching only

a small portion of the fore and aft parts of the leviathan.

Aboard the Mongolian Captain Pickering treated us most courteously. We were guests at his own table, and he spared no pains in giving us nautical information. All the ladies were enthusiastic in their praise of the gallant captain. He even invited us on his bridge, and briefly explained the various uses of his navigation instruments.

All the other officers, engineers and stewards, were equally civil and agreeable. In no service, on land or sea, do we find a finer body of men than those manning trans-Atlantic steamships. It is indeed wonderful to see the cleanliness and punctuality discernible everywhere.

On this voyage the dressing bell rang at 8 o'clock a. m. Breakfast bell at 8:30. By 11 in the forenoon our bouillon, or beeftea, was served on deck, or wherever else we desired. Luncheon at 1 p. m. Afternoon tea about 4 o'clock, served on saloon tables, or wherever else ordered. At 5:30 the bell announced the dressing-for-dinner hour. At 6 o'clock dinner was served, the day's eating programme finishing up with supper at 9 in the evening.

My lady traveling companions being of the accomplished kind, the music saloon, its piano, and other accompanying musical instruments, were in constant use. Music and singing, therefore, passed off many pleasant hours.

Life aboard ship is either one thing or the other. It is a season of music, merriment and pleasantry, or a time of nauseating suffering. Usually all hands appear at the first meal served. Afterwards they begin to drop out one by one, the most squeamish going first. Later on in the trip they begin to stalk back to their allotted dining-saloon seats. Some are subdued, and talk loud

about never crossing the ocean again. Others again are glad to be well and around, asserting that they will never be sick on sea in the future. But a feeling of empty languidness is visibly shown by all, which takes its final departure long before a slow ship reaches port.

In the case of fast ships convalescence is different. From them passengers, half convalescent, are apt to be put ashore. In such cases it resembles discharging patients half-cured from hospitals. For this very reason I have always taken pains to select comparatively slow ships when crossing. Thus I am provided with ample time to become very sick, and also to become perfectly healed up again ere I strike land.

It may be information for many landmen to know that nearly all ship hands are engaged at the port of origin for the round-trip voyage. If satisfaction is given, and good records are made, they are re-engaged again and again. However, in any event, they are, on reaching the home port, paid off and discharged, with the admonition that they may come round again before the ship sails. Of course officers, pursers, ship surgeons and head stewards are exempted, being permanently employed. But they go ashore to their respective homes, as the culinary department of their ship is closed down when in harbor at home.

The Mongolian in due time reached Halifax. Here she discharged much cargo, and nearly all the second-class and steerage passengers. Having gained some notoriety on the way thither, regarding the fact that I was the only first-cabin male passenger, the boys just disembarked, foregathered on the rickety old wharf, and gave me several cheers as I stood on deck while the ship backed out of the harbor for New York. This was an ovation wholly unlooked-for by me. It satisfied the cheery Scotch lads, and did me no harm.

On the two-day sail to my destination, Captain Pickering and myself grew quite chummy. Approaching New York, while on the bridge with him, he asked me if I had my watch set correctly. All travelers know that westbound timepieces must be daily adjusted in order to keep time, as we are steadily gaining time. Thus a ship making the run from New York to Liverpool in four days necessitates the pushing on of the hands of a clock or watch one hour daily. An eight-day ship demands a putting on of hands only a half-hour daily. Westbound passengers ascertain the correct seetime by acting vice versa. Taking his marine glasses in his hand, and training them upon the brightly shining sun, he promptly gave me New York time to the second. Setting my watch in accordance with the captain's time, I proved same at the first opportunity, and when assured of its accuracy I complimented the genial captain on his exactness.

Sea-faring men, when arrayed in tight-fitting tunics, beautified with brass buttons and imitation gold braid, wantonly attract their butterfly feminine passengers to such an extent that ships have been known to be neglected by the gallant officers, while yielding to the fascinating entreaties of the fair sex to entertain them while idly crossing to and fro. Less gaudy gold braid would, therefore, increase the safety of ocean travel. The scarlet cloth of the British "Tommy Atkins" on land, and the bright and shining apparel of the sailor at sea, prove far too fetching for the average gullible feminine to resist. She suddenly surrenders to either. A common sight, therefore, presents itself to the observer in every British seaport, where soldiers, blue-jackets from warships and sailors from the merchant marine, abound. It is the adherence of the girls to these attractively ornamented and medal-wearing

adorned boys, almost to the rigid exclusion of even good-looking civilians.

VOYAGE 6

December, 1907, saw me again at sea on an Allan steamship. Sailing from Boston to Glasgow on the Numidian, we were scheduled to reach our respective homes for the Christmastide. This turned out to be a miscalculation, as we did not dock in Glasgow until the 26th day of December. Our passage over was prolific with many little incidents. Rough weather was encountered, and we were tempesttossed to a far greater degree than anything I had hitherto experienced. Very few ladies shipped, so it was a stag party almost complete.

Among the most interesting of the men aboard two rather elderly Scotchmen carried off that distinction. They had been sent out as a spying deputation, and were returning to report upon both the United States and Dominion of Canada to their friends. After a month's investigation, during which, according to their own story, they traveled inland short hazy days, when they could behold the beauties of the country from their car windows but for a short time daily. However, they imagined that they saw it all, and by them I was almost convinced that what I found out pertaining to America covering a period of more than a score years was infinitesimal compared to their discoveries. Suffice to say that they were full to the brim with evil report concerning America for the delectation of their countrymen.

I have often regretted that some reliable provision has not been made for the proper piloting of such delegates through the country they were contemplating to adopt, whereby they would see the maximum of good and the minimum of bad and discouraging.

As we approached the end of this, my sixth voyage, a rather new and novel incident came up. Word reached the cabin passengers that a Jewess in the steerage gave birth to a baby. Of course, with some people, a baby at all times is interesting, but under such unfavorable surroundings still more so. The ship surgeon having assured the lady passengers that both mother and child were doing well, nothing would satisfy them but to bring the child to the saloon for infantile inspection. Hurriedly they did so. After several days routine, with nothing but the ordinary taking place day after day, life grew somewhat boresome. Then think of the novelty of a newborn babe, suddenly cast in the laps of women and girls. Of course, it was passed around from one to one, all interested, all admiring, some even pretending to claim that it looked like its father, an individual they had never seen.

A souvenir plate was procured from the dining-saloon steward, a sixpenny collection was taken, and a guinea Christmasbox for the child and sick mother realized. The company's steward refusing to donate the plate, the writer paid for it, an additional expense of one shilling and sixpence, all of which was gladly contributed. To me the furore caused by the unexpected advent of an infant aboard a passenger steamer on the broad Atlantic was quite surprising; and more particularly so upon this occasion when the baby ownership belonged in the steerage, while the parties so engrossed with interest were cabin.

On land I had seen many such performances. In America there are many feminine child-haters. Whimsically, many of that species would kill a youngster with kindness at one moment, while the next they would shrink away from their childish touch with a scowl and a frown. Such moody methods never could be connived at by the writer. My ideas are to be one

thing or the other at all times and under all circumstances. The superficial person, whenever given a chance, betrays his, or her, insincerity in a most unmistakable manner. Acting natural is a personal gift not to be despised. This can be displayed as well at sea as on land.

Down the narrow Clyde river, with its banks on either side a hive of shipbuilding industry, the deck sightseer is wonderingly entertained. Seagoing vessels are seen undergoing construction in all stages. Keels just laid, skeleton shipmoulds far advanced, massive traveling cranes, trip hammers and riveting machines, all tend to make a din hard for the ear to understand. The Clyde is one of the most interesting waterways in the world. Glasgow, the city it runs through, is also a place of commercial activity, scarcely second to any center of its size in the world.

In the saloon of a coastwise steamer plying between Glasgow and Dublin, another passenger and myself were having a sociable of "Stout" together. Within convenient reach on the table lay a small plateful of cut cheese. I reached out and partook of a piece. At once an attendant stepped up to me, demanding sixpence for the wee chunk of cheese. I paid him. How different to the United States, I mused. In that bountiful land of plenty, where free lunches accompany liquid refreshments, many a foreigner would be amazed.

Using a nautical term, we experienced a "dirty" night sailing to Dublin. Curiously enough little haste is made in landing passengers there. Usually they take their time in depositing their living cargoes ashore, often waiting to turn the prow of their vessels seaward, so that they are ready to steam ahead at the outgoing signal. Growing restless at their slowness in placing a gangplank, I swore emphatically. At this juncture an Irish wit, standing upon the brink of the dock,

lustily yelled out, "Let his lordship off." How fortunate, I thought, that all the pin-headed and pin-moneyed American heiresses were out of sight and hearing at the time, or my matrimonial future would be assured.

VOYAGE 7

Upwards of twenty-five years ago the Steamship *Parisian* (Allan liner), was considered a first-class Atlantic greyhound. Now she had come to be listed at even less than second-class. On June 4, 1907, in London, England, I embarked upon her. Next day we put in at Havre, France, for cargo and Frenchmen. In the old days the *Parisian* had navigated the waters of the deep, carrying many nobles and notables. But on this trip she was scheduled to convey a few illustrious passengers also.

A Montreal gentleman, who served as a Canadian commissioner at the Dublin exposition held the previous summer, and myself chummed it very pleasantly all the way across. He being a Canadian politician of no mean activity, and the writer a political worker of indifferent repute in the United States, many an hour we whiled away in each other's staterooms recounting our checkered political experiences.

Quite a number of our French friends joined us at Havre. As the men and women from France are always suavely interesting, we were glad to have them with us. As Frenchmen are no great lovers of icewater, they were liberally supplied with table wines at each meal. Consequently large decanters containing two kinds of domestic wines (white and red) were placed upon their tables at every sitting. This was the very first time in all my checkered career that I felt like denying my Irish nationality, and passing myself off as a Frenchman. Table icewater, I considered, just as ob-

jectionable to an Irishman as a Frenchman. When I sought an explanation concerning the whys and the wherefores of the discrimination—one people subsisting on unfiltered water, while another class drank wine—I was told by an obliging steward that the French government, when subsidizing the steamship company to carry on a French-Canadian trade and ship communication, table wine should be served travelers of the French republic. Here, I thought, was another instance where the shortcomings of the American republic were emphasized.

Under the aegis of the Montrealer and myself, two comely English girls were safely landed, and handed over by us to their awaiting young men at the landing stage, each having a fiance, who had gone before to prepare a mansion preliminary to matrimony. They were now going to enjoy the fruits of their speculation and preparation.

Enjoying thoroughly summerlike weather on this voyage, my usual dose of *mal de mer* was omitted. Shuffleboard, and many other deck games, were indulged in, and the immaculately white-garmented strutting Englishman, and fastidious Frenchman were adepts in all things pertaining to sea life and amusements. The smokeroom and bar attachment were pleasing pastime resorts.

These untraveled gentlemen were convinced that they were going to the Canadian promised land, and once there their toil and worry would eternally cease. My Montreal friend and myself did not wish to spoil their fleeting moments of exquisite pleasure by disillusioning them. They would be up against the rough corners soon enough. Unless very fortunate, Canadian thrift and dirt would rub so threateningly close to their fine linen pants as to soil them. We had seen such

things happen before, and would not be surprised to see the same occurrences take place again.

Muscular steerage passengers, willing to rough it from the starting point, would prove more up to the requirements of undeveloped Canada, than cabin tourists, seeking fortune-making openings, who could not even on the passage thither forego the luxuries of deck chairs, steamer rugs, fancy smokes, wines and liquors, in addition to ship stewards extra attendance. Alas, the Dominion of Canada has been the Mecca for far too many of this type of settlers in the past. The man who is able and willing to enter into a muscle tussle with part of the earth's surface in Canada is the man of the hour.

Quebec city being reached, our ship came alongside the dock, in order to have the immigration officials of both countries—Canada and the United States—pass upon all the passengers, and take the third-class off. Between a Canadian officer and a young Londoner there was quite a parley. Having got his name, and where he came from, the officer rather sharply said: "How much money have you?" Our young friend evidently considering this a rather impertinent question seemed slow in answering.

"My gracious, I have no money at all."

"What, no money at all! Where are you going?"

"To Sinaluta."

"What are you going to do there?"

"I am going to study fawming." (farming).

"How are you going to get there?"

"Aw, a clergyman is going to meet me at Montreal to give me a pound to buy my food on the train."

"What then?"

"Another clergyman will meet me at Sinaluta, and will take me and 'introdooce' me to the 'fawmer' I'm going to study 'fawming' with." He was passed on.

A very nice genteel boy of twenty years indeed, but wholly unfitted for western prairie life. Canada has not yet got to a point where it can easily assimilate such empire-building gentility.

Next day our ship left the historic city of Quebec, and nosed its way up the St. Lawrence river to Montreal, 162 miles distant. In doing so we passed the calamitous collapsed bridge, which disaster sacrificed some sixty-five lives, one of the worst bridge building mishaps in the history of any country.

To properly tip stewards on shipboard, and other servitors on land, is a problem of some importance. Traveling by sea, I generally use three employees, who are entitled to gratuities. They are my table steward, bedroom steward and bathroom steward. These men I have always found very decent and willing to serve me in every particular. While a great many travelers complain of the tip evil, I have never found ground for complaint of that kind yet. Ordinary common sense should govern a man's generosity in this connection as well as all others. The servitor, who adds extra touches, and thoughtful care, to his daily routine earns his little cash courtesy, and the donor is only paying a well-earned debt when donating. "Tipless" this or that does not appeal to me. I am wholly influenced by the surplus courtesies shown. It must be borne in mind that travelers are always subject to target talk practice. Even menials of the precocious kind will comment behind your back, and often to your face, regarding your plan of action. If you throw your coin lavishly away, you are dubbed a "sucker," that never was out from home before. If you are noticeably stingy, you will be taunted a "cheap guy." So there you are. Use common sense and discretion, and be totally impervious to all menial remarks. Hit a happy middle ground and remain placid.

VOYAGE 8

Friday, November 20, 1909, about 11:30 p. m., I once more boarded an Allan Atlantic liner in Montreal for London. On the voyage there we stopped at Quebec, Havre (France), putting in twenty-four hours, or more, in each city, before finally reaching the port of destination, England's capitol and the world's metropolis. We had a mixed passenger list, English speaking folk, French and French-Canadians. The Pomeranian was a slow, but sure, little craft, and gradually and gracefully she glided over the thundering and disturbed waters of the St. Lawrence river and Atlantic. Taking this route, one is in sheltered waters for a couple of days. This enables the sick-inclined traveler to secure his sealegs ere he gets out into the mountain-high waves.

Throwing the fact that I was an Irish-Canuck-Yankee to the winds on this voyage, I hobnobbed with the French passengers as one of their own. This "dirty Irish trick" ensured me a supply of table wine all the way across. As on the previous voyage, the dainty boys of France were so wined. No matter who a man may be, a glass of table claret will, if daintily handled, give him a Frenchy appearance. My knowledge of their language was quite imperfect, but as long as I could say or motion "pass the wine" I got along swimmingly with them.

Sporty inclined gentlemen aboard ship on this my eighth voyage, enjoyed themselves gambling and tipping each night after they had regained their lost health through seasickness. The ship surgeon, who happened to be a jolly Irishman, and a French-Canadian doctor, developed into serious funmakers along towards the conclusion of the trip. Thus the evening prior to our landing our Havre passengers there was enacted a blood-curdling scene in strictly

wild west fashion. The gentlemen named passed the early part of the night in the usual way; but on this occasion seemed to have got far too close to the "cup that cheers," and felt giddy accordingly.

Conviviality on their part did not create a corresponding amount of pleasantry on the part of all other innocent onlookers. Therefore, while quietly chatting with some of the lady passengers in the dining saloon, I was much annoyed, and the ladies were much affrighted, to notice the fun-loving French and Irish lads, some of them armed with revolvers, rifles and bowie-knives, playfully tagging around after each other, and pretending that they were going to enact the most dreadful crimes in the way of bloodletting. The ladies quickly disappeared to their staterooms, while I tried to calm the combatants. However, there was little danger of serious trouble, as the head steward assured me that he had carefully examined the deadly weapons himself and found them unloaded.

Only one really horrifying accident unavoidably occurred during the entire voyage. A rough and boisterous sea so upset our table accoutrements one evening at dinner as to spill a whole glass of wine, belonging to a Frenchman, right onto a non-drinking Canadian. This was a fiery liquor baptism the colonial victim suffered, which seemed a laughable farce. A starboard lurch caused it. Luckily the splashing tumbler remained unbroken, and there was no other serious harm, save the humiliation experienced by the Canadian teetotaler, a species of abstainer quite numerous in that land. The table guards were on, but our poor friend was not protected. We were wave-tossed worse than we imagined.

Making trans-Atlantic voyages on these port-calling steamships afford those so traveling a taste of private yachting, by giving them a chance to go ashore and

visit the seaports entered. This feature the majority of the men passengers take quick advantage of. Confined on shipboard for several days, they feel like relaxing their crippled muscles by walking exercise. Furthermore, foreign cities-by-the-sea are exceptionally interesting to everybody used to navigating. Ships flying different foreign flags are also harbored in these ports of entry and call, all of which tend to enliven and interest.

Occasionally the boys, when on land, take a little too much personal liberty. They indulge a wee bit too freely. So, once in a while, some one comes back to the ship bowled up. His brain being lubricated, and his tongue unloosed, he undertakes to tell the rest of his fellow-passengers about his adventures ashore, including many things he saw and did.

No member, or admirer, of the British empire can call into a foreign port, no matter how brief the stay made may be, without entertaining a deep and lasting impression concerning the greatness of that wonderful little country, the hub of the universe—England. Its sea-carrying craft are to be seen, conspicuously flying the Union Jack, in all parts of the world, regardless of remoteness, or backwardness from the great centers of civilization or commerce.

Passenger accommodations and comforts aboard the little Pomeranian were not as luxurious as on many of the other ships belonging to the Allan Steamship Company. But the extreme civility of the men in charge, all through the voyage, more than compensated the folks aboard for any embarrassing deficiencies in matters of convenience. Captain Anderson was ever willing to give inquisitive passengers any information sought, regarding seafaring life, nautical lore and the hardships incident thereto.

Many of these rather ancient vessels now carry only

two classes of passengers, known as one-class cabin and steerage. The Pomeranian was one of this kind. She was also one of the ancient and hand-made kind, very seaworthy. It being somewhat of a winter trip, heavy seas ran, large waves washed our decks, and windy weather howled through the ship's ropes and rigging. On comparatively private little ships of this type family usages are more frequently the rule governing those aboard. Bells are not continually ringing. Bedroom stewards gently tap stateroom doors to announce to the sleeping passengers the dressing hour. Even the usual daily inspection by the commander, doctor and chief steward, is occasionally omitted. This is a formality gone through on all passenger-carrying vessels at 10 o'clock a. m. daily. Yes, and divine services on Sundays, usually held in the music-saloon, are not insisted upon. Money-contributing vocal and instrumental concerts are not held. Neither do we be bothered with moving-picture shows, advertising the beauties and industrial possibilities of the Dominion of Canada, a hard-worked feature of the desperate efforts put forth in recent years, by governmental authority, to populate that "Lady of Snows" land, as Poet Kipling aptly styled it.

These are a few of the appreciative advantages accorded modestly inclined tourists when traveling back and forth across the Atlantic on supposedly slow and out-of-date steamers. Other comforts are obtainable also. You sleep better. There is a minimum of shiver and vibration. Far less formality, less frigidity among people of the hotel type, and more family-like inter-mixing.

On the whole, leisurely and experienced tourists take more real delight and joy out of a ten-day sea voyage than can be crowded into a five-day limit. Thus it is already becoming apparent to shipowners that, except

for fast mail and business purposes, the faster a vessel glides over the briny deep the less popular she will prove in the case of leisurely inclined rambles, who figure upon the sea voyage forming a very prominent and interesting part of their holiday-making tour of distant lands. To the untraveled this phase of time and travel has not been duly weighed by them; nor will it at first meet with their casual approval. But when once experienced they will readily see into the philosophy of it. More recent accessions to Atlantic passenger-carrying fleets, are of the slower, rather than faster, type of steamship. Size, not speed, is the problem now being solved by ship architects.

After an acknowledged rough and "dirty" voyage, the winds and sea beating scandalously upon our good little ship, we entered the mouth of the Thames, shortly thereafter entering London streets. That city being throughout my lifetime of the greatest historical interest to me, I tarried amid its treasures of wealth and greatness for many days. Later on I visited other parts of the noted little country, finally sailing on a small steamer from Liverpool to Dublin.

VOYAGE 9

On this visit to Ireland it was my intention to cut it short, not making my stay last longer than about six weeks. But that country, always possessing more than ordinary interest for me, literally compelled me to remain about six months. Every moment of this stretch of time was more than interesting. The Irish people, as usual, presented varieties of cuteness and cleverness not hitherto observed by me.

However, when the time came that I was imperatively obliged to move, I was much surprised to learn that all steamships were booked full for weeks in

advance, so mad was the spring rush for Canadian ports.

Times had at last wonderfully improved. Cabin passengers from Ireland were now the rule and not the exception as in days of yore. It was, therefore, possible to secure a steerage booking, while cabin was out of the question. Through the dropping out of an early booked passenger, I was enabled to secure his cancelled berth.

Accordingly I reported at Londonderry on the evening of Saturday, May 21, 1910, went aboard a tender at 6 a. m. Sunday, sailed down Lough Foyle, embarking on the Allan steamship *Ionian*, which lay off Moville, having left Glasgow the evening previous.

Early in the Sabbath morning though it was, quite a large crowd of warm-hearted people were at the dock to see us off, many boarding the tender to go the full limit allowable, while the vast concourse not so favored spread themselves out along the docks, waving their handkerchief farewells. Some were shedding tears because their friends were saying what might prove to be a final goodby, while others again had moistened eyes by reason of the fact that they weren't going along also. Few were strictly dry-eyed, and all were undoubtedly heart-moved. But the emigrant ship had long since lost its terrors. In the miserable times gone by, a departure for foreign fields involved a funeral-like procession, where family weepers and wailers led the way to the ship landing, sympathizing neighbors feeling not a whit less mournful. Now an exodus seemed to furnish an occasion for mirth and gaiety, with a few surface sobs, and heart throbs, by members of the family immediately bereaved incidental and natural. Emigration was at last robbed of its heart-rending sting.

Most of those going had been there before, and ex-

pected to return to the homeland again and again in all human possibility, for separation from the Emerald Isle, indefinitely, is never a part of the average Irishman's, or Irishwoman's, programme. Others again were going home-seeking accompanied by returning friends. The meagre few going alone, and for the first time, minus friends, relatives, or neighborly acquaintances, at the other end to receive and coach them were not many. How different in the days of the dim and miserable past! Then the people were green and uneducated, the vicissitudes encountered traveling thither discouraging, and conditions on the other side of the wild and pioneering kind, all tending to dishearten the poor unfortunates compelled to take the lead in those early days.

Our tender sided up by the Liner *Ionian*. A shipload of passengers from Scotland craned their necks over the deck bulwarks and ship bulkheads to curiously catch a glimpse of the oncoming Irish. They were amply rewarded, for 120 strong they marched up the gangplank, getting lost in the gaping Scottish crowd already aboard. The weather was balmy and the scene rather romantic. Passengers' hand and hold, "Wanted" and "Not Wanted," baggage was quickly shouldered and rustled from the smaller to the larger vessel by quick-moving ship roustabouts. Final adieus were spoken, kissed and handshaken, the tender turned its prow eastward in the direction of Lough Foyle, while the steamship faced westward towards the River St. Lawrence, and we were off.

All that Sunday forenoon everybody was astir and aglow with confusion and excitement, getting their berths and bearings. Moreover sentimental folk eagerly watched the last traces of land gradually fade away. Who knows, it might be their last long glimpse of terra firma? The stewards in the meanwhile were

not idle. They had to allot diningroom seats for first and second sittings, owing to the large cargo of human souls entrusted to them. To please everybody was their main anxiety. To attain that end was something of a human impossibility. The first bugle call would be too early for some; and the second an hour later, too late for others. Then whole families had to be seated at the same table, regardless of whether the children were large or small. All of this furnished room for confusion and discontent. But trained men were in the harness, and everything was amicably and smoothly settled in due course of time, and by the exercise of patience and forbearance.

Mine was a portside berth, with a baywindow into the sea. It was a makeshift sleeping place, with three others also occupying bunks therein.

The days passed on. Deck dancing daily passed the time away for many so inclined. Scotsmen, kilties and bagpipes paced the decks, rendering thrilling music. Cabin concerts, and steerage entertainments of the singing and smoking kind, were held in both ends of the ship, respectively. Parlor games and deck pastimes were enjoyed by many. Even athletic sports, of a prize-winning and prize-receiving nature, were carried on to while away the afternoon hours. Into these the Scotch lassies enthusiastically threw themselves. They were most delightfully charming.

This was by long odds the gayest and largest crowd I had thus far in my traveling career met aboard ship. Mirth and merriment were so rife as to cause consternation. Something terrible seemed pending. It came.

On the early morning of an unlucky Friday a coal gas explosion in the bunkers took place, making a terrific noise and terrifying the poor unfortunate passengers located in that particular portion of the ship far above.

Luckily the hatchway was blown out, the concussion going upward instead of downward, in which case results would be far more disastrous. Blacked by coal gas, and shocked from fear, I was thrown out of my narrow bed, and it was some moments before I could regain my shattered senses. The shot upward sunk the ship downward deeper into the water, so I imagined I was far under the water already.

Hearing no one else making an outcry, and seeing nobody around, I began to think that I was being made the butt of a huge joke. But these fears were quickly dissipated by the terrible wailing that at once burst forth from women and children, in their night garments, already huddled together in the passageways of the ship. Panicky-stricken all were in a frenzy of fright. None knew what to do, or felt composed enough to do it even if they did. Lamentations of the most heart-rending kind were chorused by the terrified feminine passengers, but happily all was of short duration.

Officers and stewards were promptly on hand, calming the affrighted passengers, and assuring them that there was no danger. Magic-like their fears were quelled, the uproar ceased, and the scorched and disarranged berths were made habitable once more.

Trained and unexcited men are valuable at times of sorrow and stress. Never have I met a time when a horror-stricken situation was so neatly righted. Tact and thought were the ingredients used.

Gallantly and sympathetically officers and stewards led the distraught and terror-stricken women and children to the dining saloons and music rooms, fetched them their clothes, served them tea, and made them as comfortable as the circumstances would permit. Within a very short time order was restored, all were composed

and consoled, and life aboard settled down to its normal state.

This little accident taught me a lesson. No matter how heroically one might feel at times of coolness; it is rarely a man is gifted with the genius of doing the right thing at the right time under fearful provocation. When extreme danger arises, self-preservation is an uppermost thought with all. Married men, having been accustomed to look out for the care and welfare of wife and children, are much more apt to jump to the aid and succor of the distressed upon the impulse of the moment than the single individual, who has never had fatherly or family love and anxiety form a part of his protecting care. Such singleness of life accustoms one to seek his, or her own welfare when danger is imminent. Even the most tender-hearted are apt, on the spur of the moment, to first seek their own safety.

All this recalls a Pat and Mike story. Briefly it is as follows:

Thrown out of a rowboat one day, Pat promptly swam ashore. Then he returned and brought back Mike. A bystander, noticing Pat's method of saving life, said: "Pat, why didn't you bring Mike in with you the first time?" "Faith, I wanted to save meself first," was the reply.

Heroism momentarily performed is a human gift few possess. When a calamity happens on land, the worst is usually over with the first distressful occurrence. Not so on board a ship in mid-Atlantic. When explosions, fires, or such things take place internally on shipboard, other dire consequences may speedily follow. She might suddenly sink, carrying her living freight down with her; be thrown helplessly into the sea; or in manning lifeboats order and composure may not be easily maintained, the mad mob rush capsizing and swamping the boats being lowered. These grave

possibilities in ocean catastrophes test heroism far beyond the probabilities of like events on land. Those who passed through that severe ordeal of suffocating coal gas, will never again hanker for the privilege of being eyewitnesses to similar scenes. It made a memorable milestone in their mind and memory.

A shipload of homeseekers presents a many-sided problem. As the observer, with analytical eye, furtively scans the people as they troop by, curiosity seizes him. Inquiry unravels interesting things, as nearly all are willing to tell of their ambitions and prospects. Women and children are going out to reunite with the husband and father, who has gone before to blaze the way for them. Instead of smothering up their motives for going abroad, they take delight in rehearsing the many good things in store for them, all the fatherly work of an enterprising husband, he having truthfully kept them advised as to his doings and prospects in his adopted land. Past experiences have taught them that what has been written them by him can be strictly relied upon. They are, therefore, jubilant at the thought of being again united under one family roof, with the additional novelty of being in a new country, where life and surroundings will be radically different from that in the old home, as well as more flattering opportunities for business and progress presented.

Then again we meet the festive fiancée. She is joyfully going out to be joined matrimonially to her betrothed. Of these we meet many. True to their girls, whether they have been engaged or not, the manly old countryman, be he English, Scotch, or Irish, "makes good," in this particular as well as in any other.

Again we meet the newly-married couple. Ere they set sail on the ocean they embarked on the sea of matrimony, and are now on their way to seek a desirable

home. Blindly infatuated by love, they frequently start out knowing not whither. But they get awakened in due course of time, the honeymoon ceases, and life in stern reality is braved.

We also see the buoyant and hopeful young girl, womanly starting out into the world with nothing more attractive than domestic usefulness in view, but which is often escaped through the agency of matrimonial bliss.

There is also the young man, brimful of spirits and enthusiasm, who keeps on flattering himself with the feeling that he is going to return home some day in the near future, surprising all his friends and neighbors; also astounding them with the "weight of money" he has fortunately seized and laid hands upon. Somehow such aspirations get rudely quieted before he gets far in his money-making mania, and the rough corners he has been rounding have worn off his money-getting keenness. He soon finds himself plugging along, in a mediocre manner, just like the great majority of his working companions.

Many stories are related regarding the ease where-with money is picked up in America. May I be pardoned for citing an instance here? It is: A just landed young man, walking up from the ship, even though naturally staring skyward in amazement at the new world sights, glanced groundward long enough to spy a twenty-dollar goldpiece, which he promptly picked up. Just then he met a blind beggar. Handing him the coin he said: "Take this, my poor man. You're blind and can't see. I can, and will pick up lots more." Ere he did so he suffered many optical illusions. In fact it was all a delusion and a snare.

But this feeling prevails to an unsafe extent in nearly all the old countries regarding America. Nor do many actions of Americans abroad help to dispel

such delusions. Their vulgar display of coin certainly does not. Often have I watched a lot of wharf youngsters eagerly pouncing upon one another while picking up the small "chicken feed" thrown from the crowded decks by generous American travelers, who took fiendish delight in a birdseye view of the unseemly scramble by the street gamins beneath. In this way their pennies afford them their first foreign entertainment, which is given on the dock ere the ship is roped to the landing, or the gangplank laid ashore. Nor is it necessary for American coin-givers to leave their own land, in order to enjoy the sight of juvenile scramblers fighting for their stray coin no matter how small. Truly these things lead the untaught to consider America a land that floweth with milk and money.

Before concluding my observations on this my ninth voyage across the Atlantic, I must not neglect a word concerning a class of passengers in whom I became very much interested.

They were the old people, who, with all the vim and vigor of youth and ambition, were on their way to join and live the balance of their short lifetimes with their sons, daughters, sons-in-law, daughters-in-law, or possibly other near relatives taking sufficient interest in them to place a home at their disposal.

Some of these patriarchal Scotchmen and women were advanced in years, having soared as high as seventy-five and eighty. But they belonged to the old stock, and were aggressive accordingly.

May they all be abundantly rewarded for their pluck and enterprise.

May the new world provide happiness and joy for them far in excess of anything the old world ever offered.

May their declining years be fraught with the rich-

est and choicest blessings, that have hitherto been their lot to enjoy.

May Providence protect and provide for them far more bountifully than their wildest expectations ever conceived.

Furthermore may they become so charmed with their adopted country, when the time comes to lay their bones away, that prairie burial may not be considered a chastening after death, even though far removed from the cemeteries of their forefathers.

Without supreme confidence in an All-Wise Being these christian-like Scotsmen and women would never have ventured so far in the eleventh hour of their existence, from the land of their nativity and ancestry. For doing so they deserve a full measure of unalloyed happiness from now to the end. My humble wishes are that it will be unstintingly bestowed upon them. Their child-like faith so merits.

Again entering the Straits of Belle Isle, we sailed through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, entered the St. Lawrence river, and tied-up in the city of Quebec. There above us the frowning cliff, back of which lay the Plains of Abraham, the battlefield on which the two noted generals (Wolfe, the English; and Montcalm, the French) received their mortal wounds, seemed to reach out and bid us welcome. Those viewing it for the first time were keenly interested. It was Sunday afternoon.

Next morning our third-class passengers landed and took train to Montreal. All others continued to that city aboard the ship, reaching it by way of the St. Lawrence. It was a pleasant and picturesque sail, and much admired by those making it, regardless of how frequently they had done so in the past. Towns and villages on either side, small islands and trees, all

seemed to commingle with masts and funnels, making a most absorbing sight.

By eight o'clock in the evening everybody had cleared the deck. Our baggage underwent the usual customs inspection. This formality concluded, we were at liberty to continue to our respective destinations.

Those booked inland lost no time in hastening to the railroad depots. Long trains, with a varied assortment of cars, colonist sleepers, and tourist awaited their reception. Worry and confusion were rampant, but all got started somehow. Another ship having docked simultaneously with us, also heavily laden with human cargo, intensified the bustle.

The Canadian Pacific railway, Canada's most notable trans-continental highway, negotiated the biggest part of the incomers and ongoers.

The Grand Trunk System, with its various steel ramifications into the United States, as well as the Dominion of Canada, distributed passengers in both countries. Also the Grand Trunk Pacific, a coast-to-coast auxiliary of the parent "System," carried others into the far Canadian Northwest, by way of the States.

Visiting both these railway stations, I saw many of them off, and wished them Godspeed.

Two days later I left Montreal, in Quebec province, for Toronto, province of Ontario. Canada's crack train conveyed me between these two important Canadian cities. It is known as the "International Limited," having Chicago for its terminal.

From Toronto I went into the country for a month.

Six weeks later I reached my favorite American city, so proudly guarding, in sentinel-like fashion, the shores of Lake Michigan—Chicago.

Tenth Voyage

More than a year was now spent between Chicago; Minneapolis; Winnipeg, the Saskatchewan and eastern Canada.

While in Ontario in the early spring of 1911 I received sad news. It was the rather sudden death of my brother in Western Australia. By looking at page 8, this book, it will be seen that at an early age he sailed for Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

Not having carried on an active correspondence with him for something like a dozen years, I knew little about his circumstances. However, I was now assured by British friends and relatives that his property varied all the way from a couple of thousand pounds up to five hundred thousand pounds sterling. What truth there was in this I could not tell; but I did know that he died without a will or issue, being a bachelor.

With some Kalgoorlie lawyers I at once communicated, and at the end of some three months I received word from them that my brotherly interests were amply protected.

Consoling myself as best I could because of the loss of my brother; and congratulating myself by reason of his worldly success, as money has never been my hobby, I remained composed, and decided upon a trip to my late brother's recent home, if only to lay a wreath of flowers upon his grave, or erect a tombstone over it.

With little unseemly haste, I boarded a slow ship at Montreal (Allan liner *Corinthian*), again bound for Quebec; Havre, and London.

It being midsummer, the voyage was a most pleasant one. We sailed on June 24th and landed early in July. Owing to the coronation ceremonies of their majesties, King George and Queen Mary, all ships from American and Canadian ports were booked full about that time. This condition compelled many rich and notable people to

travel across in second-class ships, and in consequence wealthy and prominent passengers were aboard the Corinthian.

It being the "open season" for American and Canadian school-maams, many of them were going abroad to vacation. With the presence of so many professors and educators aboard, we were enabled to have a very interesting spelling bee in the dining-saloon, and it may be news to know that it was a French count that carried off the prize. The author of the Irish-Canuck-Yankee did not participate. We also had a mock jury trial one afternoon, the prisoner at the bar being the purser, who was charged with "wilfully and maliciously refusing to take unto himself a wife and multiply," etc. The jury being 12 lady passengers, and the prisoner being considered rather young and good looking, a verdict of "guilty" was promptly arrived at. Moreover, the judge severely sentenced the unwilling purser-prisoner for his matrimonial obstinacy.

In broad daylight some very large and beautiful icebergs were sighted near at hand. So intensely excited did some of our untravelled become at the sight, they could hardly restrain themselves on deck. Naked eyes, telescopic, microscopic, opera glasses, field and marine glasses, etc., were trained upon these great monsters of congealed water, that tradition says have one-eighth of their size above the water, while seven-eighths are below. Then all manner of land judges pass upon these sea sights, redistance from ship and height skyward. Heated arguments in this connection often result, and in which seamen carefully avoid being drawn into.

Without variation, on every voyage and upon every ship, little cliques form amongst the passengers. Therefore upon this occasion my most intimate fellow passenger happened to be a German priest, who was a right royal good fellow, quite popular with all the passengers, being

good-naturedly dubbed the "Sky Pilot." Father S—and myself became so friendly in fact that I sought to have him defer his trip to Germany until he spent a couple of weeks in Ireland as my guest. Being anxious to reach the Fatherland as quickly as possible, my invitation went unaccepted.

But my priestly friend was not all. Strange to say a rather prepossessing Italian lady, speaking English and Italian fluently, also favored me with her deck society. On the voyage she seemed rapt in thought. She seemed to be struggling within herself trying to solve something. She finally made me her confidant. She had been abroad, and was now returning to England, where her parents were living. She had an offer of marriage from a young Englishman of the "smart set." But there were serious obstacles in the way, the most troublesome being a religious one, she being a devoted adherent of the Roman Catholic church, while he was a pronounced Protestant. Therefore she was looking for light as to whether she would become a wife or enter a religious order. Learning the circumstances surrounding her troubles, it did not take me long to give her the advice sought. I never mince matters on such questions. So I advised her to do neither, as I didn't like to see nice young ladies shut up from the rest of the world. Their good influence could be used to better advantage out in everyday life with the rest of us. Besides, marriage under such unfavorable conditions would never happily pan out. It goes well enough during the courtship, honeymoon, and possibly for a short time thereafter; but it never could be depended upon to last long with any semblance of matrimonial harmony and bliss. But she assured me that her intended had promised not to meddle with her religion, and she had agreed not to meddle with his; but in all other respects he yielded to the requirements of her church, even agreeing that their offspring, if any, should be baptized and brought up Roman Catholics.

Hearing this I ruthlessly assured her that such a man never appealed to me, for no man surrenders himself in such a way, and that she had only captured a "Sissie boy." A coolness ensued. It made little odds, as we soon landed in London, each one going his or her own way, getting lost in the great metropolis.

This incident rather helped to explain why so many young ladies travel back and forth on ocean liners alone and unescorted. Quite frequently I have had my attention drawn to this class of travellers.

Eleventh Voyage

Although headed for Western Australia, it was not my intention to leave the homeland without spending a couple of months there, it being the first time in twenty-six years I was afforded an opportunity to holiday in mid-summer, in the British Isles.

Old people said that this was the hottest and best summer Ireland had for fifty years. Crops were good, and the people, at least for once in history, were satisfied.

With a certain form of "Home Rule" almost staring them in the face, few were jubilant over the prospects, and many were up in the air, so to speak, regarding the proposition at all. Men with large farming interests seemed satisfied, and if given a chance to vote on the question, would undoubtedly mark their ballots "No." One thorough-going Irishman, who had lived and travelled abroad, but was now a permanent resident of the old country, said very emphatically to me that instead of Ireland needing a John Redmond to give them ballots, it should have an Oliver Cromwell to give them bullets of sense.

This gentleman, who proudly boasted that he was a religious, but not a political follower of Mr. Redmond, was rather harsh in his criticisms. However, as the

question is big enough for the best efforts of statesmen, we will drop the matter here and take what comes.

As a great many Australians and New Zealanders came to London during the coronation time, when I did begin to enquire for passage, I soon learnt that all ships sailing that way were booked full until November, those holding return tickets having to be taken care of.

Meanwhile some unfinished business cropped up in America, and I hastily decided to travel to Australia across the American continent. So once more I sailed from London for Havre (France), Quebec and Montreal, again selecting the Corinthian, Allan steamship. This was an Autumn voyage, and turned out to be quite rough in spots. As usual on these ships, we had a mixed passenger list—English and French. I must admit that it was not a very sociable party of travellers. The bulk of them were greenhorns, never out before, and were going out now with wonderful conquests, both financial and commercial, in their minds' eye. The grandeur and glory of Canada had been heralded far and near, and these invaders armed with cigarettes; golf sticks; cricket bats; tennis racquets; nice white duck pants, footwear and vests, were bound to capture the entire North American continent. Deck chairs and buffet service on the way thither rested and recuperated our friends for the strenuous times awaiting them. They go to conquer but get conquered.

Unfortunately, seasickness played havoc with the most of them, and in its wake the strange phenomena of seeing an ocean-going palace turned into a sanitarium resulted. Many of the dear ladies, who had kept some kind of a servant or handmaid at home, now imagined that the stewardesses were their private property while crossing the ocean. Therefore, hotwater bags, and other hospital paraphernalia, were freely used by the ever obliging stewards and stewardesses, all of which were supplied and sanctioned by the great steamship company.

Many young ladies, heavily laden with trousseaus, wedding gifts and household effects; adorned by all the jewelry they possessed in the shape of rings, bangles and bracelets; considering carrying them upon their persons the safer way, were with us. Young couples, just hitched before leaving home, were also going to start housekeeping. Others were only seeking; and so on.

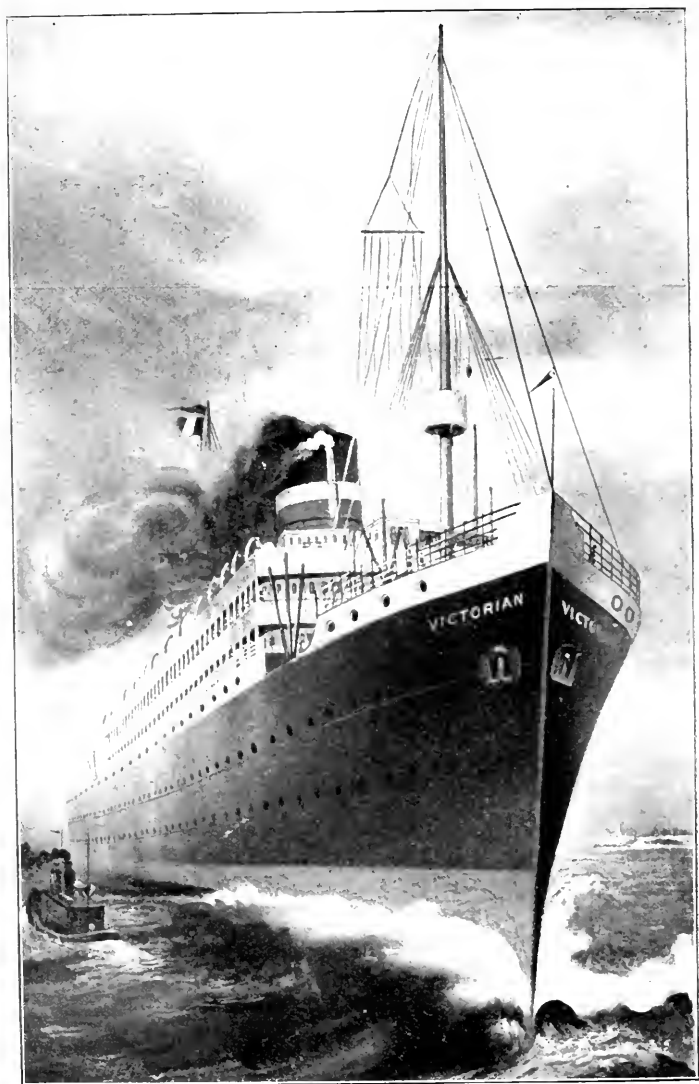
Always anxious to aid and assist weak and lowly folk going into strange parts, I tried to guide and direct many of the helpless; but such people never appreciate. It is wasted time on the part of the experienced to bother with the greenies. They seem to have studied it all out to their satisfaction before starting. They have read free literature, studied maps, and looked at railroad guides. Accordingly it is sound sense to leave such people severely alone. The experienced globe trotter is far different. He is always willing to learn, as wisdom slowly acquired has taught him that there are many things yet unlearned.

To the men who had travelled much the service aboard was considered superb, and the men in charge obliging, agreeable and willing to the full limit of human expectations. Steamship boys are always so.

Those who had never seen the saltwater, or anything floating thereon before, loudly grumbled against this, that, or the other, pretending to say that better this, or that, could be had on other ships they had heard of. This last aggregation of the human family are mostly found amongst the people everywhere possessing beer incomes, but champagne palates.

In due course we landed our third-class passengers at Quebec, next day the rest at Montreal, and all hands went on their way, and may the Lord be with them from landing day, Saturday, October 7th, 1911, on.

During my 3-month stayaway things political were doing in Canada. A general election was held. Old political policies, of the reform and religious variety, be-



OCEAN-GOING PALACES, DELIGHTFUL TO LIVE IN
WHEN SAILING BETWEEN ALL SEAPORTS.

came threadbare, and a new one was necessary. It took the form of reciprocity or anti-reciprocity with the United States. Upon this issue the old government was ousted and Sir Wilfrid Laurier became ex-premier. The Conservative party took up the reigns of government, and the leader of the opposition, Mr. R. L. Borden, became Canada's new premier. ("Sir" R. L., soon.)

Long since I had lost all interest in both Canadian and American politics, and for the first time in twenty years refused to vote the year previous in the United States. This was for the reason that the public questions at issue were not of a man's size. They had dropped to the unimportant level of liquor option of one kind or another, conjured up by small-bore reformers, and such questions have never yet been able to fetch out voters, full strength anywhere. In the United Kingdom a 16-year old boy can legally breast the bar on licensed premises, and drink like a man. To do so in the United States, or Canada the legal age is 21. Thus the homebred Britisher is considered more of a man at 16 than the Yankee or colonial at 21 years of age by their respective authorities. Some may sneer at this.

If becoming Amercanized, or Canadianized, means becoming babyized, then I prefer becoming Europeanized.

The States made their most sensible and substantial growth when citizenship was easily attained by the alien, and when the foreigner almost walked direct from the emigrant ship to the voting booths, and in some cases to be sworn in as public officeholders. Does all this indicate that in time the republic will become more freakish and brainstorm swept? Alas, it looks threatening.

Chicago To The Southern Cross And Back

Enlisting the services of many steamship agents and railway ticket sellers in Chicago with a view of having the

benefit of their experiences in determining which way to travel—east or west—to Australia, I soon discovered their helplessness. To such an annoying extent did this appear to me, that I rather gruffly informed some of them that the companies mentioned might just as well employ penny-in-the-slot devices to furnish the travelling public with tickets. They were all willing to wire, cable, etc., at my expense, but not me. I balked.

Using my own judgment, I finally decided to travel east. Therefore I again booked passage from Montreal to Liverpool on the R. M. S. Corsican—Allan Line.

Our saloon list of passengers was small but select. So a pleasant voyage was experienced across the Atlantic.

Captain Cook proved himself a good musician, as well as an able seaman. Daily he gave us a few songs, being his own piano accompanist, in the music saloon. Thus the first cabin passengers were generous in their praise of the courteous commander. We all liked him.

On this voyage I had the pleasure of meeting a distinguished empire builder from the the Canadian North-west, in the person of Major W. R. Bell. Of him and the "Bell Farm" I had heard more than twenty years before. Speaking with the major about his early farming experiences in the west he told me that as early as 1882, his farm near Indian Head consisted of 62,200 acres. But the enterprising major was too previous in that frost-fought country, and the "Bell Farm" "busted" up. Major Bell is now a Winnipegger, and is still doing a land business. He is also both a pleasant and interesting gentleman, and I enjoyed his friendship much.

Landing at Liverpool early in December, I was given an opportunity of making a few drop-in-and-drop-out calls upon friends in England and Ireland before sailing for Australia, December 14th.

On that date I boarded the White Star Liner, *Persic*, bound for Australia. We had a big and most interesting

passenger list. Australia being many times farther away from the United Kingdom than Canada or the United States, it takes intending settlers many times as gritty, to go there. These we had, and no mistake about it.

Outward bound three weeks we put in at Capetown, South Africa, a nice city surrounding Table Mountain.

With another fellow-passenger I went into a beer store having "AMERICAN BAR" gold-lettered on the windows. Together we had a drink of "Black and White," a standard brand of good old Scotch whiskey. The bar belle did not trust us to do the pouring. She kept the bottle herself. Then she said: "Two shillings, please." Being an American citizen, I could not idly stand by and see the great American bar misrepresented. I called for the manager, who wasn't around. But I took pains to tell those present that for three all-sufficient reasons this was not an "American Bar" at all. I knew whereof I spoke.

First, in America we have no barmaids. Second, all bottles are handed the customer to help himself. Third, all standard goods, such as "Black and White," "Canadian Club," "Silver Pitcher Rye," etc., at all and sundry first-class bars were only 25 cents for two drinks—and take until your're ashamed—instead of two shillings, (50 cents), the amount I had just shot to pieces. (*Selah.*)

Two weeks more on the Indian and Pacific oceans landed me in Albany, Western Australia, a neat town.

A train journey of two nights and a day brought me into Kalgoorlie, the center of the eastern goldfields of Western Australia, and where is located the largest gold mining camp in the world, jointly with Boulder City and Kanowna, including the surrounding kiln-dried country.

Here I summered, simmered, and sizzled during the months of January, February and March, their summertime, which was an inland roaster, and frying spit.

Thence I went to Perth, sailing from Fremantle to Adelaide, South Australia. Thence to Melbourne, Victoria.

From that by rail to Sydney, New South Wales. Sailing from Sydney on the White Star liner *Afric*, seven weeks later, having called at many ports homeward bound, I arrived in London, England, on July 1st, 1912.

Holidaying in England and Ireland until the latter part of October, I again returned to Chicago, selecting the steamship *Sicilian*, another Allan liner, for the passage. Rather rough weather prevailed, our list of fellow passengers was small, and altogether the voyage was uneventful.

Being neither a smoker, drinker, or cardplayer my ship associates are usually the ladies, and with them I while away the time on shipboard.

Always sailed by the Allan Line, and railed on this side by the Grand Trunk System, I find travelling easy and comfortable. In such shape I reached the portals of Chicago once again.

While away things political were doing in the United States. A presidential election was held. A new generation of voters had arisen that "Knew not Joseph," (Democratic party) and elected a Democratic president, the first in 16 years, and then only by a split in the old and tried party.

While in Australia (Southern Cross) I sold for cash my share in my late brother's unwilling self-created estate. British law being that as we had the same father and same name, three half-brothers and one half-sister shared equally with me. I, therefore, got only one-fifth. Mothers are not legally considered in such settlements.

My brief business visit to Australia convinced me that this, the largest island in the world, is a great country, and of its possibilities I will have something to say in a later edition.







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